Why Russia Dare Not Fight Japan

By Leon Trotsky

WEEK
ENDING
FEB. 27, 1932

5c

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

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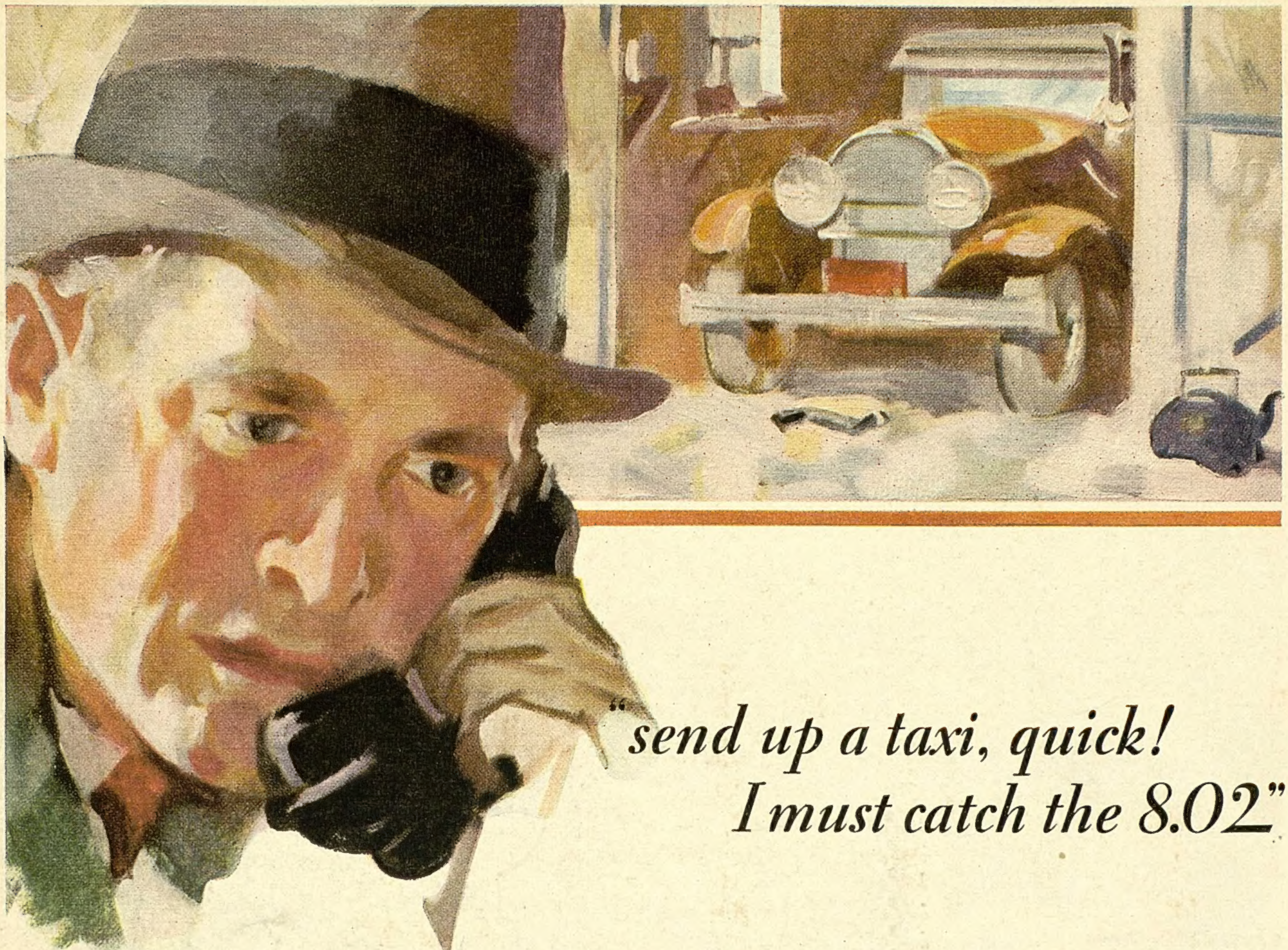

"send up a taxi, quick!
I must catch the 8.02"

A perfectly good car in the garage but-

This morning of all mornings—a few rumbling turns, a feeble sputter from the engine—then silence. It's a waste of time now to keep pressing on the starter, for long-drawn-out "wet" gas starts have weakened the battery. "Wet" gas vaporizes only partially in a cold engine. It resists the spark just as wet wood resists the match. Starting difficulties, oil dilution and repair bills are inevitable.

The *new* and *better* Texaco is a "dry" gasoline. It forms a "dry" vapor, because it vaporizes completely. It goes into the cylinders to work—not to waste. In the coldest weather it starts with the starter. That kind of gasoline saves your battery, your time—and your temper. No longer is safe lubrication threatened by excessive oil dilution. No longer are you paying the bills for "wet" gas troubles.

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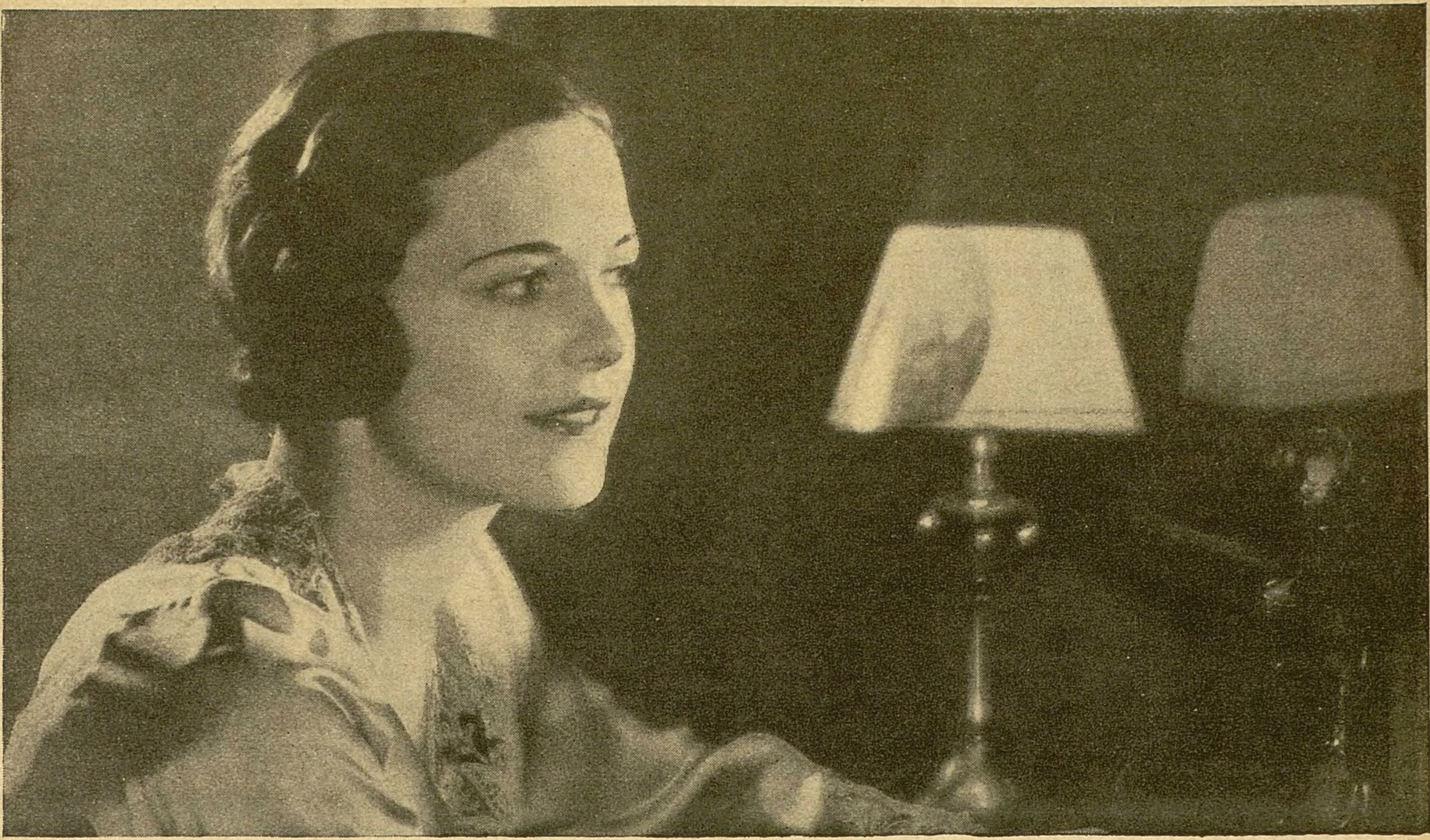
You would expect it in the unmarried . . .



. . . BUT EVEN MARRIED WOMEN DO NOT KNOW . . .

CAN you blame a married woman if she grows a little resentful at the difficulty in getting the information which she wants . . . and really needs? With some women it is more than a difficulty. It seems to be an impossibility. No matter where they turn they are met with evasions or with statements that they cannot, they *will not* believe. They cannot believe all they hear because everyone says something different. They will not believe—because they cannot bear to believe—what some people say on the subject of feminine hygiene.

About caustics and poisons

It is unfortunate that a practice as important as feminine hygiene should be so misunderstood. It is not the fault of the doctor. He takes a very decided position from which he cannot be moved. He knows the necessity for surgical cleanliness and he is entirely in accord with the woman who will not be satisfied with any lower standard of hygiene.

However, your physician makes clear one fact. If you insist upon using caustic and poisonous antiseptics you are doing against his express advice and warning. Of course, there must be an antiseptic. And many women, even in this day and age, still believe that an antiseptic must be harsh and poisonous to be effective.

This is not true any longer, although it used to be true. For now you have Zonite, the modern antiseptic-germicide. *Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.* Yet Zonite is not caustic. It is not poisonous. It is really gentle and soothing in its action. Zonite is strong—but it can never do any damage! This combination of strength and safety makes Zonite the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene!

You need have no embarrassment in asking for Zonite because it is used everywhere for cuts, wounds; in gargle and spray; and on any occasion when an effective antiseptic-germicide is wanted. It comes in bottles at 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

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"Facts for Women" is as honest a piece of writing as you have ever read, and so frank that it might have been considered daring a few years ago. Women are showing a remarkable interest in this book. They are talking about it. Send for your copy. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE TERRIFIC LOAD OF TAXATION

Liberty's protest against the overwhelming load of taxation piled upon the shoulders of the American people is finding support in all directions.

The bankers of New York have compelled Mayor Walker of New York to cut down city outlays as a preliminary to making emergency loans to save the community from default.

Senator Watson of Indiana, after a record of thirty years in refusing to present petitions, has handed in one from the Federation of American Business reciting these cold facts:

"Today combined American governments are spending one quarter or more of our national income. No nation can stand that drain and continue to function. You and your predecessors and your associates in state legislatures and municipal government are overwhelmingly responsible for present conditions.

"The business men of the country, regardless of party, demand that government cease its policy of meddling and repression and perform the political functions for which it was created."

To this there will be a wide "Amen!" the country over.

E. G. Grace, head of the Bethlehem Steel Company, at the annual meeting of all the Bethlehem companies said cogently:

"Taxes must come down, the burden of governmental costs must be lightened, and budgets must be balanced."

True enough. The problem is how this can be done by a runaway Congress. Look at the requirements for 1932 on the part of the United States government alone! They amount to the enormous sum total of $4,361,839,800! To cover this is impossible with the revenues in sight. The estimated deficit is $2,122,961,000. The difference must come from borrowings or increased taxation.

The demand outlay comes to $2,662,295,400. The rest goes to a "trust" account, meaning obligations of the past that must be met.

Where does all the working expense come from? Well, the War Department calls for $483,725,000. The Navy's request is for $378,913,100. The Department of Agriculture is to cost $333,547,300. These items read small beside the expenses of the Veterans Department, set at $784,442,000. It will cost $312,854,800 to run the Treasury under "the best Secretary since Alexander Hamilton."

The farmers get a far greater break than labor, which part of the population receives but $14,129,200 worth of attention.

The ineffective Shipping Board calls for $60,000,800.

The Post Office runs behind $195,000,000.

The departments of lesser grade are good spenders: Interior, $78,344,100; Commerce, the President's pet, $54,673,600; State, $16,564,600; Justice, $53,798,600.

There is a "miscellaneous" account of $59,611,800 to be met. These are the major items. The President's office calls for $506,811. The "legislative" bill, Congress *et al.*, requires $32,382,800 to keep it running.

Beside the expense of the Department of Agriculture the Agricultural Marketing Fund, the effort to hold wheat up by the tail, is set down for $155,000,000.

So goes the sad tale. What is the remedy? It lies in one word: Stop!

Consider this: In 1916 the government's total requirements were $724,492,998.90. The first "billion-dollar Congress" followed in 1917 with $1,147,898,991.16 as its bill.

War intervened with a maximum expense for 1919 of $14,935,846,739.62. Then we acquired the habit of reckless national extravagance, the consequences of which now rest so heavily upon us.

The time has come to end it. It must end if the country is to prosper again!

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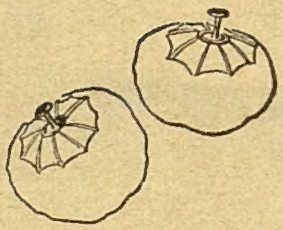
Cover by Leslie Thrashe

LET'S TALK ABOUT YOU



Of course, you're invited everywhere, or almost . . . anyway. You're one of those popular girls seen at the brightest parties; your heaviest problems are usually such jolly decisions as: "Shall I go dinner-dancing with George; or watch the hockey match with Jim?" A man feels really *thrilled* to take you out, and other girls envy . . . or wonder.

But, if they're really clever, they'll investigate. And it's pretty certain that they will discover some of your secrets. You're careful about choosing the right clothes, of course, but you take even better care when it comes to choosing cosmetics . . . face powder, in particular.

Girls who'd like to be more popular will find, if they snoop about a bit, that many perfect complexions depend on Coty Face Powder. For, though a man hates you to look powdery, he thinks a shiny-faced girl even worse. Coty Face Powder saves its users from these two facial blunders. Subtly smart as all creations in the French spirit—it brings your face the loveliest fragrance—you'll adore it yourself and its heart-twisty effect on men is likely to prove a sensation. Twelve tones, for powder invisibility; various precious odeurs, $1.

Coty

Cleveland's famous orchestra takes the "BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS" *test*

Nikolai Sokoloff
Conductor
-AND G-E WINS AGAIN!

OUT of 84 musicians in the celebrated Cleveland orchestra who heard four hidden radios, 55 voted General Electric best!

This decisive victory added still another triumph to G-E Radio's record of tone-test wins.

Every precaution was taken to make the test absolutely fair. The famous radios competing were hidden by a screen, known only by numbers. All sets were inspected by an outside service man. And each of the three contesting radios sold for a higher price than the General Electric!

Believe your own ears! Technical talk may mean little to you. But you can depend upon your own ears to tell you the truth about tone.

Hear the General Electric! You'll agree with every tone-test audience — that its tone is better. Truer. Richer. You'll notice a pleasant absence of discordant harshness — all of the things that have marred your enjoyment of radio.

Your G-E Radio dealer will tell you how the G-E Tone Equalizer in the G-E Popular Console works wonders with tone quality. He will point out many improvements. But your own ears will give you the best of reasons why your radio should be a General Electric.

There are many beautiful sets to choose from, reasonably priced from $46.75 to $345.00, tubes included.

•

Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon E.S.T. For the entire family, "Just a Song at Twilight" every Sunday afternoon, 5.30 to 6, E. S. T., over a nationwide N. B. C. network.

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.

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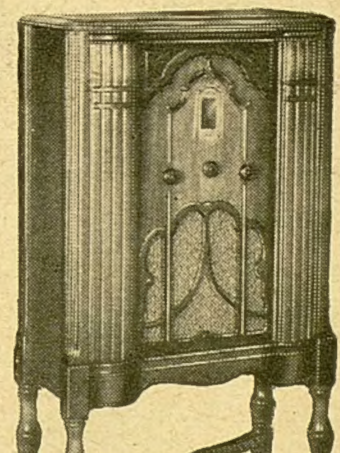
J-70 Table Model. New 7-tube screen-grid superheterodyne. Super control tubes. Pentode output. Dynamic speaker. An exceptional value at . . . . $46.75 *tubes included*



J-85 Console Model (above) NEW! Supremely beautiful 8-tube screen-grid superheterodyne. Super control tubes. Pentode output. 8-inch dynamic speaker. Automatic Volume Control. Brilliant performance at the low price of $79.50 *tubes included*

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

Wide World photos

A rally of the German National Socialists or "Nazis," the Fascists of Germany, in whom Trotsky sees a life-or-death menace to Soviet Russia. Above, Leon Trotsky.

Why RUSSIA Dare Not Fight JAPAN

The Rise of Hitler in Germany Casts a New and Ominous Shadow over Europe

By

LEON TROTSKY

Former Commander in Chief of the Soviet Red Army

(Reading time: 11 min. 5 sec.)

THERE has been some talk of a war between Japan and the Soviet Union as a result of Japan's intervention in Manchuria. But to any thoughtful statesman, even a hostile one, the present situation in Europe is enough to make clear that the Soviet Union cannot, and cannot desire to, tie up its hands in the Far East. I refer, of course, to the possibility that the National Socialists—that is, the Fascists—will come into power in Germany. If that should happen, it would mean, according to my deepest conviction, an inevitable war between Fascist Germany and the Soviet Republic. Here it would really be a question of life and death.

To begin with, let me remark that the helplessness of the League of Nations in this Chino-Japanese problem exceeds all the predictions of its most implacable enemies and critics. The self-contradictory character of the League of Nations—I should prefer, with your permission, to say its treacherous character—is most clearly represented by France. Her official delegate, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Briand, is conducting the whole of the League's campaign for peace, and at the same time the entire French governmental press—with Le Temps in the lead—is supporting Japanese intervention with all its might, thus in effect disavowing its own official diplomacy. It is clear that the difference between the real policy of M. Briand and the military operations of General Honjo cannot be very great, if the official French press can successfully accommodate both points of view.

Here we see once more how France, in order to support her Versailles hegemony—a hegemony which is unstable because it does not correspond to the actual relative eco-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHY RUSSIA DARE NOT FIGHT JAPAN
Continued from page seven

nomic weight of the country—is compelled to seek props among all the reactionary elements of Europe and the world.

But it goes without saying that the military attack of Japan upon China, before it found support in Paris, had to find it in Tokyo—and in a certain sense also in Nanking. The present dramatic developments in Manchuria have arisen directly out of *the putting down of the Chinese Revolution and out of an impending revolution in Japan.*

The Chinese revolution of 1925-27 was a movement of national liberation and brought immense masses into action. The Kuomintang Party, having grabbed the leadership of the movement, succeeded in the long run in putting down the revolution, prevented the forming of a democratic nation, weakened China, revived the struggle between cliques of generals, and therewith kindled predatory appetites, especially in Japan.

Japan's military intervention in Manchuria is, however, by no means an expression of the *strength* of the present Japanese state. On the contrary, the act was dictated by its increasing weakness. It is very instructive to consider the analogy between the Manchurian adventure of Czarism which led to the war of 1904-05, and this adventure of the Mikado's government.

The Czarist government in its day pushed out into the East in search of a way out of the intolerable inner contradiction between a developing capitalism and the archaic, semifeudal, agrarian-caste structure of the country. The medicine, however, only hastened the development of the disease, and led to the first Russian revolution of 1905.

> THE Japanese government is the government of a pre-revolutionary epoch. Manchuria may well become for the Japanese monarchy what Morocco was for the Spanish monarchy.
>
> LEON TROTSKY

The agrarian and caste stratification of Japan still remains semifeudal. At the beginning of the present century the contradiction between the youthful Japanese capitalism and the old state régime had not yet fully developed. On the contrary, capitalism was successfully using the firm old feudal classes, institutions, and traditions for its own military aims. It was just this combination which gave Japan her colossal victory over Czarist Russia in 1904-05.

SINCE that time the situation has radically changed. During the last quarter of a century the capitalist development of Japan has deeply undermined the old Japanese relations and institutions crowned by the figure of the Mikado. The ruling classes are pointing out to the Japanese peasants the copious reserves of land in Manchuria. But the peasants want first to settle the agrarian problem at home. As a contemporary nation Japan can only ultimately take form on a new and democratic basis. The masters of Japan's destiny feel now approximately as the Czarist monarchy felt at the beginning of the century. And, by the ominous irony of fate, the rulers of Japan are seeking a way out of their intolerable contradictions on the plains of this same Manchuria where the Czarist monarchy received so heavy a prerevolutionary wound.

Which way events will turn in the Far East in the coming days or weeks is not easy to predict. Too many contradictory factors are at work. It is especially difficult to cast a balance here because the Japanese government itself, being the government of a prerevolutionary epoch, is marked by an unusual instability and tendency toward unexpected actions.

But, no matter how events stack up in the coming weeks, their general course can be predicted almost without the danger of mistake. Even if it should prove possible to arrest for the present the development of Japanese military operations, that would mean only a breathing spell. The ruling circles of Japan have got a foothold in Manchuria. The League of Nations is trying to resolve the conflict (in so far as it really is trying to do this) by making new concessions to Japan at the expense of China. This means that Japan will strengthen her foothold.

China will strive to remove Japanese " rights " from Manchuria like a painful sliver from a bare foot. In order to maintain her position, Japan will inevitably be compelled to resort to ever new military expeditions. The necessity of sending new troops will in its turn create a desire to justify the cost of a broadening of her " rights "—that is, by new seizures and violations.

This process has its own automatic logic. The international situation of Japan will become more and more tense. Military expenses will steadily increase. The original considerations of economic advantage will, as things develop, give place to considerations of military prestige. Discontent will increase throughout the country. In these circumstances Manchuria may well become for the Japanese monarchy what Morocco was for the Spanish monarchy—and that, too, in a briefer time.

In the light of these things, what are the chances that present developments in Manchuria may lead to a war between Japan and the Soviet Union? To this question, as to the foregoing, I can, of course, answer only as an observer, not cognizant of the plans and intentions of the respective governments, and judging exclusively on the basis of objective indications and the logic of things.

ANY desire on the part of the Soviet government for a conflict with Japan may in any case be absolutely excluded. Upon this question it is highly instructive to observe a quite new recent development in the French official press. During the first weeks of the Japanese intervention, Le Temps never tired of repeating: " It is not Japan that is to be feared, but the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, which is obviously getting ready for aggressive action." In this way public attention was sufficiently distracted, and the necessary time gained for the Japanese military powers. When the weakness of the League of Nations had been convincingly enough revealed, the French official press set itself the task—or rather the task was set for it—of reconciling the governments of the great powers with the accomplished fact and getting them to go as far as possible to meet Japan. From that moment Le Temps began to assert that there could be no talk of interference by the U. S. S. R.; that it was a question of a mere local conflict.

The French press has sought an argument for these recent reassuring affirmations in the " weakness " of the U. S. S. R. and the Red army. In so doing it has made frequent use of the analogy mentioned above with the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05. The analogy is very instructive, but only upon one condition: that you place a plus sign where there was a minus before, and vice versa. For if present-day Japan is not at all similar to the Japan of the beginning of the century, the Soviet Union is still less similar to Czarist Russia. Of course the Soviet revolution is far from being completed. But in large historic calculations one must keep a sense of proportion and not lose sight of the forest for the trees. The Red army is a historic product of three revolutions, which have awakened and educated the Russian nation. In case of a war—the inevitability and necessity of which are understood by the masses of the population of the Soviet Union—their energy, awakened by three revolutions, will become a mighty force. Only the blind can fail to see that!

To be sure, the Far Eastern theater of military activities would be remote. Railroad connections here present a serious difficulty. The advantage of Japan in this respect is indubitable—but in this respect *only.* In everything else the decisive advantage would be on the side of the U. S. S. R. The Red army in itself would reveal a gigantic superiority over the present prerevolutionary Japanese army, and that alone might have decisive sig-

Soldiers of the Red army drawn up in the Red Square in Moscow. These are the troops the German Fascists will meet in battle if Trotsky's prediction comes true.

Wide World photos

Adolf Hitler, German Fascist leader, whose triumph, in Trotsky's opinion, would mean war with Russia.

nificance. But over and above that, the operations would be carried on in a country deeply hostile to Japan and friendly to the Soviet Union. For if the latter found itself forced into a war, it could, and would, wage the war only as an ally of the Chinese people in their fight for national liberation.

No matter how weakened China may be by the régime of her militarists, the colossal shock of two revolutions has politically prepared innumerable elements for the making of a new China. Hundreds of thousands and millions of Chinese know how to carry and wield arms. As for a military alliance of the Soviet Republic and China, that would be a veritable catastrophe for Japan.

In that case, you may ask, are not the peaceable declarations of Moscow mere diplomatic screens for intentions that are anything but peaceable? No, I do not think so. More than that, I consider such a thing impossible. No matter what might be its military results, a war would bring to the Soviet Republic enormous economic hardships. Industrial construction would be stopped, and political difficulties would be very probable.

ONE could go to war, in such circumstances, only if it became absolutely inevitable. And it is not inevitable. On the contrary, even from a purely military point of view the Soviet government has not the slightest reason for haste, or for running to meet events. Japan will only weaken herself with her Manchurian undertaking. The conditions in the Far East are such that there is no reason to fear from that direction an immediate, or even a somewhat remote, danger to the vital centers of the Soviet Union, including, of course, her Asiatic centers.

The question of the Chinese Eastern Railroad, important as it is in itself, when viewed in this connection cannot have a decisive significance in determining the policy of the two sides. The Soviet government has announced more than once its perfect readiness to hand over the road to a really strong Chinese government—that is, a government which shall rest upon the awakened Chinese people. To have handed over the road during recent years to Chang Tso Lin, or Chang Hsueh-liang, would have meant, either directly or indirectly, to hand it over to Japan, who would have employed it against China and against the Soviet Union.

To interpret the Soviet policy in relation to the Chinese Eastern Railroad as " imperialism " is to turn things exactly upside down in the interests of an aggressive Japanese militarism. But, in any case, the question of the railroad enters as a subordinate element into the vast problem of the Far East. China herself will speak the last word upon that problem. It is needless to say that the most fervent sympathies of the people of the Soviet Union are on the side of the Chinese people.

To sum up: The Manchurian crisis has admirably exposed the self-contradictory impotence of the League of Nations. This act of aggression has grown out of two things—the successful putting down of a revolution in China and consequent weakening of the Chinese nation, and the oncoming of a revolution in Japan. Japan is trying to distract her restive masses by pointing to the abundant lands in Manchuria—trying by this adventure to resolve the contradiction between modern capitalism and her old semifeudal state régime—just as the Russian Czar did in 1904-05. But Japan will become more and more deeply involved in Manchuria; discontent at home will inevitably follow; and Manchuria may well prove the Morocco of the Japanese monarchy.

Any desire on the part of the Soviet Union to intervene in this process may be categorically denied. This is not, however, because of a weakness of the Red army. But with Japan inevitably weakening herself by this adventure, and with China as inevitably awakening and approaching the day when she will be able to speak her final word, it is obvious that—even apart from the situation in Europe of which I spoke—the Soviet Union has no reason for hasty action in the Far East.

THE END

The SEVENTH WIFE

The Story of a Twice-Stolen Bride and a Man Who Bought His Own Doom

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pictures by E. C. VAN SWEARINGEN

(Reading time: 27 min. 1 sec.)

THERE was not a dull moment. The advertisements had said that there wouldn't be, and the trip made good. Two amusement directors, a professional hostess, and twenty or fifty passengers of the game-conducting breed had nobly pulled together from the first day out, filling each hour with its appropriate amusement.

"AWAY FROM IT ALL!" was what the preliminary notices had said. Mr. Bickel was haunted by the phrase. From Sydney Heads to the Bonito Islands, the third call on the trip, it never ceased to murmur in his ears. At the Bonitos it became a shout. . . .

He took his suitcases ashore and ran away.

Mr. Bickel, Hugh Bickel, real-estate man, of Sydney, aged forty-four, supposed to be suffering from overwork, the financial depression, and recent widowerhood, was in reality suffering from none of these things. The second canceled out the first: there had not been work enough. The third, strange to say, canceled out the second: money went twice as far as it had done during the life of Lollie Bickel. The third—Bickel had not dared to acknowledge to himself what the third meant to him; but it certainly didn't mean that he wanted to be bullied and badgered about by game directors.

So he bribed the steward, and stayed ashore.

Somebody told him that a man called Cooper had a shack on the beach to let. Mr. Bickel took it, and instantly fell in love. With the house.

It was the ultimate of a house, the essence, all superfluities refined away. It had no floor; just milk-white pebbles from the beach. Walls of peeled wands let in the sea light, shut away the sun. The roof was thatch. There was hardly any furniture; no ornaments at all. Flowers grew outside, leaving no mess on tables or floors. Wind whispered under the rustly edges of the thatch, and brought no dust with it. A vacuum cleaner would have lain down and died.

Mr. Bickel nearly did that thing when he saw the place. To a real-estate man with a house-agency business the stark simplicity of it all was like water in the desert. The certainty that no one could ask him questions made him feel, on the spot, twenty years younger.

It was a coral beach, with a pea-green lagoon in front of it, and waves continually roaring on a reef out at sea. It had palm trees, with huge nuts that tumbled down and rolled over the sand. It had mango and pawpaw trees. It was a boys' story-book gem.

Cooper, the owner, drove a hard bargain: wanted a hundred pounds, and got eighty. He seemed a strange, romantic figure to Bickel. One had heard of Cooper, on the boat, as a half-mythical person who lived like a king among the islanders; a "scion" of a great English family, from whom he had run away. The purser, to whom nobody listened, said that he was a worm.

Bickel, with the glamour of the South Seas before his eyes, thought the purser must be wrong. Cooper—Chichester-Cooper, with the hyphen, as he carefully explained—was not romantic to look at. He was tall and horse-faced, with red foxy eyes, well dressed in clean drill, and so thin that you could see his hip bones through his trousers. He had a drawling accent and a whinnying laugh. Bickel, who had never been "home," thought him very much the type of an English aristocrat, and was well pleased.

"Come and dine with us some night," Cooper said, when the purchase was completed at the Lands Office in town.

"Delighted," agreed Bickel.

"And meet Mrs. Cooper." There was a curious flicker in his eyes, as if he were cherishing some secret joke that he didn't mean to tell.

"Delighted," Bickel repeated.

Two or three days later the invitation came, and Bickel, having no car, hired a horse to ride to Cooper's home. He had been enjoying himself absurdly, delighting in the peace and the aloneness of it all—even in the cooking of his own meals, eating what he liked, not what was "good for you." Bathing. Fishing. Smoking. Reading. Walking in to dinner at the little town hotel, having a game of pool, and exchanging casual talk. Back to the little house by the sea, that waited to welcome him—in silence.

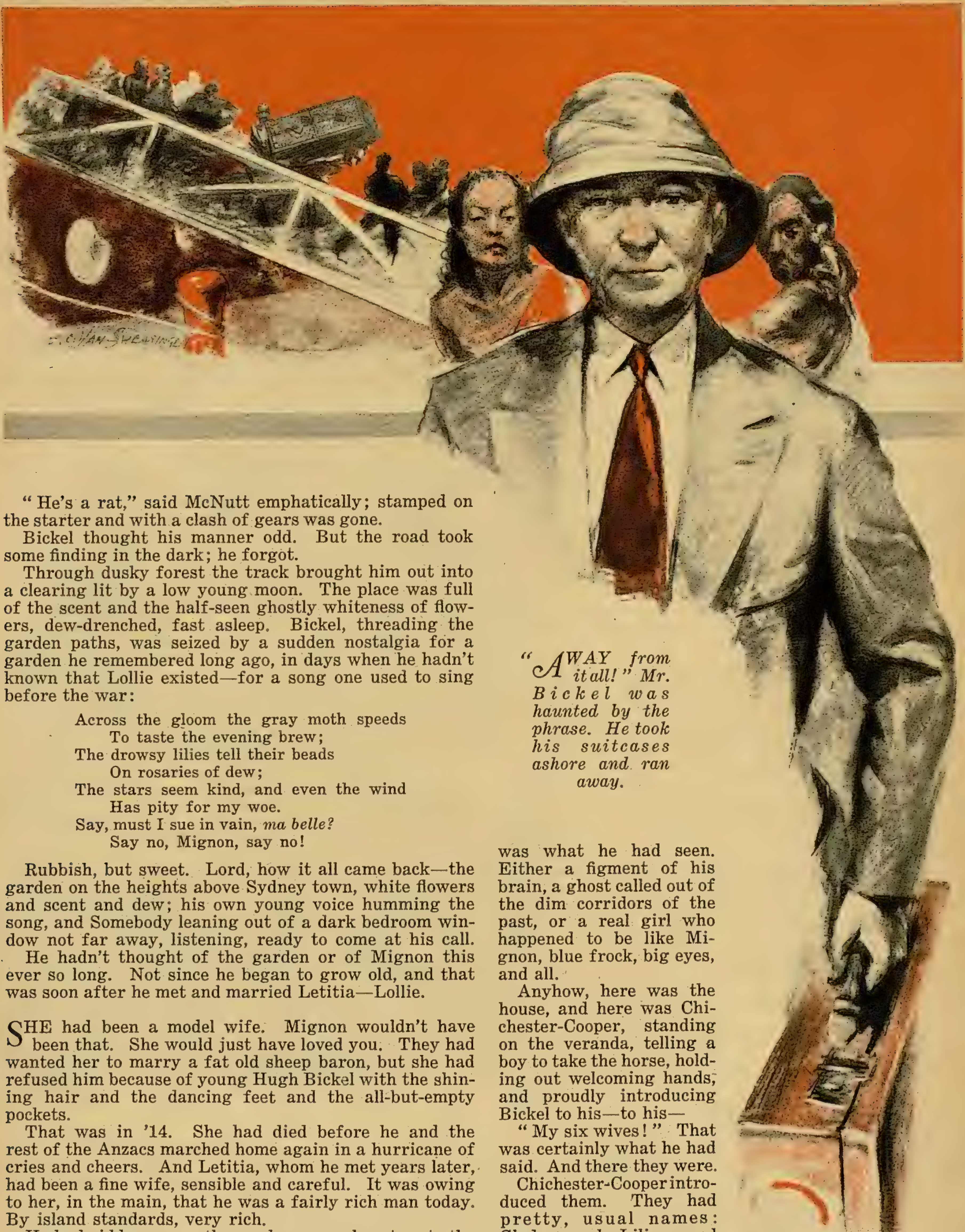
Riding in the dark, he was almost run into by a motorist. The lights revealed a young government official, Edward McNutt of the Lands, sitting at the wheel of an ancient Ford.

"Why don't you look out?" asked McNutt.

"I was trying to find the side road to Chichester-Cooper's," Bickel explained.

"Left-hand side, fifty yards," curtly explained McNutt. "Are you a friend of his?" he jerked out.

"Why, I think he's a very interesting—" Bickel began.



"AWAY from it all!" Mr. Bickel was haunted by the phrase. He took his suitcases ashore and ran away.

"He's a rat," said McNutt emphatically; stamped on the starter and with a clash of gears was gone.

Bickel thought his manner odd. But the road took some finding in the dark; he forgot.

Through dusky forest the track brought him out into a clearing lit by a low young moon. The place was full of the scent and the half-seen ghostly whiteness of flowers, dew-drenched, fast asleep. Bickel, threading the garden paths, was seized by a sudden nostalgia for a garden he remembered long ago, in days when he hadn't known that Lollie existed—for a song one used to sing before the war:

Across the gloom the gray moth speeds
To taste the evening brew;
The drowsy lilies tell their beads
On rosaries of dew;
The stars seem kind, and even the wind
Has pity for my woe.
Say, must I sue in vain, *ma belle?*
Say no, Mignon, say no!

Rubbish, but sweet. Lord, how it all came back—the garden on the heights above Sydney town, white flowers and scent and dew; his own young voice humming the song, and Somebody leaning out of a dark bedroom window not far away, listening, ready to come at his call.

He hadn't thought of the garden or of Mignon this ever so long. Not since he began to grow old, and that was soon after he met and married Letitia—Lollie.

SHE had been a model wife. Mignon wouldn't have been that. She would just have loved you. They had wanted her to marry a fat old sheep baron, but she had refused him because of young Hugh Bickel with the shining hair and the dancing feet and the all-but-empty pockets.

That was in '14. She had died before he and the rest of the Anzacs marched home again in a hurricane of cries and cheers. And Letitia, whom he met years later, had been a fine wife, sensible and careful. It was owing to her, in the main, that he was a fairly rich man today. By island standards, very rich.

He had ridden across the garden; was almost up to the bungalow with the terrace of white coral stone surrounding it, and the thick lemon-colored lamplight streaming out. Not quite sure of the path, he flashed on his pocket torch; saw the turn toward the house. Saw, too— But that was impossible. He could not have seen a girl lying face down among the dew-wet flowers. She could not—a hundred times could not—have shown the face of Mignon as she twisted herself to her feet and fled.

. . . . Blue dress, gray in the dusk. Brown hair, brief and wavy. Pale neck, pale arms, big shadowy eyes. That was what he had seen. Either a figment of his brain, a ghost called out of the dim corridors of the past, or a real girl who happened to be like Mignon, blue frock, big eyes, and all.

Anyhow, here was the house, and here was Chichester-Cooper, standing on the veranda, telling a boy to take the horse, holding out welcoming hands, and proudly introducing Bickel to his—to his—

"My six wives!" That was certainly what he had said. And there they were.

Chichester-Cooper introduced them. They had pretty, usual names: Gladys and Lilian and Marjorie, Doris, Dorothy, Hazel. Their frocks were all silk, and each wore some little bit of jewelry prominently displayed. They were rather subdued, not much inclined to talk or to giggle, watching carefully the foxy eyes of Mr. Chichester-Cooper. And every girl was more or less colored. Tea-colored, coffee-colored, cream-colored, dusk-ivory-colored. And every one was beautiful.

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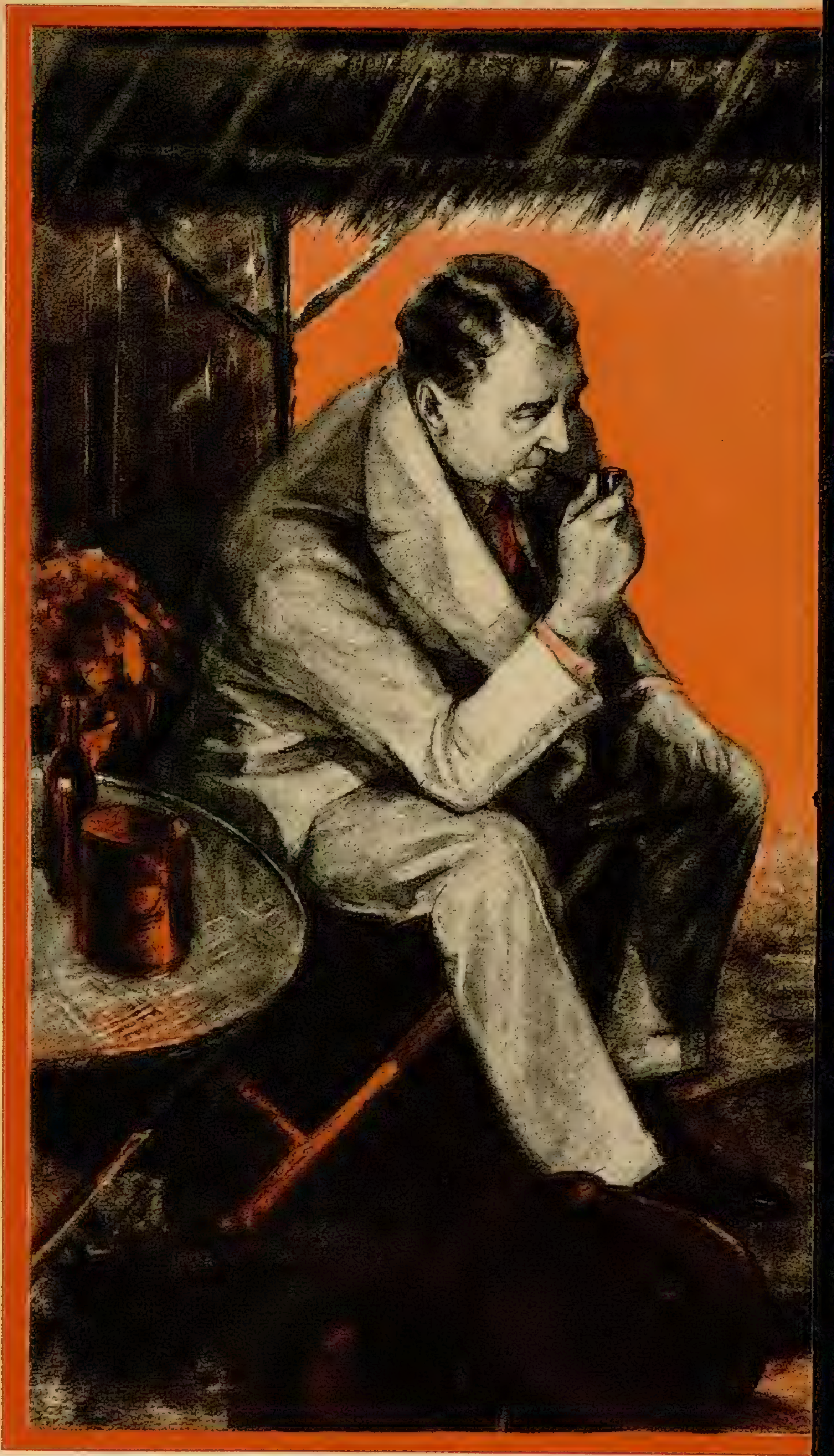
THE SEVENTH WIFE
Continued from page eleven



“*What's your name?*” *he asked.* “*Lélé,*” *she s*

When Cooper had shown them off—when he had made Marjorie sing a little island song to the guitar, and Lilian dance with Dorothy, and Gladys throw handsprings down the veranda, and Doris recite a French poem, very badly, and Hazel, the unaccomplished youngest, mix cocktails in a silver shaker—then he waved the guest to a seat, took another himself, and said, with the air of a general addressing his aids: “Dinner!”

Dinner was served. All the girls waited in silence. There was a great deal to eat and a great deal to drink. Bickel took as little as he could. Afterward, on the veranda, with lights dimmed and ghostly flowers just visible under the fading moon, Cooper and he sat silent, lighting their cigars.

BICKEL broke the silence as soon as he was sure, from certain subdued clinkings in the background, that the girls were out of the way.

“Do you mind telling me—”

Cooper interrupted with a whickering laugh.

“I know. They all ask that. No, my dear chap—not by British law. But native law is good enough for me. They're all honest women, by Bonito custom. Paid for. Marriage feast and dance. Every last one of ’m feels herself as respectable as your own wife—pardon me, perhaps you—”

“Widower,” was Bickel's blunt reply.

Chichester-Cooper was not interested. He hurried on the talk.

“You see, I'm a great chief here. Came before the cursed British government took on the place ten years ago. Blood brother of the king—interesting ceremony, that. Besides, I'm rich, for the Bonitos. Plantation owner and—eh—a certain private income.”

“Remittance man,” thought the Australian. “Or maybe blackmail.” He was less and less pleased with Cooper.

“So I'm considered eligible.”

“The evidence,” said Bickel, “seems to suggest as much.”

“Except—” Cooper took up his glass and emptied it at a gulp. “Hazel!” he called. The youngest wife came gliding out and filled it again.

“Except for some of the cursed white people,” he went on, his red eyes becoming redder as he talked. “They say things. A beggarly lot—an ignorant lot, without as much family among them as you'd find in the lowest desk of the lowest form in Harrow. . . . I was at Harrow.”

Bickel wondered. But Cooper was going on. “Their ignorance of ethnology—of anthropology, even—”

Bickel wanted badly to ask him the difference, but remembered he was a guest.

“Well—it is absolute. Absolute. When I die, the true knowledge of the Bonito peoples will die with me.”

Bickel cleared his throat. “And may one ask—what is the attitude of the native girl to purchased marriage?”

“The attitude,” said Cooper, speaking carefully if thickly—“the at-ti-tude is that she's jolly well glad to have the chance. They—they get ed-u-ca-tion here. Mind brought out and all that. The chiefs—think it's a privilege. I could have twenty if I wanted. I could have—seven.”

Bickel was silent. As a successful man of business he had learned the lesson of letting the other man do the talking. Especially when there was something you wanted to find out. And he wanted, passionately, to find out something now.

“Seven,” he said, toying with his glass and trying not to look too much interested. “That's a lucky number, eh?”

Mr. Chichester-Cooper said that it was. Said, with profane additions, that Bickel was a man after his own heart. Bickel had guessed it in one. Yes, he was going to get married again. Finer young wife than any of the lot. Daughter of the principal chief, the one nearest to the king. And, mind you, white—white—white as snow.

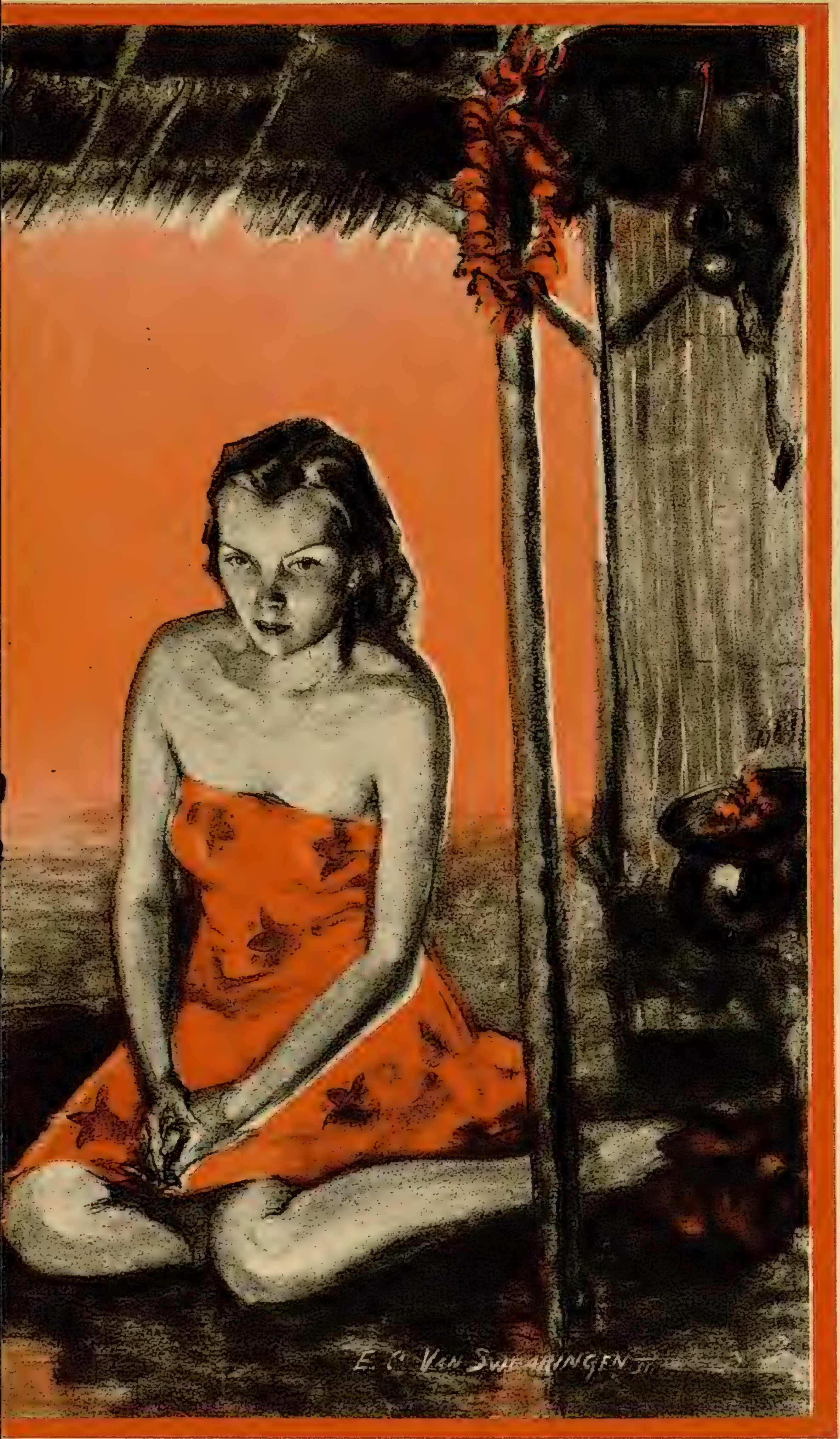
“Sounds improbable,” was Bickel's comment.

“White mother,” declared Mr. Chichester-Cooper.

“All the same—”

“Met him in New Zealan'. The chiefs go there for fun and sprees sometimes.”

Mr. Cooper, somewhat haltingly, explained that the girl's mother, quite young herself, an emigrant, had lost the English husband who came out with her. Took a


E. C. Van Swearingen Jr.

' That's an islan' word. It means good, nice."

fancy to the good-looking, romantic islander, married him just after she was made a widow. Seven months later, had a white child. Year after, had colored twins and died. The chief brought up the girl with his own, called her his own. They were keen on the white blood. The white inhabitants of the Bonitos called her a nig, but she wasn't one any more than Mr. Chichester-Cooper himself. Just to look at her—

" Has she very white skin, shortish wavy hair, blue eyes? " asked Bickel.

His host tried to dig him in the ribs with a knotted forefinger. Mr. Bickel deftly removed himself.

" Cunning dog. You've seen her, eh? "

" I thought," Mr. Bickel said, " that I saw a—a ghost—in your garden."

He didn't know why he was giving himself away.

Ghosts! Yes. Ghosts of lost happiness.

The drowsy lilies tell their beads
On rosaries of dew. . . .

" Garden! " barked Cooper suddenly. " Garden? She'd ought to been in her house. I gave her a week to make up her min'. Stop in her house, all her own, and— Why'd you think there was a ghos'? " He looked uneasy—sobered.

Bickel, about to answer, saw a strange thing: Hazel, the youngest wife, with her head thrust through a semi-curtained window, looking at Cooper behind his back; making faces at him—such faces as a child might make when registering disgust and fear.

" Why shouldn't I? " was Bickel's counter.

" Was it—under a coconuss tree? " thickly asked the host. " Girl threw herself down from a coconuss tree once. Silly little coot! "

Bickel had heard of this island method of suicide.

" No," he answered. " She was lying among the flower beds, and she got up when I came. I thought she was like—like—"

" Like nobody," proudly proclaimed Chichester-Cooper. " Only one there is. I show her to you some day. Not now. She's a naughty girl. But she won't run away. Nowhere to run to, now the steamer's gone again. Seven wives. . . . Hazel, fill up! "

HAZEL amber-colored, suave, came in; filled the glasses. Now that she knew herself observed, her face was void of expression. Bickel wondered, uneasily, what might be the history of the purple bruise that he saw on her arm, under a thick gold bracelet. It didn't show, except when she lifted the decanter.

" I'm afraid I must be—" he began. Something about the place sickened him; he didn't want to stay.

But Cooper broke in.

" Wairrabit. Schererazade goin' to tell story. That's what I make 'm do for their esucation. Like the man in the Arabian Nights. I believe in esucation. Same time I study sike-sike-psychology. Two birds with one stone. Very interesting, psychology an' folklore an' all that. Hazel! Your turn tonight. Tell this gentleman story of the—of the— No. Of the— No. Of the princesses an' the enemy."

Hazel sat down cross-legged upon the floor and obediently began, in halting English, an island tale.

" You listen to this. When I die, the knowledge of the native sike—I mean folklore—dies with me. This is a grand story."

Bickel, somewhat intrigued, did listen, though half his thoughts were absent, in the garden among the " drowsy lilies," with the girl who had been given a week to make up her mind. . . .

Presently he sat up.

" Why, that's Jael and Sisera, as near as can be! "

" Noticed it, did you? Well, they had it long before the da—the blessed missionaries came. And whass really interesting, the way they did him in is the way the Rossel islanders do it today—big island at thar tail end of New Guinea. Thass folklore. Thass sike-what-is-it for you, eh? "

Hazel was ending her tale:

" So the five princesses, bee-cause deir husbands were away at thee fighting, when the enemy he have drunk the coconut milk, and have eat the breadfruit, den he sleep very much. Den de five princesses come and dey make de secret killing, what de fighting mens know. Dey take one an arm, one a leg, one an arm, one a leg, and one de

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

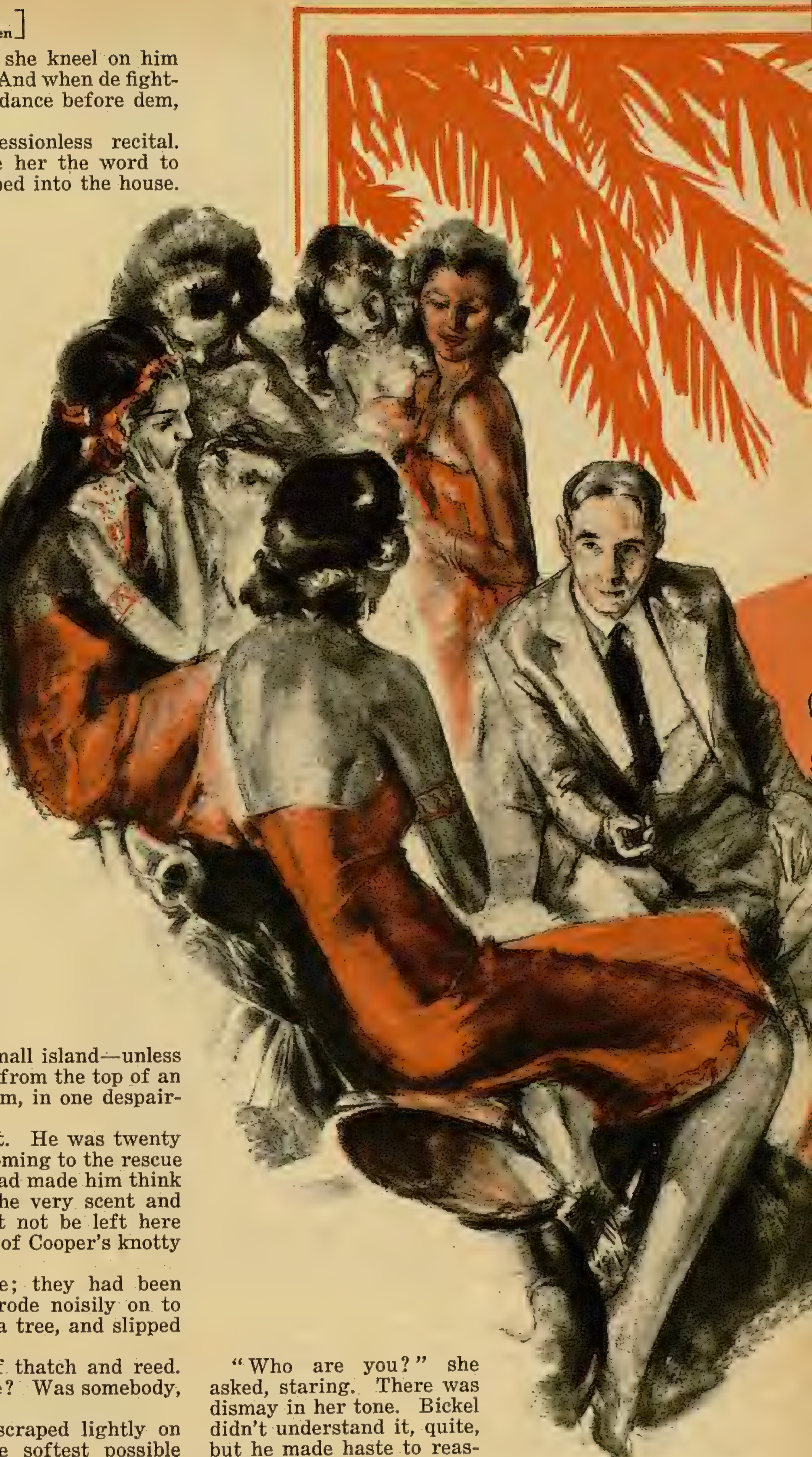
THE SEVENTH WIFE
Continued from page thirteen

neck. And de one she take de neck, she kneel on him chest, she squeeze tight. And he die. And when de fighting men come back, all de princesses dance before dem, and dere was a great feast."

She ended the mechanical, expressionless recital. She sat quite still until Cooper gave her the word to go. Her bracelets clinked as she slipped into the house.

"Most interesting," the guest allowed, with a yawn.

He had been rather bored. He had never been able to understand why people got excited over these coincidences: one group of islands with the same story as another group; one tale—like that of Jael and Sisera—appearing all over the world. Doubtless there was some explanation for that sort of thing. He didn't want to hear it. Cooper seemed to be an enthusiast. Cooper might have it all. The girl in the garden was more interesting; one wasn't going to let that drop. But, for the moment, there was nothing to do but to say good-by. He said it.



THE hoofs of the old horse went clopping across the garden. The moon was down. There was a smell of wet earth and leaves—a late sort of smell. You could hear the sea spilling along the beach, and catch the salt airs of it stealing in. Dark, dark now—but one could just distinguish a formless low building at one side of the garden. That would be the house that had been given to the girl—the seventh wife—to make up her mind in.

Virtually she was a prisoner. Her relatives would not want to give back the bride price, already received; they wouldn't take her in if she went to them. And there were no boats. You couldn't get away from people on a small island—unless by the way that other girl had taken, from the top of an eighty-foot coconut palm to the bottom, in one despairing leap.

Bickel wasn't forty-four that night. He was twenty—not a day older. He was a knight coming to the rescue of beauty in distress. The girl who had made him think of Mignon, who had brought back the very scent and sound of that long-ago garden, must not be left here to "make up her mind" within reach of Cooper's knotty claws.

Lights were out in the big house; they had been turned off as soon as he left. He rode noisily on to the main highway, tied his horse to a tree, and slipped back on foot.

No light in the little low house of thatch and reed. Nobody stirring. . . . Or was there? Was somebody, very softly sobbing, inside?

Bickel felt his way to the door, scraped lightly on it with a finger nail, and gave the softest possible "Coo-ee."

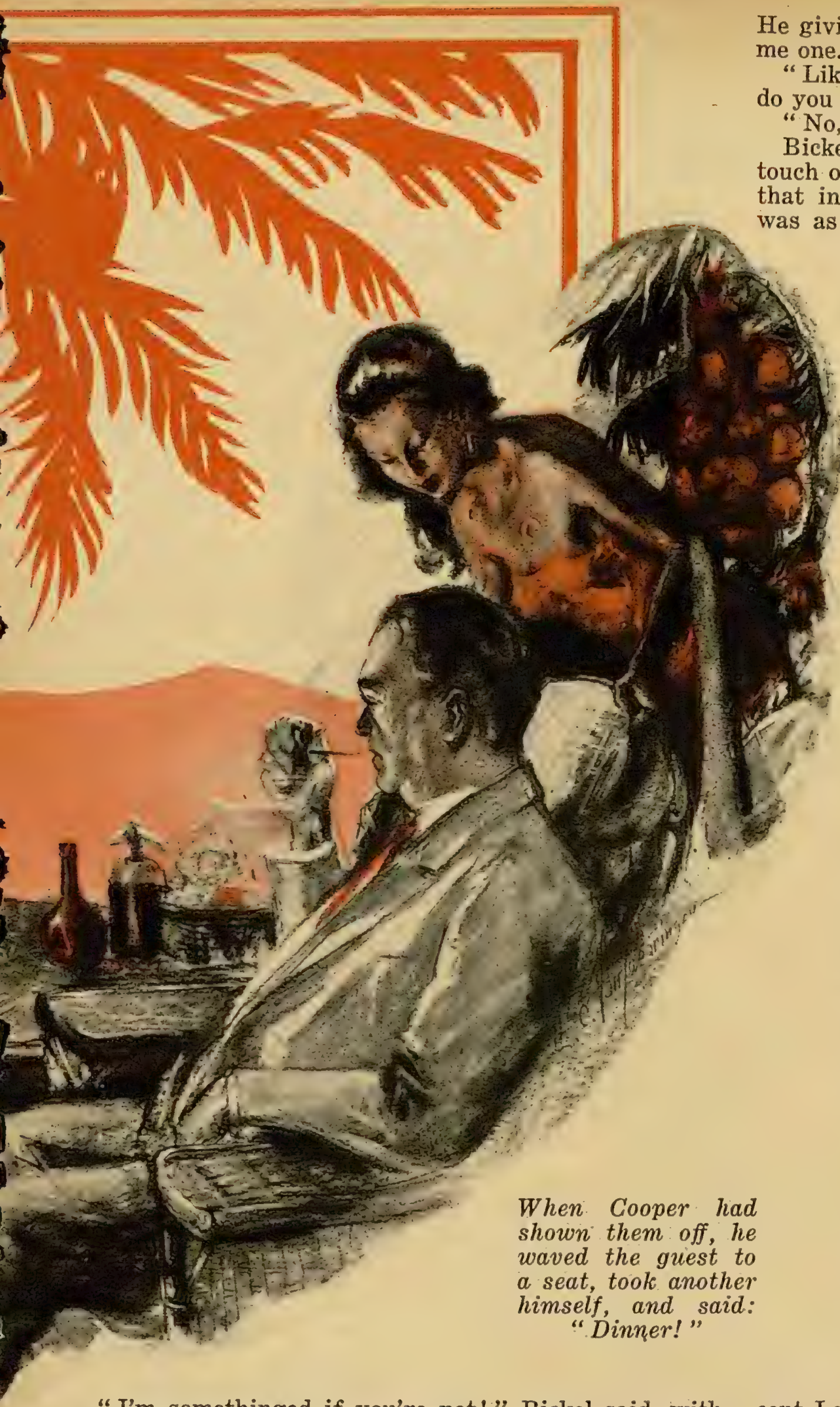
The sobbing stopped. The door was almost immediately opened. A slim figure in a light-colored frock showed itself against the black of the interior. "Who is it?" Bickel heard, in a low, tense whisper.

"A friend," he said, flashing his torch. It showed him the girl, fair and slender, like—yes, like Mignon, as a flower is like another flower of its kind. Like enough to make his heart beat faster as he looked at her, saw the blue eyes, the loose brown locks, the ivory skin. And the dress, blue as hyacinths—Mignon used to wear such a dress.

"Who are you?" she asked, staring. There was dismay in her tone. Bickel didn't understand it, quite, but he made haste to reassure her.

"I'm from the last boat," he said. "I was dining here; heard about you. You don't have to stay a minute longer than you want. You can take my horse and ride to my house—it's the place on the beach a mile away; Cooper sold it to me—and I'll walk in to town and put up at the hotel. Nobody'll think of looking for you there. In the morning I'll come back and we'll see what can be done. Surely the British government—"

She said: "They can't do anything. They would say it was a native row. They don't count me white."



When Cooper had shown them off, he waved the guest to a seat, took another himself, and said: "Dinner!"

"I'm somethinged if you're not!" Bickel said, with almost too much emphasis. Lowering his voice again, he went on: "Here, take the horse—he's outside—and get away. Look out for me at sunup. Come along. Dark, isn't it? Take my arm. Now, let me mount you. Off you go—and *au revoir*."

It was hardly daylight when Bickel came back again. He had seen almost no one during his brief stay at the hotel—only McNutt, who was packing up to get away at dawn in a government launch. McNutt, it seemed, had surveys to make on a neighboring island; he would be away for a week. Bickel at first was minded to ask him if he knew anything about Chichester-Cooper and this alleged white girl; but he decided to say nothing. He was ashamed of having been to the place; he didn't think that McNutt would understand. And, anyhow, he was confident of being able to handle the matter himself.

The girl was no sluggard, clearly. She had breakfast ready in the living room when he arrived, and wanted to serve it to him. But he made her sit down and eat with him.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Lélé," she said. "That's an islan' word. It means good, nice. But I don' know what—he—calls me yet. He giving everybody new names. I think he has given me one."

"Like a dog," said Bickel, pouring out tea. "Lélé, do you want to stay with him?"

"No," she said. "I rather die."

Bickel noticed that she spoke well, although with a touch of the island "chi-chi" accent. "She could drop that in a few weeks, if necessary," he thought. She was as fresh and lovesome as a flower this glittering morning; she seemed to fit into the cool, sea-lighted cottage as if she had been made for it.

"Well, why did you stay?" he went on.

"In thee islan's," she said, "it's a very bad thing to fight with your people about your marriage. I didn't know where I go to. The chief—"

"D'you mean Cooper?"

"Yess. The chief paid my price, an' my father he said, 'You are white girl, though they call you mine. Now you go to your own people. That's best for you. No white man going to marry you bee-fore the government,' he saying, 'but this white chief he marrying you island way, so I say yes.'"

Bright as a butterfly, a new, strange idea came fluttering into Bickel's mind. His mouth opened as if to speak, then closed again. Almost he had heard, faint, far away, a voice that said, "I can't imagine why," asked, "Whatever you do—however have you—" that warned, "It's for your good," now lamented, "I told you so."

He sat in his place, teacup in hand like the Mad Hatter, staring at Lélé. "She wouldn't be like that," he told himself, and then remembered what Lollie had been like at first. Older than Lélé, of course, but soft, gentle—butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, one might say. Yes, and one might have said later on that icicles wouldn't, either. . . .

The freedom, the aloneness of the cottage. The refuge that it had been. Could he give up that dream? Why not? The island life was enough for him. And of course he would have tired of his shack in time; after all, it was "not good for men to live alone."

All this in a moment, while Lélé, slender Lélé in her bluebell frock, was moving about from kitchen to living room, clearing the table, looking at him now and then with a shy, sweet smile. She liked him. By Gad, she did! Well, if she wanted him, she should have him. The native marriage was no marriage. This very day they would stand before the magistrate in town and legally be made one. And then—then—he would have the laugh on Mr. Vincent Leo Chichester-Cooper.

And hang the risk!

Lélé saw it coming. She set down her tray and stood before the tall Australian as Esther may have stood before the king. In her eyes, plain to be seen, were Esther's words: "If I have found favor in the sight of my lord—"

Bickel never quite knew what he said, but somehow he said it, heard her calm, unembarrassed reply, "Yess, if you like," took the kiss that she freely gave, and knew himself all but married—again.

He wanted the wedding at once. But Lélé had reasons for putting it off. "Hugh," she said—she was ready with his name—"Hugh, I can't marry you yet. Not yet. One day, two day. The chief will look everywhere for me, all over the islan', but he won't fin' me here. I can hide in the beeg, beeg press where the clothes are, if I hear him come. Jus' a little wait." So Bickel agreed, he didn't know why. Agreed to sleep at night in the kitchen hut, stay with her by day. It wouldn't be long. . . .

Cooper came next morning, asked questions, and was answered as Bickel thought fit. He seemed to suspect

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SEVENTH WIFE
Continued from page fifteen

nothing. He was an extremely angry man, but the brunt of his wrath was reserved for Lélé herself, when he should catch her. "She can't get away," he said more than once, and added, "I'll teach her!" When he had gone, Bickel, returning to the habits of boyhood, made faces at his retreating back. And Lélé looked through a chink and giggled.

Lélé was extraordinarily grateful to him, and told him so many times a day. She cooked for him; she mended and washed his clothes; she brought flowers into the house and set them in empty bottles. Bickel didn't like flowers in bottles, but nothing that she did really displeased him. She was an intriguing mixture of the best in two races, though it was clear that the blood of only one ran in her veins. Lélé could read and write, no more; but Bickel fancied she'd respond to cultivation like a flower to rain.

And he was so rich—for the islands. He could give her a horse, a motor car, pretty frocks, trips to Sydney or to Auckland. The girl must think him a millionaire. Regard him much as people down in Sydney regarded the sheep barons, the—

That was a nasty jolt! A hard smack in the solar plexus of his mind. For a moment he didn't quite know whence it had come. Then he realized that Hugh Bickel of the days before the war had been talking in his ear—sneering at the squatter of forty-odd who wanted to marry Mignon.

Bickel pulled himself up. He wasn't old. Nor fat. It was not a parallel case. Besides, the bluebell girl wanted to marry him. For himself.

In next week's Liberty—

Why Tunney Retired from the Ring

The inside story of the champion who gave up the heavyweight title when he was at his best

By

William Inglis

Also stories and articles by Konrad Bercovici—William A. Ucker—Franklin P. Adams—Jay Franklin—Philip Wylie

The very day after that, Lélé came to him, looking strangely solemn, and said: "Hugh, I think, if you like, we make the marriage now."

"Today?" he cried, hand on her soft shoulder.

She trembled a little; she did not withdraw.

"Yess, today," she answered.

"SPLENDID," he told her. "I'll get the horse and go in to see about it now. I'll pick two discreet witnesses, so that we needn't have it blared all over the island. McNutt is in—came yesterday. I fancy he'd like the job, for one. He's no lover of Mr. Chichester-Cooper's."

"McNutt—is here?" Lélé said. That was all.

As if the speaking of the name had been a charm, McNutt turned up, on the way to town, driving his old Ford and hurrying furiously over the ruts and hollows of the road. At first it seemed as if he would not stop to Bickel's hail; but the older man pulled his horse right across the road, and McNutt, with screaming brakes, came to a halt.

"I'm in a hurry," he explained, before Bickel had time to speak.

"So am I. I want you for a—"

"Can't attend to business today, no matter what it is."

"It's not business, but — Anything the matter?"

"That cursed Cooper!" McNutt said, breathing short. "Do you know what he's been up to? I've just heard."

"Rather. Why, I—"

"I'm going to stop it. The government can't interfere, but I can. Personally. And I'm going to!"

There was a momentary silence, filled by the rhythmic creaming and crashing of breakers on the sands.

The horse began to move. Bickel reined him back. In that moment he had lived a lifetime; his decision was made.

"Turn off," he said. "You're on the wrong road."

McNutt—how tall and wiry he was, what a tanned, young, handsome face showed under the official helmet!

McNutt said simply, "Eh?"

Bickel in a moment lost his temper.

"Go to blazes and get her!" he said. "At the shack. My shack. All right." The last few words were said to the horse and the empty road.

"Nothing," said Bickel to himself, "nothing like an old Model T for lasting—but I never saw one pick up as quick as that before." Then he went on riding, he didn't know where.

A FEW minutes later he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose several times. "That's that," he said. "I ought to have known by the way she said his name. Maybe I did know. I suppose she was counting on his hearing about it and rescuing her, and he went off surveying just as if he didn't care, and she thought—and she took me."

He was quite himself when he reached the shack late in the day. There was no one there. That he had expected. He had expected, too, the pretty little note on the pincushion.

And the shack was solitary again, and the flowers were fading in the bottles, and the light that slanted in from the sunset fell upon the empty bed where Lélé had lain.

Bickel sat down, mixed himself a whisky. "Here's to both," he said, and to himself, "It's all for your good!"

"I'll keep the shack," he thought. "Of course I'm going back. I was just a little mad. More ways than one. But sometime—I'll come again." . . .

The cargo boat that took him to Sydney had a radio. On one of the last days of the voyage, the mate came to him on deck, with a slip. "Murder in the islands," he said. "Like to read?"

Bickel read. It was the account of a mysterious death in the Bonitos. A white man, Cooper by name, supposed to be the ex-scout of a Cambridge professor, living on blackmail, had been found strangled in his house. The inquest ended in a verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown. "It would have taken a very powerful man to overpower the deceased," ran the radio report. "There was no evidence to connect anyone with the deed. The six young girls who inhabited the house had heard and seen nothing. They appeared to be deeply distressed."

Bickel put down the paper. "I suppose," he mused aloud, "the sixth was to keep cave."

"What?" said the mate.

"Nothing," answered Bickel.

"We'll make the Heads before dusk."

"All for my good," said Bickel.

"I suppose so," said the mate, staring. "Have a drink."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Iowa?

2—What is *ignis fatuus?*

3—What nations engaged in the Peninsular War in 1808-14?

4—In what books of the Bible is the Golden Rule to be found?

5—What country touches Sweden on the east?

6—What is a fellah?

7—Who composed the opera William Tell?

8—What is a sachem?

9—What is a foot pound?

10—What is an apostate?

11—What is a scherzo?

12—What is hedonism?

13—What is an addend?

14—What is the antonym of orthodoxy?

15—What is a philippic?

16—What is a henry?

17—How many farthings in a penny?

18—On what island is Honolulu situated?

19—What war included the siege of Ladysmith?

20—Which planet is nearest the sun?

(Answers will be found on page 36)

When A WOMAN was PRESIDENT of the United States

Further Revelations of the "Regency" of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson in 1919-1920, Based upon the Correspondence of the President, Facts Obtained from His Associates, and Conversations with Colonel E. M. House, His Confidential Adviser, as Prepared and Written by

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Reading time: 28 min. 30 sec.)

"FOR six and one-half months, if not longer, Edith Bolling Wilson was virtually President of the United States," said Mr. Viereck in last week's Liberty, summing up one of the most sensational of his discoveries concerning the Wilson régime.

He proceeded, in the opening installment of this series, to tell the inside story of the events that made it possible for a woman to be virtually President. They were the exhausted Woodrow Wilson's attempt to stump the country in behalf of the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations Covenant; the collapse near Wichita, Kansas, that forced him to return to Washington; the paralytic stroke, eight days later, that left him for weeks and months bedridden and incapable—entirely so, at first—of performing the duties of his office as Chief Executive.

Acme photo

Mrs. Edith Bolling Wilson, the woman who was virtually President for at least half a year.

Mr. Viereck then described the "screen of professional secrecy and wifely devotion" which Mrs. Wilson and the young doctor, Admiral Grayson, drew around the President's sick bed. The press was persistently misled as to his condition. "The Vice President was kept in the dark," as was the Cabinet. Control of the executive business was retained in Wilson's hands, or ostensibly in them. Gradually it became known that he was learning little of what was going on, except through Mrs. Wilson. He began to have callers, but they were few and their visits were closely supervised by Mrs. Wilson, who, as the solicitous wife of an invalid husband, was also present during the interview with him which two senators had in order to ascertain the truth about his capacity for attending to public business.

A physician gave out a statement to the effect that, all along, the President's mind had been as clear and vigorous as ever. If that was true, why (Mr. Viereck inquires) had he been kept for a considerable time from any participation in public affairs? Not until the middle of February, 1920, did he dismiss Secretary of State Lansing, although the "disloyalty" on Lansing's part which prompted him to do so—the calling of Cabinet meetings—had been going on, apparently with his knowledge and acquiescence, for weeks.

"Wilson, or those who ruled the country in his name, could not brook independence," Mr. Viereck concluded as last week's installment ended. "And behind the scene ruled, undisputed, a woman in purple." The story of her rule is now continued.

PART TWO—THE WOMAN IN PURPLE

UPHELD by the warm, firm hand of a woman—the woman who was President—the palsied hand of Woodrow Wilson clung desperately to power. Edith Bolling Wilson had no political ambitions. But

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WHEN A WOMAN WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
Continued from page seventeen

events conspired with her vanity to perpetuate her reign. Woodrow Wilson's intellectual self lay dormant; his practical self was asleep; his emotional self, wide awake, was the vassal of his moral self. His emotions and his conscience convinced him that he could, even from his sick bed, entice America to accept his cherished Covenant.

Edith Bolling Wilson nurtured this illusion.

"Never," Colonel House remarked to me, "was there a more devoted wife." Mrs. Wilson's predominant desire was to shield Wilson from pain. But, surely, below the threshold of consciousness other motives came into play. The purple which Mrs. Wilson had affected in Paris became the color of a queen regnant. While Wilson was on his back she exercised the functions of the President alone. When he was able to participate, she shared with him the government of the United States. No senator, no member of the Cabinet, not the President's own secretary, could gain a glimpse of Wilson without her permission. Her whim decided whether a king or an ambassador was to be received, whether a bill awaiting the President's signature would become law or not.

Wide World photo © Harris & Ewing

The stricken Woodrow Wilson arrives in Washington after his collapse near Wichita, Kansas. "Controlling the agony that racked his limbs," says Mr. Viereck, "he walked briskly through the Union Station." This remarkable photograph shows him in the act of doing so.

Wilson, judging by echoes from his sick-bed conversations, sometimes longed for other friends; but he did not have the strength or the courage to summon them. No act of Woodrow Wilson from this period until the end of his life was undertaken without the knowledge and consent of Edith Bolling Wilson.

WITH shaky hand Wilson signed the few letters and documents placed before him by his wife. Everything likely to disturb his peace of mind was withheld. Nevertheless, there were days when he cried and wept like a child. His oldest daughter, Margaret, assisted his wife. Their devotion kept the flickering flame burning. Mrs. Wilson, remarks the astute David Lawrence, stood between her husband and the government, indeed between him and the outside world. "Even the private secretary, Mr. Tumulty, refrained from entering the bedchamber except when sent for. He placed his memoranda on vital questions before Mrs. Wilson, leaving it to her to discover the proper moment to ask the President for his opinion or decision. *She was, so to speak, the reigning monarch.*"

Even before he came under the sway of Edith Bolling Galt, Woodrow Wilson was strongly susceptible to wifely influence. He was, William Allen White remarks in his penetrating study, tremendously uxorious. Marriage, like friendship, was a crutch upon which he leaned heavily. Without his first wife, Ellen Axson, he would have remained a teacher in a girls' school. Princeton, Trenton, Washington would have remained daydreams. Ellen Axson, McAdoo says, was the only human being who fully understood Wilson. Wilson himself spoke of her as the most radiant creature he had ever known.

In spite of her strong artistic personality, Ellen Axson possessed the supreme gift of self-effacement. Without this she would have resented the predominating influence of Colonel House. She not only encouraged that friendship but countenanced her husband's "flirtations" with Mrs. Hulbert (Peck). Wilson needed feminine sympathy. When Ellen Axson died he wrote at once to Mary Hulbert that he wanted her to be the first to know. When he was betrothed to Mrs. Galt, Mrs. Hulbert was his first confidante. After his second marriage the correspondence with Mary Hulbert lapsed and his friendship with House lost its glow.

Feminine devotion usually includes a strong sense of possessiveness. This sense of possessiveness was evidently more marked in the second than in the first Mrs. Wilson. Tumulty, who has no reason to love Edith Bolling Wilson, pays a touching tribute to the heroic quality of her devotion:

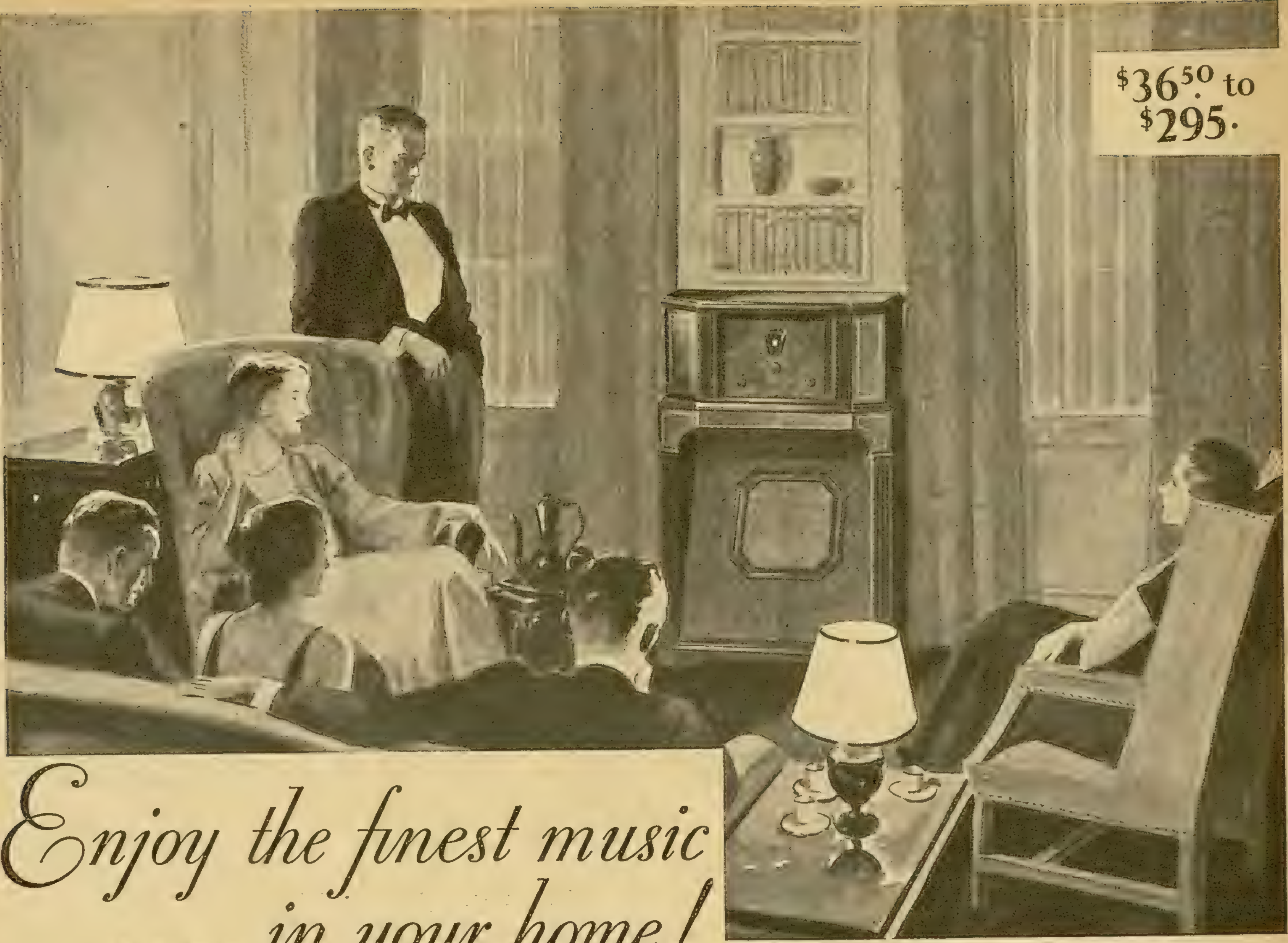
> As woman and wife, the first thought of her mind and the first care of her heart must be for his health. Once, at an acute period of his illness, certain officials insisted that they must see him because they carried information which it was "absolutely necessary that the President of the United States should have," and she quietly replied: "I am not interested in the President of the United States. I am interested in my husband and his health!"

BUT, in spite of her devotion to her husband, Edith Bolling Wilson did not relish the thought of permitting Wilson to exchange the White House for a sanatorium. She had tasted the sweet draft of power. She had basked in the sunshine of high station. If she had been asked to sacrifice both to save Wilson's life, she would not have hesitated an instant. But the human mind is so constituted that problems do not present themselves in this undisguised fashion. Her own ambition assumed the shape of his. She persuaded herself that for his sake, not hers, she must keep up the pretext that Wilson was still actively President of the United States.

A distinguished physician, Dr. Arthur Dean Bevan, had stated in the Chicago Tribune that Wilson's trouble was permanent and not a temporary condition, and that under no circumstances should he be permitted to resume the work of such a strenuous position as that of President of the United States. The strain and responsibility would bring with them the danger of a recurrence of such attacks and might hasten a fatal termination. Surely this point of view must have come to Mrs. Wilson's attention.

White House propaganda occasionally represents the Presidency as a Herculean task that no ordinary mortal can endure without paying for it with his lifeblood. Propaganda exaggerates. Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Coolidge worked hard. But they had also ample time to play. Harding was the most hard-working of Presidents. This was due not to his multitudinous duties but to his own incapacity for quick thinking. Nevertheless, being President of the United States is a man-sized job. Wilson, even when he was in the possession of all his powers, delegated some of his major duties to House.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]



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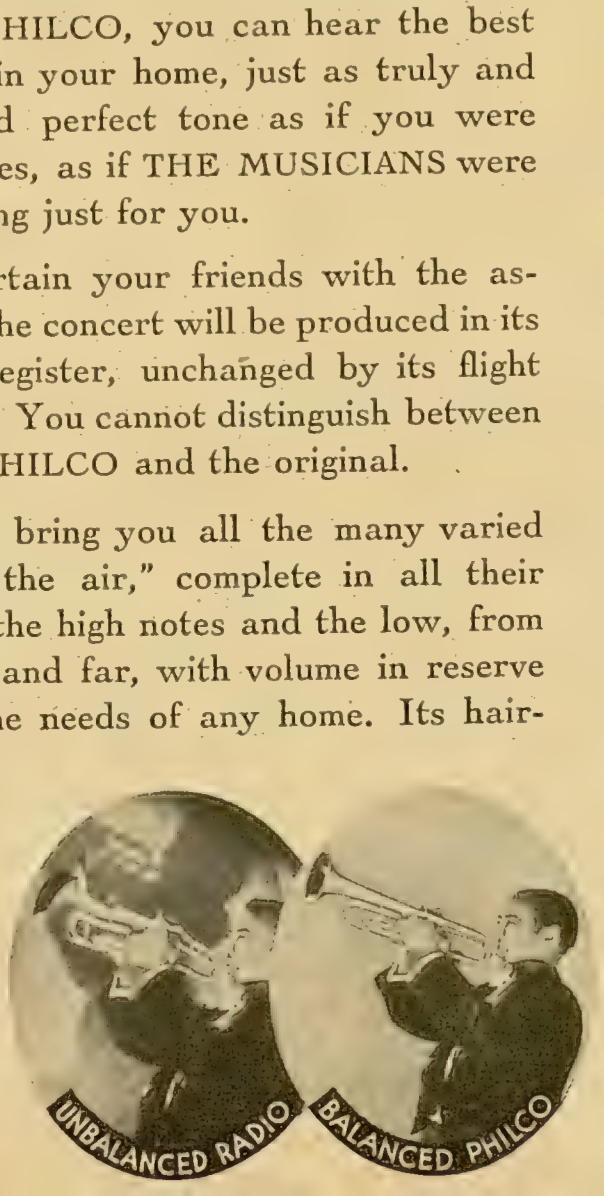

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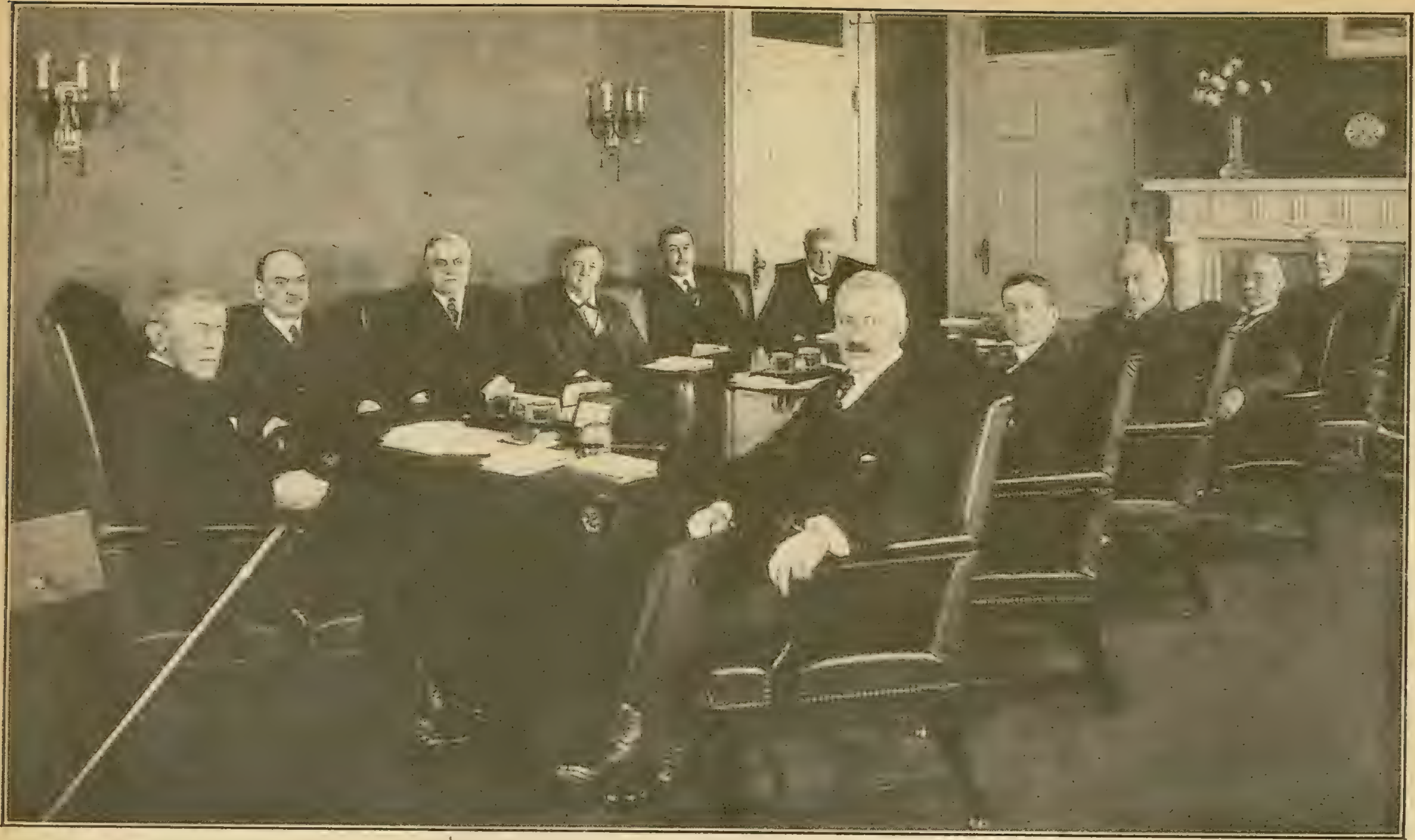

Wide World photo © Harris & Ewing

Wilson's first meeting with his Cabinet after six months of illness. On his left are seated, from left to right: D. F. Houston, Secretary of the Treasury; A. Mitchell Palmer, Attorney-General; Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; E. T. Meredith, Secretary of Agriculture; W. B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor. On the President's right are Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State; Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War; A. S. Burleson, Postmaster-General; J. B. Payne, Secretary of the Interior; J. W. Alexander, Secretary of Commerce.

WHEN A WOMAN WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Continued from page eighteen

Now, broken in health and spirit, he was utterly incapable of discharging his constitutional obligations.

Even after his partial recovery, Wilson's public appearances were rare. A few friends were admitted at the White House. These, William Allen White remarks, knew that he was not able to discuss large matters seriously. His recovery, as Mrs. Wilson herself admits in her letters, was a slow process. For three months no one entered his bedroom except his wife, his daughter, his doctors and his nurses.

In December, 1919, two or three months after the breakdown, Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, wrote to a friend: "The President is getting better slowly, but we communicate with him almost entirely through his doctor [Grayson]." In another letter, the same month, Lane enlarges upon the same topic. "Things," he assures his correspondent, "are going well notwithstanding the President's illness. No one is satisfied that we know the truth, and every dinner table is filled with speculation. Some say paralysis, and some say insanity. Grayson tells me it is nervous breakdown, whatever that means. He is, however, getting better, and meantime the Cabinet is running things."

LANE wished to resign in order to accept an offer of a lucrative position. For months he was kept from this action by the inaccessibility of the President. At last, on January 5, he put his dilemma before Rear Admiral Grayson. He asked him to "be perfectly frank" in advising him what to do, as he did not wish to "do anything to hurt our Chief." Three months or more after the thrombosis that laid Wilson low, a Cabinet officer cannot approach his superior except through this young doctor-admiral! It is difficult to reconcile this situation with the statement that Wilson carried on the duties imposed upon him by the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. There are witnesses galore to the contrary.

No member of the Cabinet was more devoted to Wilson than Houston. Wilson himself, in a letter to House, wishes that there were more than one Houston. Both Wilson and Mrs. Wilson reposed their trust in the Secretary of Agriculture. Yet Houston did not have access to Wilson. And it was Mrs. Wilson who offered him the Treasury. Houston himself tells how, one morning (January 25, 1920) when he awoke with the grippe, he received a summons to the White House from her, bidding him call at four-thirty in the afternoon.

He telephoned Mrs. Wilson and expressed the fear that he might carry with him the danger of infection. She insisted, however, upon his visit.

WHEN he arrived, the mistress of the White House received him graciously in the sitting room. The conversation skipped from one topic to another until the servants had cleared away the tea table. Then she said:

"You are wondering why I wanted to see you and why I sent for you this afternoon. Of course you know that I did not ask you to take the trouble to come merely to drink tea. The President asked me to tell you that he is very anxious for you to accept the Secretaryship of the Treasury. He is reluctant to have you give up Agriculture, but still thinks he now needs you more in the Treasury. . . ."

Houston said: "Please give my greetings to the President and tell him that I am very grateful to him for this further evidence of his confidence. I am in the harness until March 4, 1921, if he wishes it, and as long as I am with him I will dig stumps, or act as Secretary of the Treasury, or assume any other task he assigns me."

"That is very interesting. That is just what the President said you would say."

Houston continues:

> Mrs. Wilson said that the President would like to know whether I had anybody in mind to suggest for Secretary of Agriculture. I asked if he was thinking about anybody. She answered: "Yes; Meredith."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

A STORY WIVES CAN UNDERSTAND

SHE caught just a glimpse of them through the French doors as they swung by to the slow rhythm of the dance, Paul and the slim young widow who was visiting the Ralstons.

She hadn't kept count—that is, not consciously, but at the same time she realized with an uncomfortable little feeling that this was actually the third time Paul had danced with that woman during the evening.

With a half-hearted laugh she tried to throw off the absurd suspicion. Her Paul a Romeo? What nonsense! But that night, long after Paul was asleep she lay awake, wondering. Could there be, ever—"another woman"?

A Safe Rule to Follow

More than one wife has lost to the "Other Woman" simply because she grew careless after marriage.

Remember, the "Other Woman" is always sure of herself. She never permits her quarry to see her at a disadvantage.

The complexion must of course be cared for and the use of a good softening cream is a nightly necessity. But how unnecessary now to let one's husband see one, even in the soft light of the boudoir with a sticky, greasy face.

At Last a Marvelous New Greaseless Night Cream

With the introduction of a new line of cosmetics, A. S. Hinds Company, for 56 years producers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, presents *Hinds Texture Cream,* a skin-softening cream for night use, that is absolutely greaseless.

If you wash your face with soap and water, you will find this cream of wonderful assistance in preventing dryness and in keeping the skin well conditioned.

When applied after cleansing with Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Toning Cleanser it produces really remarkable results, leaving the skin velvety soft and youthful.

You will be surprised, quite agreeably, by the reasonably low price of Hinds Texture Cream, only 40 cents for a generously large jar. Later, of course, once you have learned its benefits you will want the larger, 65-cent jar which is even better value.

Why go on smearing your face with greasy night creams that soil your pillow and make you look so dowdy and unattractive? Ask for Hinds Greaseless Texture Cream. It is sold by all drug and department stores.

Special Introductory Offer

To acquaint you with two other very important Hinds beauty aids, we are making the following generous introductory offer. Just send 10c (stamps or coin) and we will forward to you by return mail a trial tube of Hinds Cleansing Cream and a bottle of Hinds Toning Cleanser (liquid). Address A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-44, Bloomfield, N. J., makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. *This offer not good in Canada, expires July 1st, U. S. A.*

Hinds Preparations For Cleansing and Toning

(SEE SPECIAL OFFER)

HINDS CLEANSING CREAM: Because it melts 2 to 7 times faster, Hinds Cleansing Cream flushes deeply into pores, soaks up dirt, dust, make-up. Cleanses thoroughly, safely, leaving the face as refreshed as a dew-kissed rose. In generous-sized jars, 40c and 65c

HINDS TONING CLEANSER: A delightful liquid pore refiner and cleanser. Penetrates deeply and thoroughly—refines the texture of the skin by reducing enlarged pores. Non-drying. Apply after using Hinds Cleansing Cream, before using the Texture Cream. Also excellent for morning use. In flacons, 65c.

THIS WIFE GREW CARELESS AFTER MARRIAGE . . . .

THE "OTHER WOMAN" IS ALWAYS SURE OF HERSELF!

HINDS *Greaseless* TEXTURE CREAM

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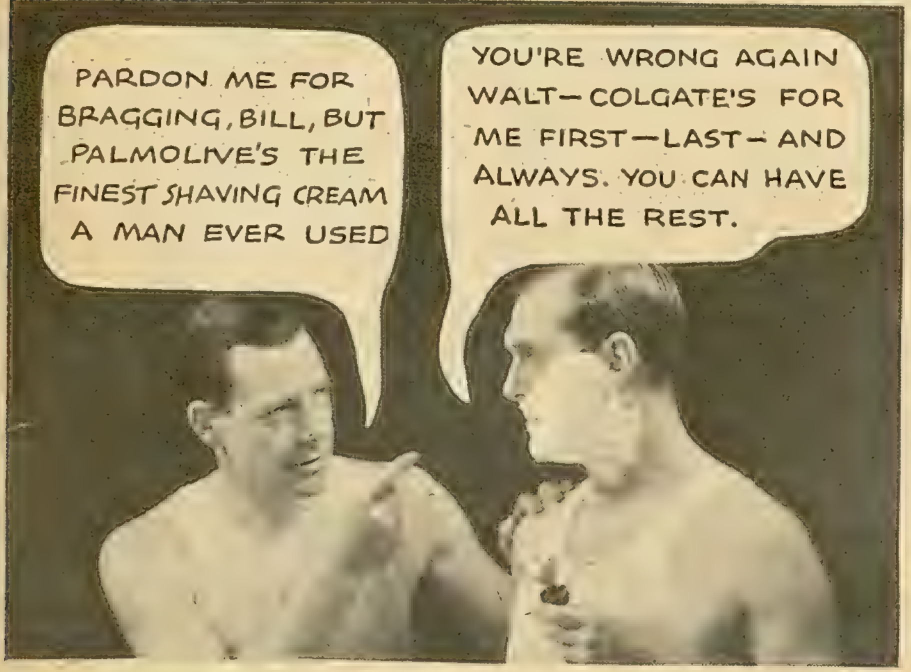
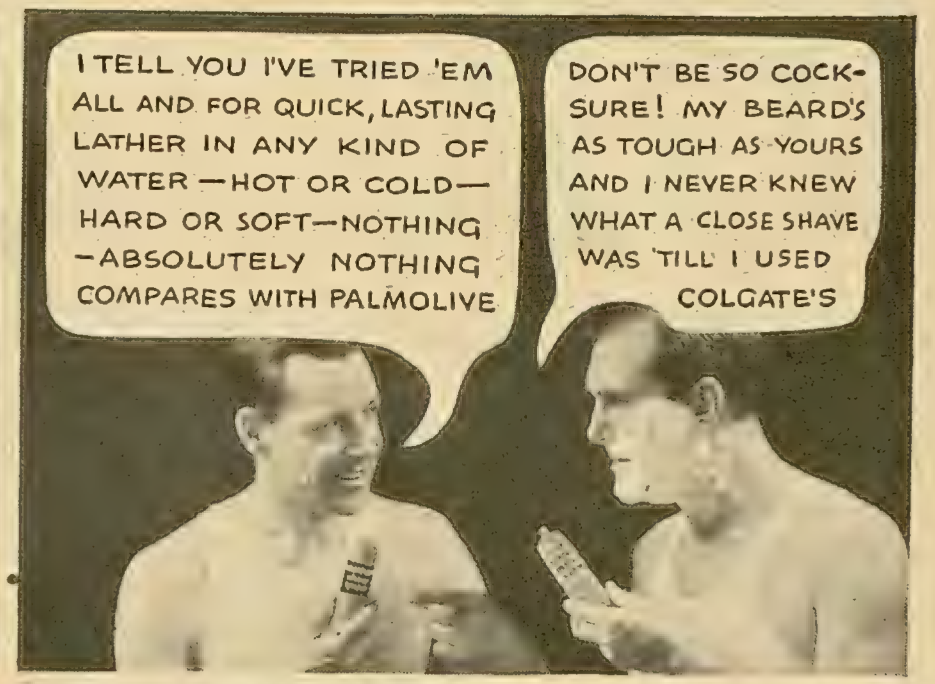
$25,000 IN PRIZES!

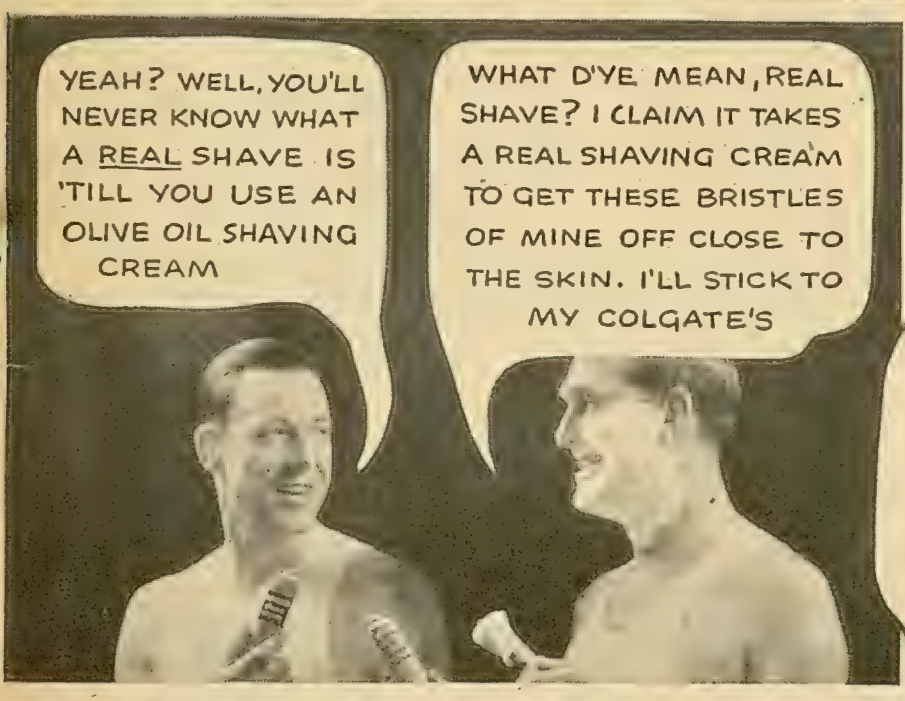
and may the best "Blurbs" win

464 cash prizes each month

2 FIRST PRIZES OF $500 EACH.. JUST WRITE A "BLURB"

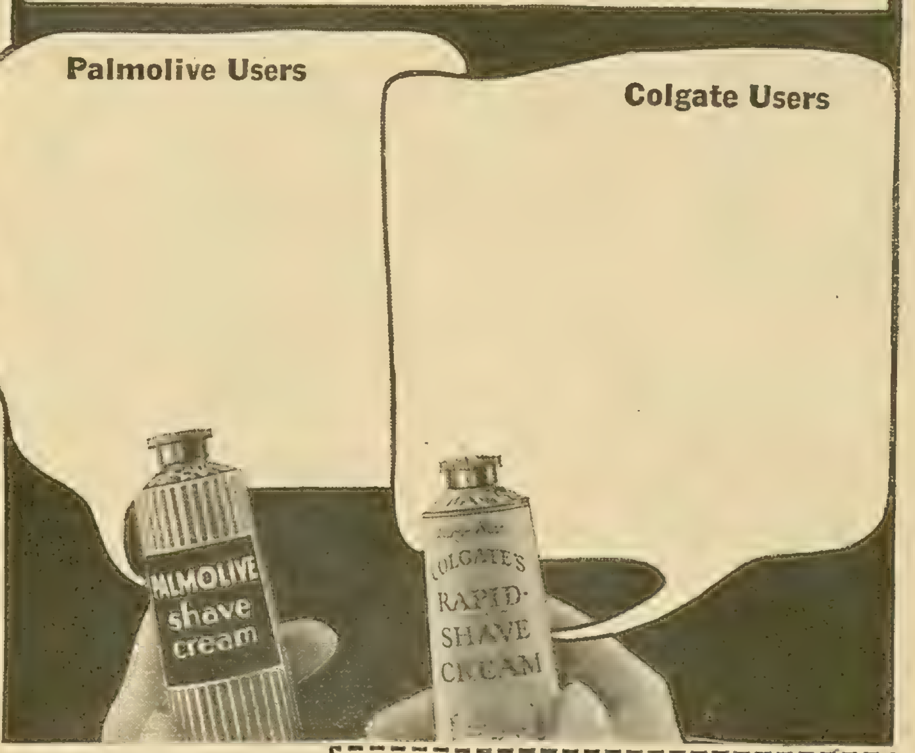

PARDON ME FOR BRAGGING, BILL, BUT PALMOLIVE'S THE FINEST SHAVING CREAM A MAN EVER USED
YOU'RE WRONG AGAIN WALT—COLGATE'S FOR ME FIRST—LAST—AND ALWAYS. YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE REST.


I TELL YOU I'VE TRIED 'EM ALL AND FOR QUICK, LASTING LATHER IN ANY KIND OF WATER—HOT OR COLD—HARD OR SOFT—NOTHING—ABSOLUTELY NOTHING COMPARES WITH PALMOLIVE
DON'T BE SO COCK-SURE! MY BEARD'S AS TOUGH AS YOURS AND I NEVER KNEW WHAT A CLOSE SHAVE WAS 'TILL I USED COLGATE'S


YEAH? WELL, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT A REAL SHAVE IS 'TILL YOU USE AN OLIVE OIL SHAVING CREAM
WHAT D'YE MEAN, REAL SHAVE? I CLAIM IT TAKES A REAL SHAVING CREAM TO GET THESE BRISTLES OF MINE OFF CLOSE TO THE SKIN. I'LL STICK TO MY COLGATE'S

Come on you shavers—Get in on this $25,000 argument

Walt wants you Palmolive users to say your say. Bill says "Stick with me, you Colgate users." If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money.


Palmolive Users
Colgate Users
PALMOLIVE shave cream
COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

GET into this shaving cream "blurb" contest, men! Who are *you* for—Walt or Bill? Palmolive or Colgate's?

We've discovered that men are rabid on the subject of shaving creams. Just try to tell a Colgate user there's anything better! Or try to convert a Palmolive user to anything else. You'll soon find out!

These are the two leading sellers among all shaving creams. Think of that—in a field of 176 competing brands!

What we want to know is—why do *you* like Palmolive? Or why do *you* swear by Colgate's? Tell us! In your own words.

Hence this little contest. There's money in it—lots of money. Get some of it! Help Walt out. Or help Bill out. Notice the two empty "blurb" spaces in the last picture above. In ONE of these spaces write what *you'd* say in favor of Palmolive—or what *you'd* say in favor of Colgate's. Write it now!

FREE SAMPLES

In case you're one of the few who do not use either Colgate's or Palmolive, they're for sale everywhere. Or—send coupon for generous free samples of both. Mail coupon to Dept. 41, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE — for contest rules and hints to help you win

$25,000 "BLURB" CONTEST read all about it here

CONTEST RULES

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurbs"		For best Palmolive "blurbs"	
1st	$500	1st	$500
2nd	125	2nd	125
3rd	50	3rd	50
9 next	25	9 next	25
20 next	10	20 next	10
200 next	5	200 next	5

WRITE your "blurb" in one of the empty spaces on the opposite page, or on a separate sheet of paper. Mail with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. D-2, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Illinois.

There will be six contests in all—one each month. Six sets of prizes, each set totaling $4200, will be awarded. Prize winners for Contest No. 1 (this contest) will be decided Feb. 29, 1932. Prize winners for succeeding contests will be decided at the end of each month. Sixth and final contest closes July 31, 1932.

Contest is open to everybody except employes of the manufacturers and their families. You may enter as many "blurbs" as you wish.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

Here are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream and Palmolive Shave Cream. Here are some of the reasons why more men prefer these famous shaving creams than all others combined!

PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles get down to the base of the beard, hold water against each hair at skin-line and soak it soft where the razor works.
3. Gives a close, skin-line shave due to small bubble action.
4. Gives a lasting, 24-hour shave.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

Houston discussed this tentative selection, and suggested President W. O. Thompson of the University of Ohio as another possibility. His account goes on:

> She then asked whether I had anybody in mind whom I could suggest for the position of Secretary of the Interior. She added: "The President is somewhat embarrassed. Secretary Lane has resigned—in the press. The President has not yet been officially informed of his going. He would like your judgment."

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that in this period, the fifth month of Wilson's disability, Mrs. Wilson was his regent. Grayson, too, enters into the picture the following month. Houston reports how, on February 14, he discussed with Dr. Grayson the desirability of the President's filling vacancies on the Tariff Commission, and sent certain messages to Wilson through Dr. Grayson.

When Grayson told him that the President had asked for Lansing's resignation, Houston was not surprised.

"Do you know," he asked, "who will succeed the Secretary of State?"

Grayson did not know.

"The President is very much worried. In fact, he is worrying himself sick over the matter."

"Why?"

"Because the President is no longer in a position to write his notes and papers as he formerly was, and he wants somebody who has great facility in this direction."

Houston suggested Frank Polk. However, the following morning the appointment of Bainbridge Colby was announced in the papers. To what extent was Wilson consulted? Was his mind able to grasp the facts presented to him by Mrs. Wilson?

HOUSTON'S own description of the first Cabinet meeting in the President's study in the seventh month of Wilson's physical incapacity throws some doubt on the matter. It was the first meeting of the President with his Cabinet since August, 1919. When Mr. Houston arrived several minutes late, Mr. Wilson was already seated behind a desk at the far end of the room.

As Houston entered, he was ushered into the President's presence by the White House aid, who announced his name to the President. Was Wilson unable to recognize the members of his own Cabinet? What was at fault? His mind, his memory, or his vision?

The incident struck Mr. Houston as "singular" and he "wondered" why it was done.

> The President [he goes on to say] looked old, worn, and haggard. It was enough to make one weep to look at him. One of his arms was useless. In repose his face looked very much as usual; but when he tried to speak there were marked evidences of his trouble. His jaw tended to drop on one side, seemed to do so. His voice was v weak and strained.
>
> I shook hands with him and sat do He greeted me as of old. He put u brave front and spent several minut cracking jokes. Then there was a bri silence. It appeared that he would n take the initiative. Someone broug up the railroad situation for discussio The President seemed at first to h some difficulty in fixing his mind what we were discussing. Dr. Gray looked in the door several times as if warn us not to prolong the discussio unduly for fear of wearying the Presi dent. The discussion dragged on fo more than an hour. Finally Mrs. Wil son came in, looking rather disturbed and suggested that we had better go.

This picture, drawn by a truste friend, demolishes the contentio that Wilson was mentally himself. In spite of the occasional resurgence of his old brilliance, in spite of what Houston himself calls his attempt to maintain a "brave front" by cracking jokes, he was disabled, in the sense of the Constitution. Who had take his place in the months that had g by since his collapse in Kansas?

THERE was apparently some improvement in the President's condition two weeks later. Houston reports (on April 27) that the President seemed "rather better" and took a more lively part in the discussion. He does not say if Mrs. Wilson hovered in the background. However, Daniels relates that when Cabinet meetings were resumed Mrs. Wilson was "never far away." Evidently Wilson's condition fluctuated. He had his good days and his bad days. But there is no indication that even on hi good days he was able to give more than an hour or two to his work. Who was President the remaining twenty-two hours?

There were, admits the well informed Lawrence, days when Woodrow Wilson seemed to be mentally as keen as ever. "Shutting one's eyes to the drooping figure and listening only to his fiery logic, the illusion of an unchanged personality would not have been difficult to maintain." Little by little, Lawrence continues, as gradual improvement in his condition was evident, more executive work was undertaken; but always at his side stood the devoted wife, and the physician, Admiral Cary T. Grayson.

How did Woodrow Wilson communicate from his sick bed with members of his Cabinet?

"I know no reason," writes Newton D. Baker, Wilson's Secretary of War, "why I should not give you all the knowledge I have about the questions you ask. I do not know how the President communicated with the State Department after his breakdown. I can only answer as to myself. I wrote the President many memorandums and received replies, usually noted on the memorandum itself, indicating his concurrence or dissent.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEN A WOMAN WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Continued from page twenty-three

ter his recovery began to be more promising I saw him equently for verbal discussions of important things. s he continued an ill man to the end of his administra-on, I brought to his attention for decision only the most ecessary matters."

Although Mrs. Wilson acted only in the name of the resident, some communications from the White House ore her signature. "Please bear in mind," says Frank . Polk, the legal adviser of the State Department, "that was in Paris as head of he American Peace Delegation from the middle of July, 1919, to the middle of December, so I have no personal knowledge as to what took place immediately after Mr. Wilson was taken ill. On my return from Paris, communications from the White House were signed by the President and *in some instances by Mrs. Wilson.* But the letters I wrote the President in regard to foreign affairs would ave notes in pencil on e margin in his handwriting, approving or disapproving the suggestions therein contained. I understand he communicated with the Cabinet through Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Tumulty, and by notes signed by himself."

Wilson may have scribbled consent or disagreement on the margins of the notes submitted by the State Department. But after his stroke, as White remarks, the world practically was shut off from Woodrow Wilson. "And when the public was shut away from him, he knew nothing of the truth about public sentiment in the country. It was as though the curtain had fallen upon him with the roar of applause which greeted his speech at Pueblo always reverberating in his heart."

Acme photo

President Wilson with his secretary, the devoted Joseph Tumulty, whose "final reward for his loyal service was a black eye in public."

WHEN, White points out, Wilson decided to reject any reservations to the Treaty, his ears were full of that applause. He thought it represented public sentiment. His devoted wife, who was surrounding him with every physical comfort and every spiritual easement, was not trained in public affairs. She was almost as isolated as he.

Admiral Grayson had no access to the truth about public opinion, no means of interpreting the facts, no great interest in the clamor outside the sick room. Tumulty saw his chief rarely, with Mrs. Wilson standing at the head of the bed to shake her head when Tumulty broached a subject that might irritate the President. It was easier for those about him to hold to his face the mirror of his own conception of public opinion than to irritate him with the story of a gradual, inevitable change in the American attitude to the League of Nations. It was a statesman's job to convince Woodrow Wilson that the jingoism which follows war had alienated the people. . . . And the only statesman who could have told him he had put away when he banished House. . . .

Bernard M. Baruch acted at times as Wilson's spokesman in public. But, unlike Grayson, he did not have ready access to the sick room. Baruch first appeared as a substantial contributor to the Wilson campaign fun Wilson was so deeply prejudiced against the men who manipulated Wall Street that he did not wish to see him, in spite of McCombs' recommendation. Finally, Wilson relented, but expressed the wish that House should be present at his first interview with Baruch.

After a while Baruch took over important functions in the conduct of the war and the Peace Conference. He became head of the War Industries Board in Washington and became an economics expert of the American Peace Delegation. After the break with House he figured in the public prints repeatedly as the President's "adviser." He remained Mrs. Wilson's adviser after the death of the President.

On the day before Wilson's funeral Colonel House had occasion to speak to Baruch about some matter. He mentioned that he had not been invited. Baruch called him back in the afternoon, but did not mention the funeral. Under the circumstances House decided that he was not wanted in Washington.

Baruch never occupied the niche in Wilson's regard vacated by House. If Baruch's advice reached Wilson in the White House, it came to him chiefly through Grayson and Mrs. Wilson.

GRAYSON'S influence did not rest entirely upon his professional ability. The relationship between the two men began the evening of the inauguration. Mrs. Howe, the President's sister, having injured herself, a Philadelphia friend advised him to send for Dr. Grayson, who was on duty in Washington as a naval surgeon. From that moment to his death, Josephus Daniels avers, Mr. Wilson and Grayson were closely associated. The association ripened into regard until it burgeoned into complete understanding and tender friendship.

There is no reason to assume that Grayson abused Wilson's confidence, or to question his genuine affection for his stricken chief. But no one who carefully studies the testimony adduced can deny that Grayson exercised more influence than any Secretary of State, or that he leagued himself with Mrs. Wilson to surround the sick President with a Chinese Wall. It was natural that both physician and wife should guard Wilson from injurious contacts. But it is unfortunate that their judgment was less reliable than their devotion.

Nor is it difficult to trace in the selection of those who were banished from the Presence in the White House a feminine bias. Consciously or unconsciously, the Woman Who Was President, or shared the Presidency with Woodrow Wilson, rationalized her own prejudices. One of the victims of this feminine animus was Colonel House. But apparently Mrs. Wilson's distrust extended to all who had been her husband's friends before her marriage. It included even that warm-hearted Irishman, Joseph P. Tumulty. Tumulty, in spite of his knowledge of Wilson's real condition, was kept at a distance. His final reward for his loyal service was a black eye in public.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

SLEEP TONIGHT WHEN YOU GO TO BED

Instantly . . *Without Drugs*

WHATS THAT NOISE?
I'M ALL ON EDGE
WHY DOESN'T JUNIOR COME HOME?
THERE'S THAT GNAWING IN MY STOMACH
I'VE GOT TO SOME SLEEP!

STOP LYING AWAKE FOR HOURS LIKE THIS

YOU FALL ASLEEP AT ONCE
THIS NATURAL DRUGLESS WAY

No More Bed Tossing . . *New Energy Tomorrow*

DO you lie awake and toss at night? Do you turn and thrash, with nerves unstrung before you fall asleep?

And do you pay the price next day, with overwrought nerves—a head that aches—or a mind that's logy and dull?

If you do, take heart. For 20,000 doctors will tell you that there's now a drugless way to bring you sleep—naturally, quickly.

Deep sleep! Sound sleep! Sleep that rebuilds fagged-out minds and bodies in a most amazing way.

It's a delicious food-drink you take before you go to bed. As free from drugs as the bread you eat—or the milk you drink.

You fall asleep almost the moment you close your eyes. Nerves calmer—mind clearer by far.

For this new way does more than induce sound sleep. It rebuilds your body, your tissues, your nerves while you rest. So try it without fail.

What It Is—How It Acts

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink you take at night with warm milk. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a wholly *natural* process.

Second, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and muscle cells. For, in addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains (in concentrated form) a natural vital property called "lecithin" which is an important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these valuable food properties rebuild worn-out nerve, brain and body cells as you sleep.

Third, Ovaltine aids digestion. This is because it contains a high proportion of a food element known as diastase—an element which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs—helps your stomach "rest." And in this way combats digestive unrest—one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

At the same time—by stimulating and aiding digestive processes—Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And helps reduce the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake at night thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus, a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

You'll Sleep Tonight

If you're troubled with sleeplessness, don't suffer longer. That's simply folly now. Try Ovaltine this very night. See for yourself how quickly your nerves calm down—how swiftly you fall asleep.

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors. Forget the fact that its use has spread to 54 different countries . . . *Try it and see for yourself.*

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You will sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

You'll be delighted with the sound, refreshing sleep this pure food-drink brings you—and the extra energy that's yours next day.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—for nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.*

875-

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

WHEN A WOMAN WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Continued from page twenty-four

Wilson, or those responsible for his actions, went out of his way to repudiate his former secretary in 1922—after Wilson's retirement—by seizing upon what was at worst a trifling misunderstanding. Tumulty had conveyed a perfectly harmless message, expressing pious wishes for Democratic success, to a dinner at which Governor Cox was present. This message, based on a casual conversation, was repudiated formally by Woodrow Wilson, in spite of the convincing and touching explanation made by his former secretary. Tumulty's letters to Woodrow Wilson were answered not by the ex-President but by Edith Bolling Wilson.

In Liberty Next Week—

Why Wilson Broke with Colonel House

At last, an inside story of "the strangest and most fruitful personal alliance in history" and its mysterious termination. It is based on the correspondence of President Wilson, facts divulged by his associates, and conversations with Colonel House himself.

Subsequently in this series of startling revelations of the Wilson régime Mr. Viereck will describe in detail

- The crisis when Wilson called the British boobs.
- Colonel House's talk with the Kaiser, which very nearly changed the whole course of world history.
- Wilson's secret pledge to intervene in the World War on the side of the Allies.
- Two dark hours of uncertainty when Wilson was on the point of resigning and leaving the White House.

In a conversation with William Allen White, Tumulty unburdens his heart. Here, more than in his own book, we catch a glimpse of the shadow moving behind the drawn blinds of Wilson's sick room. "The President got sick," he says, "and no one saw him. Oh," he adds, correcting himself, "I came in once in a while and saw him when he was in the White House, but not much." Tumulty was one of the three people who were supposed to have access to the sick President. This remark eliminates him.

Mrs. Wilson, no doubt, had reasons of her own which justified her snubbing of Tumulty. But it is difficult to escape the conclusion that she was influenced, at least unconsciously, by the fact that the first Mrs. Wilson had called Tumulty one of her own boys.

"He married Mrs. Galt," says Tumulty, in the course of his confidences to White. "Now, remember that his first wife was my dearest friend, and she said she loved me like one of her own boys, and I felt pretty bad, and I talked a good deal with Wilson about how I felt. And one day, about a week after the wedding, I picked up the Philadelphia Public Ledger with a story of how Cary T. Grayson had made the match. After that some more things began to happen. When we would all go away on official trips, my name would not be on the list."

Nor was this all. When Tumulty heard of Mr. Wilson's intention to marry, he warned him, for political reasons, to postpone the announcement as well as the marriage until after the election of 1916. These facts would hardly endear him to Edith Bolling Wilson.

WHEN Wilson's letter of rebuke to Tumulty appeared in the press, the latter called at the house on S Street, but was unable to see anyone except Grayson.

"It seems to me," he implored the all-powerful doctor, "that ten years' faithful service have earned me the right to go in and look once into his eyes, or maybe just pat his forehead before he goes."

I am quoting from Tumulty's own account, which continues:

> And Grayson said: "Yes, Joe, you're right, and he will be glad to see you, but he's asleep now."
>
> And he promised and promised over and over to call me if there was any real danger before the end. But the end came too quickly, and when it came poor Joe was on the sidewalk with the rest.
>
> And at the funeral—not a word. Finally McAdoo comes to town, and on the last day about noon calls me on the phone and says:
>
> "I'm going to see that you're invited."
>
> And pretty soon Mrs. Grayson calls up and says of course Mrs. Tumulty and I are expected to the house for the funeral. And we go, and they let us in, and we come out afterward, and they call out the names for the carriages and I listen, and all the other names of friends and statesmen are called out there before the reporters, and then, after the names of two doormen from Keith's Theater, at the very end of the list comes poor Tumulty! And I got in and followed the hearse.

The vindictive attitude of Edith Bolling Wilson toward Tumulty was not mitigated by the death of her husband. Some years ago a friend of Wilson's, James Kerney of the Trenton Times, wrote an article on Woodrow Wilson for the Saturday Evening Post, in which he quoted a letter from Woodrow Wilson recommending Joseph Patrick Tumulty as a candidate for the senatorship in the State of New Jersey in 1924. Mrs. Wilson compelled the Saturday Evening Post to stop the issue, at great loss and inconvenience, on the ground that the publication of the letter was a violation of her copyright.

Wilson's letters are the property of his estate. This letter, however, was written to further the ambitions of Tumulty. Wilson's feelings for Tumulty were friendly, in spite of all contrary influences. But he lacked the physical or the moral strength to make a breach in the wall that shut him in.

IT would have been natural if Wilson had turned in his distress to his son-in-law, McAdoo. But, unless all reports are misleading, McAdoo too was kept away from Wilson by the unfriendly atmosphere created by those who guarded the President. He was the husband of Mrs. Wilson's stepdaughter.

I do not find any record that Dr. Sayre, who married Wilson's second daughter, was called to his father-in-law's sick bed.

Wilson's will left his fortune entirely to his wife, except for an annuity of $2,500 to Margaret, his eldest daughter. Under the terms of the will marriage would deprive Margaret Wilson even of this little stipend. His will seemed all the more incredible to his friends since Edith Bolling Wilson was reputed to possess a fortune in her own right, and since there was no question of the mutual devotion which existed between Woodrow Wilson and his three daughters. Wilson, kept by wartime from entertaining, had saved a large part of his salary. He was very well-to-do when he died. The total value of his estate was estimated to be more than $600,000.

The political result of the isolation of Woodrow Wilson from his friend and adviser Colonel House was the frustration of all his hopes. Wilson's fight for the League of Nations miscarried completely. His intractable attitude doomed his own creation. He made every possible error in his dealings with his friends and with his opponents. Colonel House with one twist of his little finger could have straightened out the tangle; the Woman Who Was President could not help the invalid in the White House to translate his dreams into political action.

Wilson's major blunder in the Treaty fight was his letter of January 8, 1920, on the occasion of the Jackson Day dinner, in which he categorically declared that he could not accept the action of the Senate in rejecting the Treaty without reservations as the decision of the nation: "If there is any doubt as to what the people of the country think on this vital matter, the clear and single way out is to submit it for determination at the next election to the voters of the nation, to give the next election the form of a great and solemn referendum. . . ."

The reference to the November election was Wilson's bid for another mandate from the American people. What induced Woodrow Wilson to thrust his hat into the ring for a third term? In 1920 McAdoo was an active candidate for the Presidency. One word from Woodrow

Wilson would have given the nomination to McAdoo. No one could give the nomination to Wilson. Day after day McAdoo led in the vote before the convention. His friends, reports White, besieged the White House with long-distance telephone calls and telegrams across the continent asking for some word from Wilson, not in public but in private, that would swing the New York delegation to his son-in-law. "No word came. The White House was sealed. As it had been picketed against Colonel House, so it was closed to the appeal of McAdoo's friends. *No one knew why.*"

We know why today. A statement by Lawrence that Wilson had previously expressed his willingness to disavow any ambition for a third term displeased Wilson, and prompted Mrs. Wilson to ask Tumulty if the Washington newspaper men had access to Mr. Wilson's cables from Paris. The question, an insult in itself, clearly shows the direction in which the wind was blowing in the Wilson ménage.

WILSON was able to confer, now and then, with members of the Cabinet; his health had improved. But he was unequal to the strain of resuming his duties in full. A renomination would have been a sentence of death. Was the woman beside him as blind as her ailing husband? Forgetful of his paralyzed left side and his useless eye, oblivious to the deeply ingrained prejudice of the people against a third Presidential term, uninformed of the gathering storm against his administration, he seriously harbored the delusion that his party would make him its standard bearer by acclamation.

To accomplish this end, he sent two members of his Cabinet to San Francisco to whisper in the ears of the delegates the word that he was receptive. Nothing reveals more clearly the ruin of his judgment and his complete dependence upon inexperienced advisers. The reëlection of Woodrow Wilson would have meant another term in the White House for the woman in purple. However, the human mind is so constituted that Mrs. Wilson no doubt persuaded herself that she was seeking solely the benefit of her country and of her man.

The Democratic Convention in San Francisco ignored Wilson's candidacy. When his emissaries failed to accomplish their mission Woodrow Wilson was so angry that he did not speak to them for weeks. The Republicans took up Wilson's phrase that the election was a solemn referendum to decide the fate of the League. The Democratic candidate, Cox, was snowed under. But Cox did not matter.

The real candidate was Woodrow Wilson, carrying upon his shoulders the Covenant of the League of Nations, and, with him, the woman who wore the purple.

The inside story of the Wilson-House friendship and its mysterious termination, as told by Mr. Viereck, will begin in next weeks' Liberty.

"I'm not going...! I LOOK TERRIBLE!"

And she means it. She's spent hours getting ready—her new evening dress is stunning—but she's not going! She's not going to that dinner party and sit next to *another man* who forgets all about her while he talks across the table to some beautiful young girl.

Look at yourself in the mirror—close up. Are you going to stay home and be miserable? Perhaps *you do* look old—and it makes you sick!

Do you know that you don't need to look old? At least 70% of a woman's looks lies in her *skin*. And you can bring fresh, unlined youth back to your skin.

I know—because Milkweed Cream has helped hundreds and thousands of women to regain a lovely, smooth complexion. I have letters from *hundreds* of them *telling* me so. Won't you let it help you, too?

Let Milkweed Cream help you!

You know, I'm sure, that only a *healthy skin can stay young*. But do you know you can bring back glowing health to your skin with my Milkweed Cream treatments?

Send for my little book which tells you exactly what to do. Get my simple, inexpensive jar of Milkweed Cream — today. Use it for 30 days, and see what lovely things begin to happen to your skin.

Milkweed Cream does 4 essential things for the skin. It cleanses, it stimulates, it protects, and it corrects unhealthy complexion conditions. It has helped thousands to bring back YOUTH to their skin. Let it help *yours*, too!

Frances Ingram

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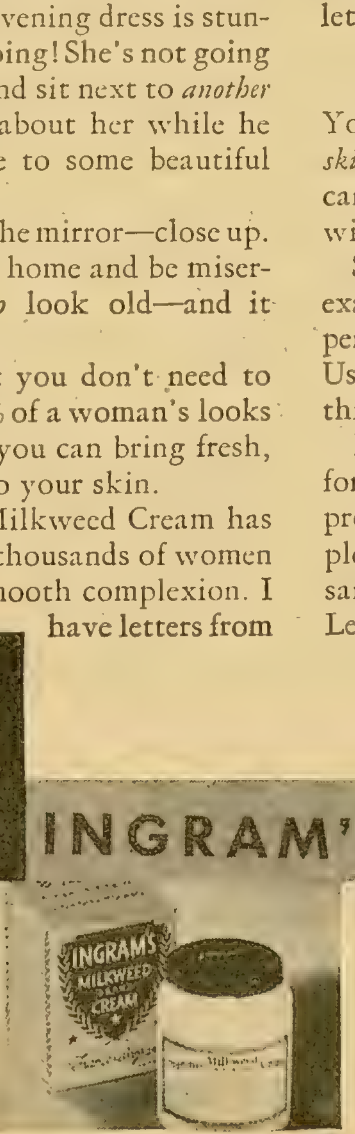
INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Awake the Sleeping Beauty of your skin. Care for it at the 5 starred places with my Milkweed Cream method.



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Lois Takes a RIDE

The Story of a Girl Who Had Her Contrary Nights—and Days

By KARL DETZER

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

(Reading time: 21 minutes 10 seconds.)

NOW, one of the troubles with the taxi-driving profession is that a lot of the yahoos that's muscled into it, such as the Tonys and the college boys, don't have any judgment to speak of, which is one of the things a man in my profession needs most. Besides, most of them haven't got any more dignity than a traffic court, and there's times you got to have dignity enough not to pay attention to the back seat, or else take a Schmeling on the ear for horning in on what don't concern you.

For there's no place in town a guy, or a dame for that matter, goes native like in a taxicab, especially my cab. It wouldn't be so bad in New York or Chi. But in a town like ours, with just a hundred thousand people, a taxi driver gets to know a lot of things about all of them that the newspaper boys don't put in the paper for fear of burning up the presses.

Just last night there was Lois Kellogg. Do I know her? Sure I know her! Me, I drove the hearse when her grandfather was buried by the Odd Fellows and the G. A. R., ten years before she was born.

Now, if Lois had rode with one of the Tonys last night, or one of the college boys, you don't need to use your imagination to know how it would of turned out, for unless there's a guy with dignity and judgment at the wheel there's only one way such things can turn out.

It started about a year ago when Bulge McCoy run into town all out of breath from Chi. It seems like Chi got tired of him, even after he paid his income tax.

Well, Bulge rattles in one night on the Pennsy, and when I first see him he's got two redcaps lugging his alligator suitcase down the ramp to the cab stand. I see a coupla the railroad dicks standin' on their shoe soles, giving him the o-o, and I know that he's somebody special. Of course I starts adding up two and two, and it isn't long before I get the right answer.

Bulge wasn't bad-looking for a yegg, with sort of dark hair slicked down like sleet on the pavement and a pair of dark eyes that could see things. He was a very nice dresser, too, including spats and a carnation and a bullet-proof vest, and his hands were soft and white.

But they were the only soft things about Bulge. You never see his picture in the paper, because his face would cut the glass out of any camera. Well, I hear this and that the next few days, and then the papers tell how Bulge has rented Miss Munn's dancing academy and is going to open up a high-class restaurant.

It's called the Sahara, which is Bulge's idea of something humorous, and right from the start all the young people begin to go there and tell each other about the places like it they seen in New York, when they was visiting their Aunt Effie at Newark. There was a floor show, sort of, and the prices were just high enough to make it exciting and low enough to keep business up, and the waiters knew their stuff, including where to get it.

And then last Christmas Bulge announced he's goin' to put on a boxing exhibition for charity, which was just his racket to start having prize fighting in the town. As soon as that got in the papers, he met Lois. She was on a committee from some sixteen-cylinder outfit of young dolls that went to talk pretty to him about the cut they expected for their pet foundling home.

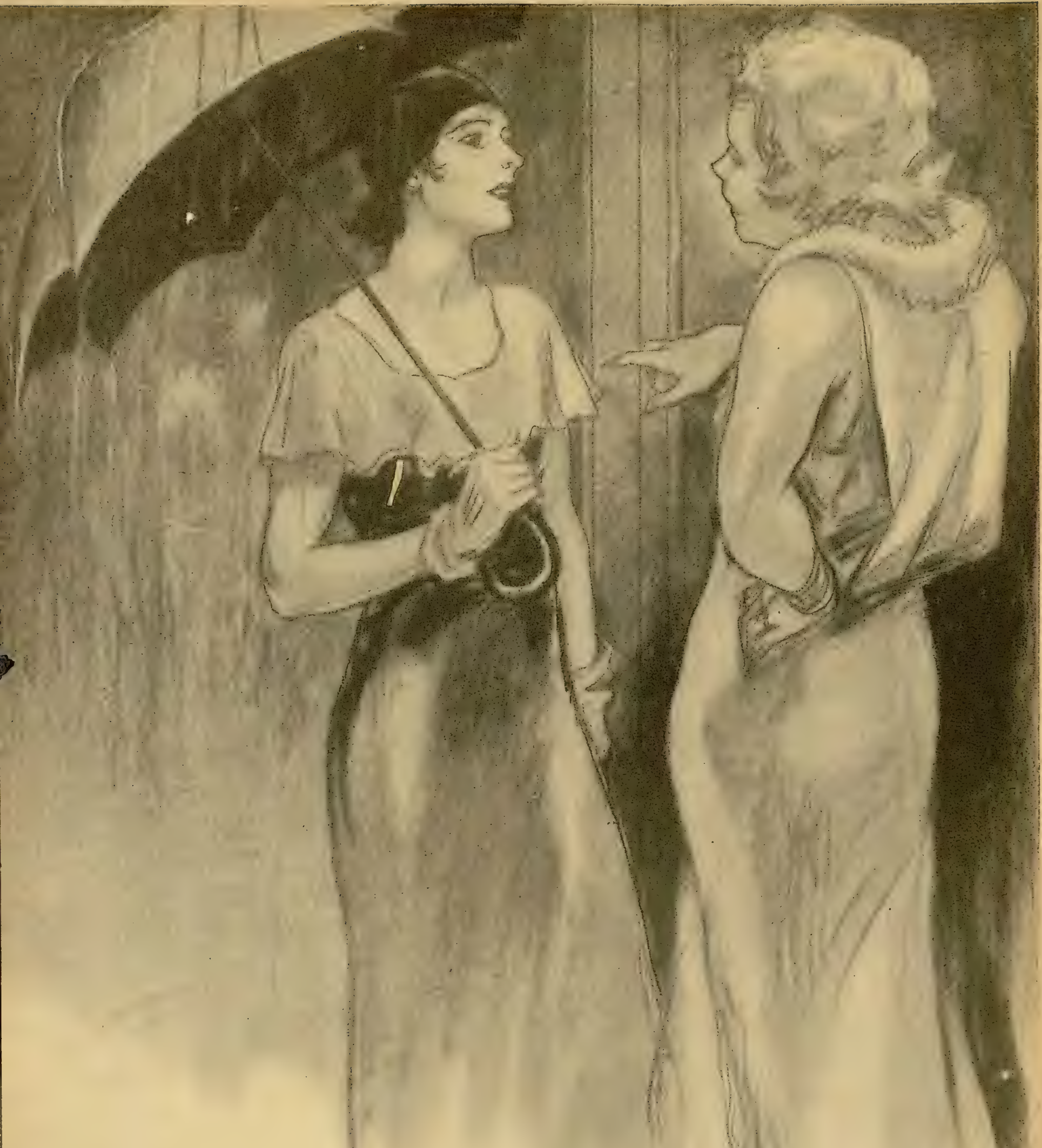
I WAS at the cab stand at Union Station when the caller sent me to the Sahara, and I hurry right over.

Lois and a couple of other innocent dolls are coming out of the place, and Bulge is talking with them and showing his white teeth, and saying how tickled he is to do this for charity, and how he'll start the old ball rolling by buying a hundred tickets himself.

"I hope I'll see you upstairs some night," he says, showing his teeth as they climbed in the cab, and he lets Lois have his eyes for all that was in them.

"I hope so," she says. "But—"

"Bring a nice young man," he says, "and be my guest. Here, just show this at the door. Any night."



"WHAT a swell nerve you got to ask me where my man is! Maybe," she says louder, "you think you'll muscle him off me, deary?"

He wrote something on the paper, and Lois thanked him for it like it was the keys to the White House, and at last we drove away. I could hear the three dames talking and gushing in the back seat. At last Lois says:

"He's fundamental! That's what he is! A powerful character!" she says. "To think he invited me—"

One of the dames says: "But you're not going, Lois?"

Lois says: "Certainly. I think he's a very interesting personality. Did you notice his finger nails?"

But this other dame wasn't thinking about finger nails.

"What would Austin say?" she asks, which was exactly what I was wondering. You see, Lois was as good as hitched up with Austin Whiting, a very prominent young lawyer that was shoe-stringing along without any practice, but very large prospects, being a son of Mortimer M. M. Whiting, who was on the board of directors of everything in town except the chain store.

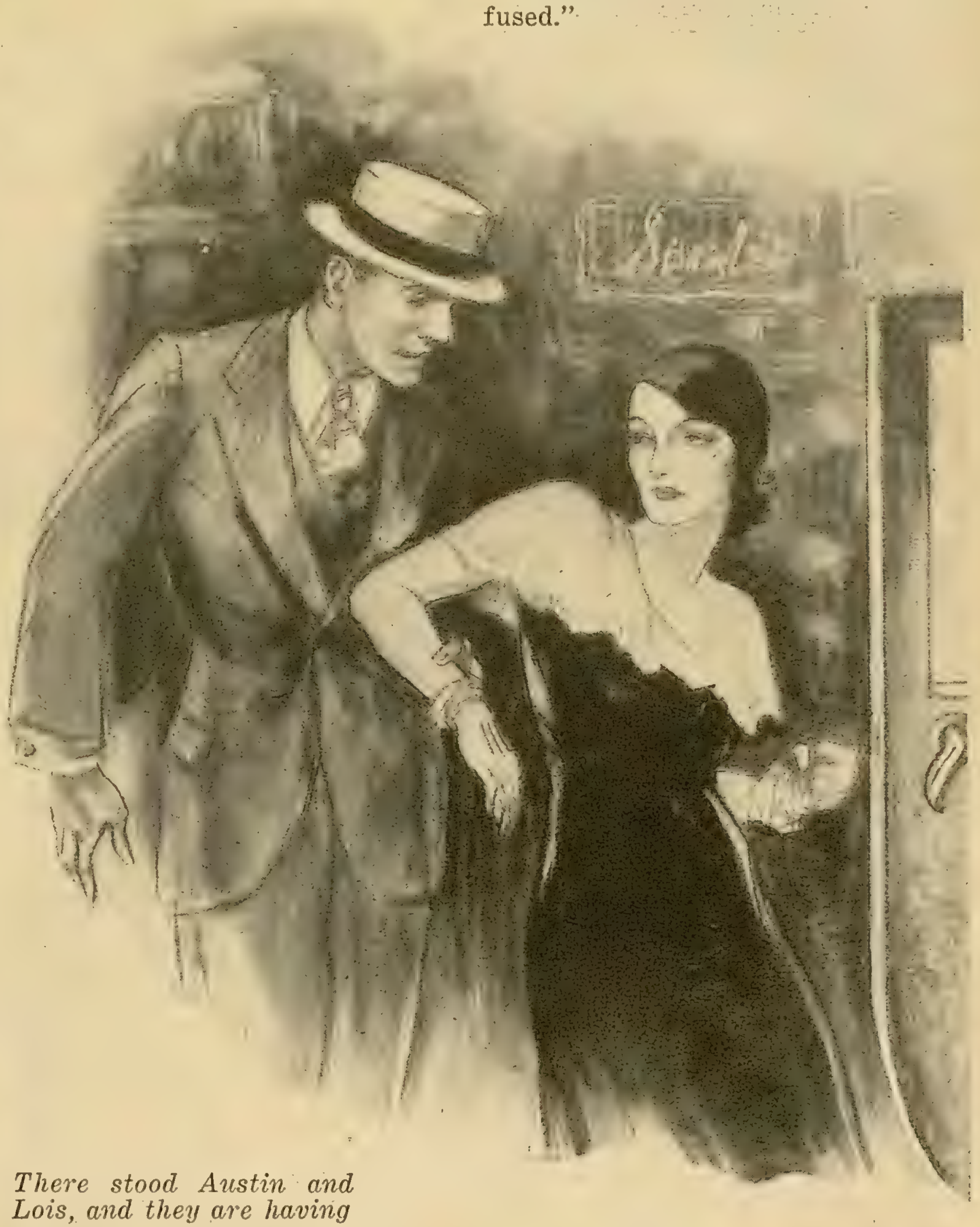
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dill's Best
SINCE 1848
TOBACCO

Everybody's proud of the kind of men who smoke Dill's Best Tobacco. And Dill's Best smokers write us enough "fan mail" to show that they're proud of Dill's.

[LOIS TAKES A RIDE
Continued from page twenty-nine]

"Austin will take me," Lois said, but she didn't sound as if she believed it herself. It would be my guess, too, that Austin wouldn't of been caught dead in Bulge's joint. Austin was all broke out with a bad case of political rash just then, and the papers were beginning to call him a leader in the reform element. He wanted to be prosecuting attorney sometime soon, and then mayor, and then go to the state senate. You get a lot of information driving a taxicab.



There stood Austin and Lois, and they are having an argument.

WELL, I dropped these dames at Lois Kellogg's house, and cruised away thinking this and that. Then about a week later, one of those nights with the streets all ice, when folks decide taxi fare is cheaper than a set of fenders, I got a call to Kelloggs'. Old Doc Kellogg is quite an important party and lives in one of those big houses that's too proud to have a street number.

Well, I pulled in the drive and Austin Mortimer Whiting was hopping up and down the piazza like he wants to walk something off his mind. Then Lois came out and away we go. It's a nice old-fashioned argument they're having, with Austin saying, very quiet and determined, "No!" every little while, and Lois never stopping for breath. I was paying pretty close attention to my driving, what with the ice and so many of the Tonys being freethinkers about the traffic signals, so I hadn't much time for listening.

But at last I heard her say: "Mr. McCoy was very gentlemanly, and I think it would offend him if we refused."

So I just nodded to my rear-view mirror and set them down in front of the Lyric and left well enough alone.

When the charity boxing exhibition came off the next week, I find it wasn't a prize fight after all, but just three or four ten-buck set-ups in the prelims and a couple of fat old gents at a hundred and seventy-five, most of which was in their mid-section, doing ten rounds of livin' pictures in the final. Charity come out of it with less than a grand, the rest being spent by Bulge for putting on the show, which must of cost him all of two hundred smackers, including the cigars for the newspaper boys.

Of course after that Bulge figures about ten more shows and he can go back and buy Chicago outright and throw it in the lake—which isn't such a bad idea, if you get what I mean.

Well, he calls a meeting of a lot of important dames and rings in some sky pilots for scenery, and they figure out a string of these shows to run all winter for charity, which Bulge figured should begin at home.

Lois was on the committee, and I see her again one evening when the meeting broke up, and Bulge was talking to her some more, and she is looking at him with a pair of eyes that would make the whole Gish family look like black-face comedians in a tent show.

But at the same time Austin was doing some organizing for himself. It came out in the papers, about the Citizens League, which was what the reform element called itself. Lois went to a couple of meetings with Austin that I know of, but alongside of Bulge McCoy's charity boxing shows they must of been pretty tame.

ONE night in April a lady come in from Chi on number forty-eight, and I got her, and she gave me an address over across the tracks, which is a part of town where the cops walk in pairs and don't do it either just because they're lonesome. This was a very blonde lady and somewhat beefy, and you never would have took her for the babes in the woods if you come on her sleeping in the park.

And it wasn't more than three or four nights later I got a call from that same address about one o'clock, and when I got there Bulge is saying good night to this large lady.

"Tomorrow, Bulge?" she says to him, pleading, and he says, "Well, maybe not tomorrow, but the next day anyhow. Or maybe the next. Busy," he says. Then she says: "Listen. Did you expect me to live in this hick town just to take a look at you every three or four days, Bulge? Maybe you got another skirt! Fallin' for the farm girls, maybe."

Well, he goes back up the step and they chew the fat for a while, and he tells her about how busy he is, and she takes a couple of very dirty digs at him, and at last he gets in the cab and I drive away and he says to himself with a snort: "Enough's enough, and after that they're a nuisance."

Using judgment, I pretended not to hear.

But I did hear things all the rest of the spring and into the summer, which brings us up to yesterday. To eleven o'clock last night, if you want to be particular. The things I hear are mostly about Austin Whiting, and how he's got the election for prosecutor all wrapped up and stuck in the bank in the safety vault. All he needs do is turn his Citizens League loose on a clean-up.

The cops are playing ball with Austin now, because they want to be on the inside of the track next election, but they say they can't start something against the hoodlums because they got to have somebody file the information, which is just a lot of hooey, of course, and that's what

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I can't afford cheap oil"

"This is my fifth car and, believe me, I've learned a lot about operating costs.

"My first car I treated like a baby—greased and polished it regularly and bought the best motor oil I could find. Result was that I drove it for four years with practically no repair cost and when I turned it in, I got $50 more than the market price because it was in perfect shape.

"My next three cars got careless treatment. I quit buying the best oil and started using a low quality that cost 10c a quart less. I really thought I was saving money. But, believe me, I've learned my lesson. Each of those cars ran about a year and a half, then I had to trade them in at a big reduction in value to keep from spending a lot of money on repairs.

"Say, I found out I couldn't afford *cheap* oil! I learned that the cheapest oil is not the one that costs the least per quart but the one that really gives motor protection and resists wear."

HyViS—100% Pure Pennsylvania—super-refined motor oil is rich, pure lubrication. It protects; it's wearproof—that's why thousands call it *The World's Finest Motor Oil.* Yet, HyViS costs no more per quart than ordinary good oils—ask your Independent Dealer.

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Try this extra-moist lather for quicker, easier shaves

. . . keeps beard soft and limp from start to finish

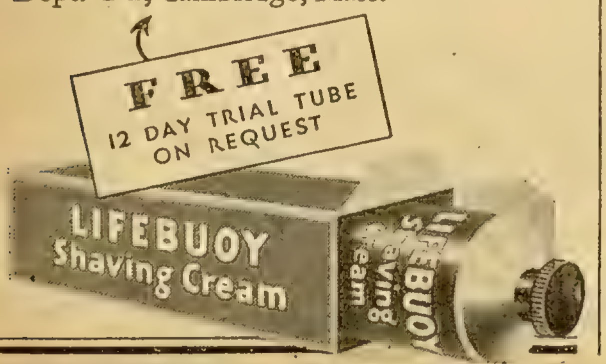
MEN, here's a new, richer, heavier, extra-moist lather that will wilt your wiry whiskers in a jiffy. With it you'll follow through for the quickest, smoothest, snappiest shave ever.

Light, frothy lathers can't give you a good shave—they dry too quickly. But laboratory tests show that Lifebuoy lather will hold 52% more moisture than ordinary lather. It douses your beard—keeps it soft and limp—so your razor cuts it close and clean without slicing, pulling, topping or chopping.

Try it—for a par-breaking easy shave

For your next shave lather with Lifebuoy. Notice how the razor sails over your face—smoothly as a perfect drive sails down the fairway. See how clean—how satin-smooth—how cool and refreshed your face feels afterwards.

Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Or write for a free trial tube to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. G-2, Cambridge, Mass.



LOIS TAKES A RIDE
Continued from page thirty-one

cops always say. Austin went to Chi a couple of times, and what he heard there about Bulge McCoy would of made your hair fall out, but of course the Chi bulls were perfectly satisfied to leave us have him.

I hear this and that from different parties talking confidential, and it begins to look like the Citizens League raids will start any day, but the hoodlums never take a fall, being dumb clucks such as most hoodlums turn out to be.

Then last night it was hot and the sky was full of rain, and most of the folks was either buggy riding in their cars for a breath of air or going down to the Lyric or the Majestic to get forty degrees cooler inside. Now, the Lyric is right next door to the Sahara. Bulge had rented the third floor of his building, too, now, and he has a handbook there, and a few toys more or less for the boys that like to pay their money to watch the pretty wheels go round. But of course this joint on the third floor was very private and secret, nobody knowing about it except the whole population over three years of age.

That is going to be one of the joints Austin and his Citizens League are going to mop up, and the word was out that maybe there would be three or four other hoodlums there that the police in other towns, such as Evansville and Wheeling, would be anxious to get their bracelets on.

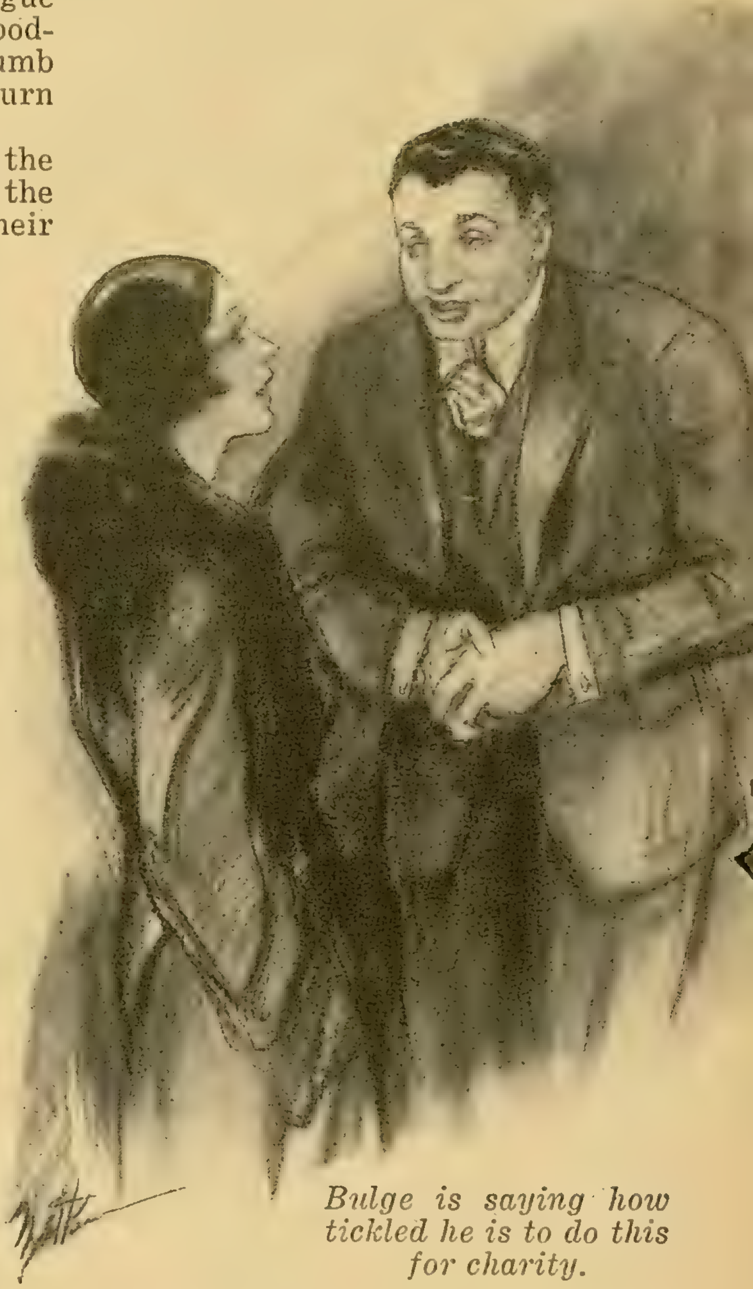
WELL, it kept raining harder, a hot, miserable rain, and the Lyric was packing 'em in, with a lot of goofs standing in line outside the ticket window with the Evening Courier held over their head to keep the rain off. I was pretty busy, but I dropped a fare at the corner just as the first show left out, around nine thirty, and I pulled up at the cab stand beside the Lyric.

And there stood Austin and Lois, where they just had come out of the theater, and they are having an argument, and Austin looks like he'd swallowed the carburetor, but he's saying, "No, no, no!" with about as much effect as if he was talking to himself.

I pulled up to the curb and reached out and swung the door open, and three or four parties started toward me, but Austin sees the chance and says, "Here we are, Duke!" and he shoves Lois ahead of him and wins by ten inches. She's so mad now she's yelling, and he tells her to shut up her damn' mouth, which surprised her so, Austin always being the perfect gentleman, that she shut it for a minute with surprise.

Then she said: "You can't talk like that to me!"

"Well, I did, didn't I?" he said to her, and I can tell he's very uncomfortable and she's very upset.



Bulge is saying how tickled he is to do this for charity.

She said: "I'm not going to have you swearing and cursing at me!" she said. "I'll not have any man use such language."

"Bulge, for instance," Austin says. "You insist on his pure diction."

"He never told me to shut my damn' mouth," she said; "he's too much of a gentleman. You're jealous. Just because I've happened to meet him a couple of times in the afternoon—"

"You'll not meet him again," Austin told her very determined, "unless you get permission from the sheriff. How any girl with sense can find that gangster romantic!"

"He's primitive!" she corrected. "He's stark reality! None of the veneer of civilization. There isn't a girl doesn't envy me knowing him to speak to, and when he invites me to be his guest tonight, and bring you along, and you act like—"

"Nonsense," Austin said.

"He told me to bring you; said it would do you good—"

"Bulge said that?" Austin yelled. "Well, you'll never see him again!"

"I won't? Indeed I will. I'll not be tied to your apron strings! Important meeting of the Citizens League tonight?" She laughed, sort of hysterical. "You never think about me! I'm young. I want a good time. I want to see interesting people. I want to go places—"

"With Bulge?" he asked, very nasty.

"With some man!" she yelled. "I know you're jealous. Bulge isn't jealous! He invites you. Tells me to bring you. And you act like it was an insult. I know what I'll do. I'll go alone!"

"I'm taking you home," Austin said, very firm, "and when you get home you'll stay there."

"I'll stay there, will I? You're not my keeper, even if you do pretend to be. You and your Citizens League! I'll tell you what's the matter, Austin. You're jealous!"

"Listen," he said. "I've told you before McCoy's a dangerous man. I warned you when you told me about him wanting you to go to Chicago to see a show with him—"

Well, at that I near run into a curb. An innocent dame like Lois in Chicago with Bulge was like a bossy cow going to Chicago with a letter of introduction to Mr. Armour. But I straightened out the wheel, and drove on slow.

"I'LL tell you something, Lois," he was saying. "There's a lot of reasons I wouldn't go to the dive. Particularly tonight. I'm saying this in confidence, and perhaps you'll understand. At midnight tonight there'll be a round-up."

"A what?" she says.

"A round-up," he tells her. "The police and the sheriff and the Citizens League. We're going to raid places. Bulge McCoy's will be the first. It's full of gangsters and bootleggers and crooks. It's a menace. At midnight tonight everybody in the place will be loaded into wagons and run over to the police station. Now do you understand?"

You'd of thought she would, for he made it plain enough, but this was just one of Lois' contrary nights, which even a nice girl like Lois is bound to have from time to time. You'd thought Austin had confessed to her he was going to burn the foundling home, the way she took it.

"Raid?" she yelled. "Raid? Arrest Bulge? Austin Whiting, I think you're the most disgraceful person I ever heard of! If that's the kind of jealous man you are— Why, there's two more boxing shows for charity. Lots of nice people don't believe there's a single crook in the place. What if they get your own bootlegger? I'll not stand it. I'll not ride with you. Driver, let me out—let me out! I say—"

She was carrying on like an auctioneer at a fire sale, and Austin was trying to calm her down, but you might just as well of tried to talk down an earthquake.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NERVOUS AND SLEEPLESS?

YOU CAN COME BACK!

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BEDTIME AT HOME

ARE YOU TIRED? Irritable? Wakeful? Calm those jumpy nerves. Sleep soundly at night. One of the most delicious beverages you've ever tasted will help you do it—Borden's Malted Milk! Drink it twice a day—once at the fountain, once at home.

Why will Borden's help you? Here's the reason . . . Tests conducted by a great University prove that Borden's is unusually rich in vitamins A, B and G—rich in vitamins and elements that are so necessary to steady nerves and tireless energy!

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If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora FOR THE HAIR

[LOIS TAKES A RIDE
Continued from page thirty-three]

"I'll walk!" she was screaming. But Austin finally makes himself heard.

"I'll get out," he says. "Driver, take her home. Listen, Lois. I'll walk. Go home. Think it over."

"I've thought it over!" she says. "Oh, I've had lots of time to think!"

"I'll be at my office till a quarter of twelve," he said. "Call me if you want to talk to me."

With that he walked off, stiff-legged through the rain, and Lois lay back in the seat and gave herself a good cry, and I went on slowly toward her house.

But after about five blocks she says:

"Driver!"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"Turn back," she told me.

"Where to, ma'am?" I asked her.

"I got to—see—Mr. McCoy. Drive me to—the Sahara—"

"Mr. Bulge McCoy?" I asked, surprised, using judgment.

"Yes," she said. "Turn around. Drive fast. I'll tell him. I'll not let a man's jealousy start all that trouble, when Mr. McCoy's reformed."

I says: "Bulge ain't at his joint yet, ma'am," I says. "He don't often get down in the evening till eleven. But if you want to see him, I know where you'll find him."

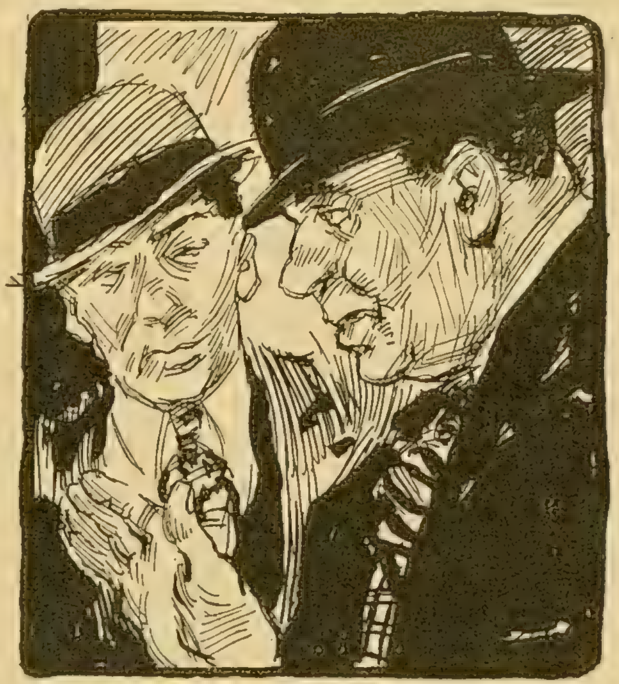
"Quick," she said. "Take me." She was leaning forward. "I hate jealousy," she told me, but of course I didn't hear. "Jealousy—jealousy! I'll fix that raid. I'll make 'em look ridiculous!"

Well, when I got to Grand Avenue and starts across the tracks, Lois bent forward again and asks me where we're going.

"To the house where Bulge is most likely to be," I told her; which wasn't exactly the truth, because as we drove away from the Lyric I happen to see Bulge going in the front door of the Sahara with a couple of hoodlums in tow, and even if it wasn't the exact truth that I told her, it was very good judgment. If she don't find Bulge here it ain't my fault, and she's had a nice long ride anyhow, and what could be fairer than that?

WELL, I pulled up in front of the flat where this Chicago lady lives, and she's got first apartment on the right, downstairs. So I opens the cab door, and the rain has let up some, but not enough, so I take the old umbrella and open it and say, "Here, ma'am," and Lois gets out. She's not crying now, being too determined to cry, and we go up the steps, and she looks around as if she isn't particularly pleased with the neighborhood.

Suddenly she swings around on me and says, "Are you sure?" And I tell her I'm sure, and I ring the bell for the first apartment on the right-hand side, and the door opens so fast you know that this lady's been waiting for somebody.



Well, when she sees us she looks disappointed at first, and then surprised, and I can see these expressions moving all over her map, which wasn't so homely but which could of done with less floor space.

Lois says: "I want to see Mr. McCoy."

The Chicago lady looks at her a long time and says: "Who're you?"

"I'm a friend of his," Lois told her, and she couldn't have said anything to turn out better.

"Friend?" the Chicago lady says. "So you're a friend of Bulge, eh? I sort of guessed as much," she says. "Come in and tell me all about it, deary." I give Lois the umbrella at that and step backwards, for what these ladies is going to say to each other is nobody's business, specially a dignified taxi driver. But I don't back very far.

I WANT to be right handy in case this talk gets so large the League of Nations wouldn't of listened to it.

Lois said: "I've got to see him."

"How long you knowed him, deary?" this Chicago lady says.

"Six months," Lois told her; "but is he here?"

"None of your damn' business where he is, deary," this lady answers. "So you're the baby that's keepin' him so busy at his office, are you? Well, you come in and we'll both be waiting for him, and in the meantime I'll have time to get off my chest all I think of you, you pie-faced brat!"

Lois sort of stepped backward, all confused, but the Chicago lady's just warming up.

She says to Lois: "Who the hell you think you are, sparrow?" she says. "What a swell nerve you got to ask me where my man is! Maybe," she says louder, "you think you'll muscle him off me, deary?"

Now, it must of been quite some time since anybody talked that way to Lois, because she didn't answer back, like one does, or anything; just stood and took it with her hands hanging down.

Then she walks very fast across the sidewalk to the cab, pushes my umbrella at me, and gets in and slams the door, and says to me: "Drive on!"

But driving on was the furthest from my intentions right then, because I wanted Lois to get a complete earful. So I said to the Chicago lady in a quiet way, my map all innocence:

"Maybe you don't understand, ma'am. This dame is looking for her gentleman friend named Bulge McCoy. If you happen to know where he's at—"

That was all this Chicago lady needed to start getting rough, and she begin to holler things I won't repeat because the editor of this magazine book don't think they're good for you to hear, so he'd just leave 'em out, and put in blank spaces, and let you use your imagination, which might be worse than what the lady really said.

Lois don't listen much herself. She starts thumping me on the back with her small fist and hollering for me to drive away from there. But the Chicago lady had very good wind and a nice supply of language, because she kept right on saying things without stopping for breath or repeating herself, and everything she said was very pointed.

She was telling Lois to lay off her man, or what would happen to her would be on the front page with a cross marking the spot. Finally she was shaking her fist through the window of the cab.

"An' if I ever catch you on the prowl for Bulge again," she says at last, "I'll tie your nose in a braid and nail it to the sidewalk," she says—which would of been mayhem or something.

SO I think maybe Lois has heard enough, so I ease into gear and step on it and we're out of there and bumping over the tracks with the back seat full of gulps and snuffles.

"He wasn't there," I said at last, to make conversation.

Lois doesn't answer, only gulps some more.

I says: "I know another place we might find him."

"No, no!" she said. "Please!"

"Two more places," I says.

But Lois wasn't going to prowl any more, having took the lady's advice, which I think was very good advice, no matter what the lady's other faults might be. As soon as we get across the tracks, I pull out the choke and the engine begins to sputter and kick and jerk, and I shut it off at last right in front of a drug store.

"Sorry, ma'am," I say, "but a gasket arm must of come disconnected from the housing pin, and it will take just a minute to fix it when the repair wagon gets here, and it is just around the corner, and I'll telephone for it."

All of which was not exactly the truth, you understand, but it was good judgment.

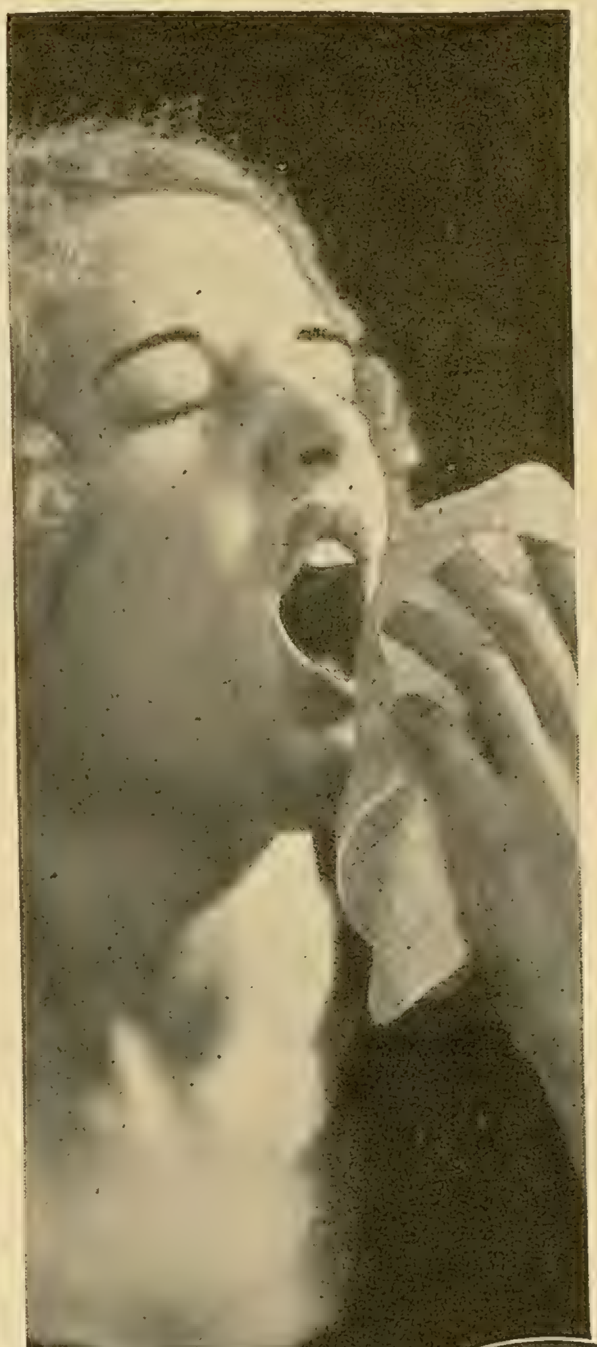
So Lois set there and cried a bit, and I went in and called up a certain party and says:

"Listen. This here's that taxi

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Stop that COLD

This New ALKALINE Way



MODERN SCIENCE has discarded the old, violent method of treating a cold with strong drugs. Today leading authorities recommend the "Alkaline Way"— that is, to thoroughly "alkalize" your system. Slow down—rest—keep warm—go to bed if possible. ALKA-SELTZER Tablets are a most effective way to "Alkalize" your system.

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ALKA-SELTZER is the new common sense way —"the Alkaline Way"— to relieve colds, headaches and indigestion. Use the coupon below and get a package at your nearest drug store.

Try This New ALKALINE WAY
Alka-Seltzer
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We make it easy for you to try ALKA-SELTZER because we want everybody to know how wonderful this new "Alkaline Way" is to get relief from colds, sore throat, headaches, sour stomach, indigestion and other everyday ailments. Fill out the coupon NOW —take it to any drug store and the druggist will give you a regular 25 cent package for only 10 cents. You will find it one of the best ten cents you ever spent.

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YES—coughs do "grow up." First it's a little cough. But it irritates the delicate membranes and the sensitive nerve ends of your throat. That irritation produces *more* coughs. These "bigger" coughs cause *more* irritation. And so—*big coughs from little coughs grow.*

"Check the little cough"—that's a wise health rule if ever there was one! It's easy, too. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops do it. Quickly they soothe the irritation, calm the throat nerves, and relieve the annoying dry tickle. A cough hasn't got a chance!

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SMITH BROTHERS'
S.B.
COUGH DROPS
TRADE
MARK
S.B. COUGH DROPS
5¢

LOIS TAKES A RIDE
Continued from page thirty-five

driver. I'm goin' to pull up in front of your building in about three minutes and you be there on the sidewalk."

I went back and says the repair wagon's on another job, and I'll try to fix it myself, so I got my hands all oily under the hood and then climbs in, and, sure enough, the old bus starts right off like I was a regular mechanic.

Lois says, "Where are you going now?" sort of frightened, and I told her she'd be surprised; for we were right in front of the First-Citizens'-People's National Bank and Trust Company Building just then, and I pulled over to the curb.

AND there was Austin, just like I told him to be, and I opened the door, and Lois took one look at him and Austin took one look at Lois, and they went into a grapple that would have done credit to some of the boys that put on boxing exhibitions for Bulge McCoy.

"I'm so, so, so sorry, Austin," she was crying. "Honestly, I didn't mean a word of it. And I want you to come right home with me and leave that raid to the police. You might get hurt in that terrible place, Austin," and a lot more such tripe. And finally Austin says for her to go home and he'll come out right after the raid. Then she wants to go along with him, because she thinks she might help, but finally she gives in and promises to go home.

"And I hope you get McCoy," she says, very fierce. "He's the most two-faced man in the world. He told me—Well, never mind. But that woman—"

"Woman?" Austin says. "I don't understand."

"But I do," she says. "I understand perfectly. I made a fool of myself, Austin. Now go and raid them," she says, "and get them good!"

SO I drove her home, and when she got to the door she says: "I don't know how much you heard tonight, but—"

"I didn't hear a word," I says. "I'm very deaf in both ears, and haven't the least notion what anybody was talking about."

Which, again, is where judgment comes in, for if I'd been one of the Tonys I suppose that raid would of been a flop instead of the thing that's going to elect Austin Whiting, so him and Lois can live happy ever after, except sometimes on Lois' contrary nights.

THE END

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Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 16

1—Des Moines.

2—Will-o'-the-wisp.

3—England, Portugal, and Spain against France.

4—Matthew vii. 12 and Luke vi. 31.

5—Finland.

6—A peasant in Egypt, Syria, and other Arabic-speaking countries.

7—Gioachino Antonio Rossini.

8—An American Indian chief.

9—The energy required to lift one pound to the height of one foot.

10—A renegade; a pervert.

11—A light, frolicsome movement in music.

12—The doctrine that pleasure is the chief good in life.

13—A number or quantity to be added to another.

14—Heterodoxy.

15—A speech abounding in invective.

16—A unit of inductance in electricity.

17—Four.

18—Oahu.

19—The Boer War.

20—Mercury.

The Voice in the Crowd

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 8 min. 9 sec.)

By

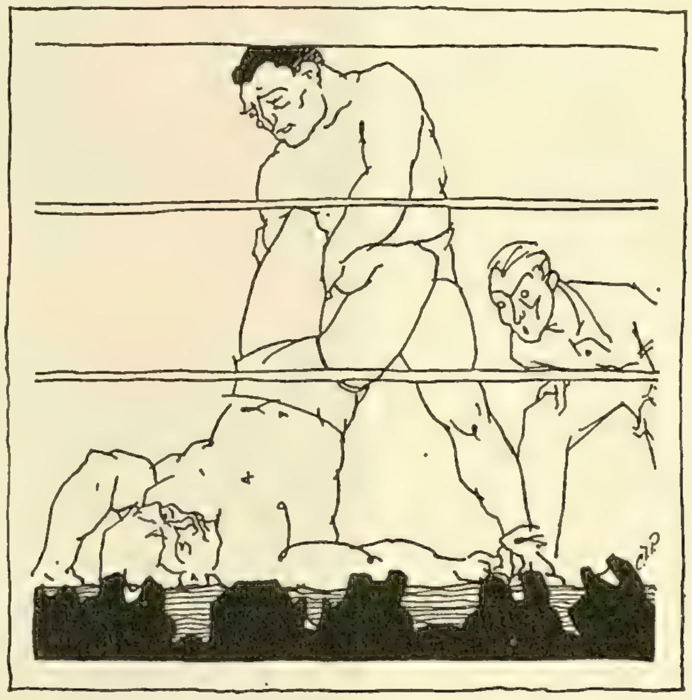
STANLEY JONES

HE was a familiar sight around Times Square in winter. The newsboys used to yelp as soon as his huge blue ulster hove into view.

“Hey, Chimmy, here comes Hans Henning the rassler! Hullo, Hans; le's feel yer muscle. . . . Gees, like a rock! . . . Who you gonna rassle tonight, Hans?”

They would tag along, admiring Hans' massive shoulders, heroic bowed legs, and puffy ears—badges of his trade.

He was a simple, kindly man who had run away from his father's Iowa farm years before to pit his strength and skill against the world. Had done well, too. And now—with spring in the soft air—he was suddenly tired of it. Sick to death of its every aspect, from limbering oil to one-night stands and headlocks.



“What's that?” he would demand with simulated fierceness. “You want to be a wrestler, you Tommy, you? Well, just let me catch you wasting your time at it! Just let me, once.” He blew a cloud of cigar smoke through the tortuous channels of a nose once straight. Fixed the ambitious Tommy with a severe blue eye.

“You listen to me, you kids—all of you! There's nothing in it—no future, understand? Just pain, and smoke, and bruises, and no-good company. You take it from me—get out in the country. On a farm. That's the place for a man. If I had any sense I'd be there now.”

“Whut'd you leave for, if it's so darn' swell, Hans?” asked a bold spirit.

“Because,” growled Hans in his guttural Bavarian, “because I had no sense—like all young men. Because I wouldn't listen to my father, who talked to me same's I talk to you now. *He* knew, all right—yah, *he* knew.”

“Knew what, Hans?”

“He knew all about wrestling. He was champion in the old country—lightweight. Man, *he* could really wrestle! Then he come over here and get a fine big farm out West.”

“Could yer old man throw you, Hans?”

“Sure—and me weighing fifty pounds more even then. He taught me a few holds, just so I could lick the Swede on the next farm. Then I throw a few more hicks, and right away I think I am a Hackenschmidt. I get a chance to wrestle for twenty-five dollars at the county fair, and my father he sees the way I am looking, and he gets me and gives me a real talking to, see?”

“Whut'd he say, Hans?”

“He told me all about this professional business—how bad it was. And he knew. He told me no son of his should become a big muscle bum, and that if I wrestled at the fair he would give me the licking of my life and then run me out of town. He *would* have, too, if he'd have caught me. But I sneak off and wrestle, and then hop a freight, and I've never been back. I been sorry since—many, many times. The farm's the place, and”—he would scowl ferociously—“if I ever hear of any of you kids going to wrestling for money, I'll — Be off—sell your papers!”

They would flee the menace of Hans' huge paw, scuttling through the crowd with shrill, delighted yelps. And Hans would grunt and stroll on, the sun warm on his tight blond curls—for he never wore a hat—mildly reflecting, as he strolled, that he had lost his last three matches, and that he wasn't a bit concerned over it, or what Mengel, the shifty-eyed promoter, would say to him. For the vision of rolling fields was before his eyes. . . .

One noon Hans was lunching (his third meal of the day) with Sig Kline, who ran the neat little gym where Hans trained when in the city.

Sig's son, aged ten, was watching Hans with boyish wonder.

“Say, Hans,” he ventured at last. “You going to beat Cowboy Kreutz easy tomorrow, ain't you? I mean, you ain't scared of him?”

Hans suspended a shovelful of rice pudding in mid-air. “Huh? What's that, Otto? I don't know if I beat him—he hasn't lost since he come East. But I'm not scared of him. No.”

“WELL, who *are* you scared of, Hans? You must be scared of someone.”

“Aw, dry up,” said his father. “Hans is sick of your fool questions.”

“No, that's all right,” said Hans kindly. “And you know, Sig, the kid's right. Everybody's been scared of someone—some time or other. Haven't *you?*”

Kline grinned. “I'll say. Gee, when I was a boy, there used to be a big lout of a carpenter's son—” He shook his head. “And you, you big Heinie? I suppose it was your school-teacher, hey?”

“Le's see, now.” Hans tangled with the thought in his tenacious German way, blowing smoke upward. “Course I've been nervous plenty, when I've been hurt bad. But that's different. Otto means being scared way down deep inside. Scared of someone whose very voice makes you want to hide under something. Well, I can think of only two men who—”

“Parlato, I bet,” said Sig. “The time he broke your ankle.”

“No,” said Hans. “I'd just as soon take him on as Otto, here. And size hasn't much to do with it, either. Look at that Russian, Stedbergsky, that great big guy—remember? Well, *he's* scared of me, and we both know it.”

“But who're you *most* scared of, anywhere?” persisted Otto. “George Flynn, the Boston Bearcat?”

Hans snorted. “*That* big clown! He couldn't scare a poodle! No; there's only one or two men I think of who really—”

“Two o'clock, Mr. Henning,” murmured the waiter respectfully. “You wanted me to remind you.”

“Thanks, Gus.” Hans sighed, wiped his mouth. “Well, so long, Sig. G'by, Otto—got to go over and see Mengel. No, I won't forget your tickets, Sig.” . . .

Ten o'clock the following evening. Beneath the white glare, Hans tugged and grunted with the hairy might of Kreutz, automatically meeting feints and grips as he appraised the house.

[CONCLUDED ON THIRD PAGE FOLLOWING]

A NEW SIX

that brings the important developments of the year to the low-price field . . . .

A NEW V-EIGHT

that offers the distinction of V-Eight performance at a list price under eight hundred and fifty dollars . . . .

Both offer the following new developments of major importance:

SYNCRO-MESH
▪
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LONGER WHEELBASE
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INCREASED POWER AND HIGH SPEED
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RIDING COMFORT. Pontiac is the kind of car you are glad to drive or ride in all day long. With its Ride Control, you can adjust the shock absorber action according to varying road and load conditions. Its rubber chassis cushioning at 47 points completely insulates the car against minor shocks and noise.

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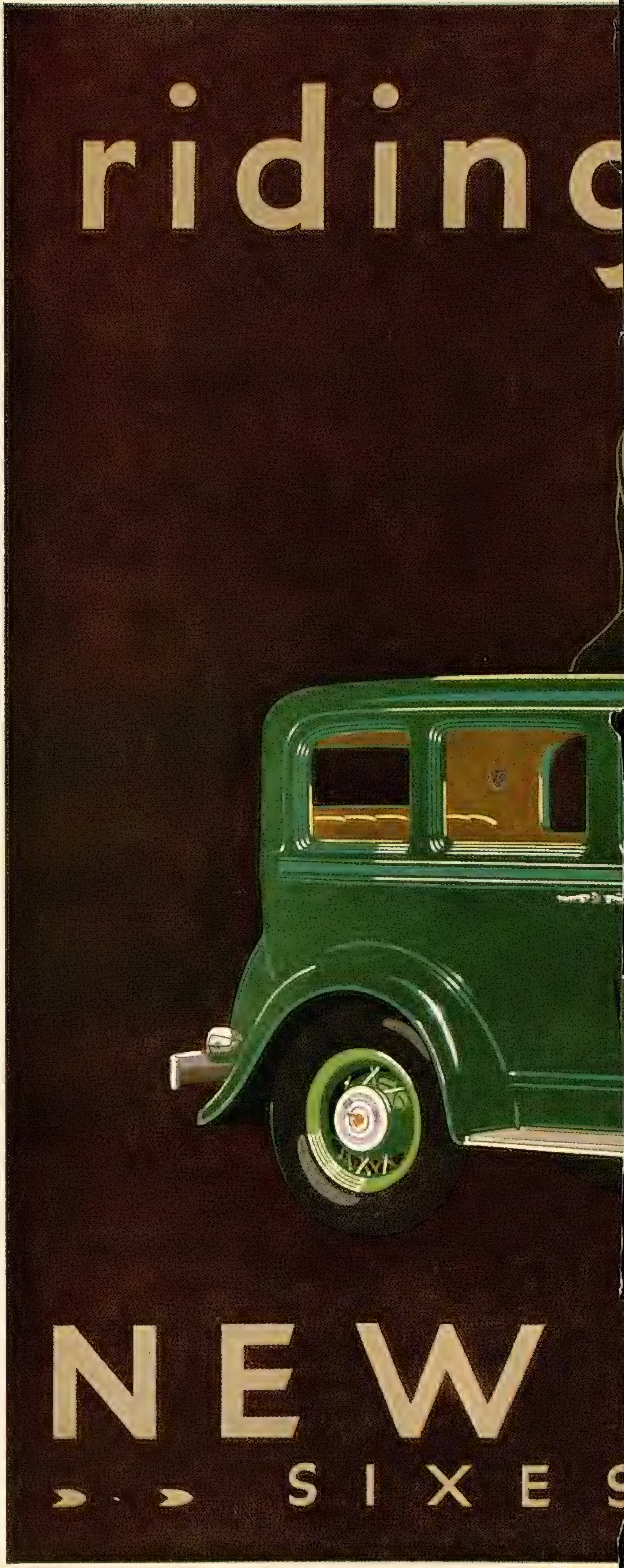
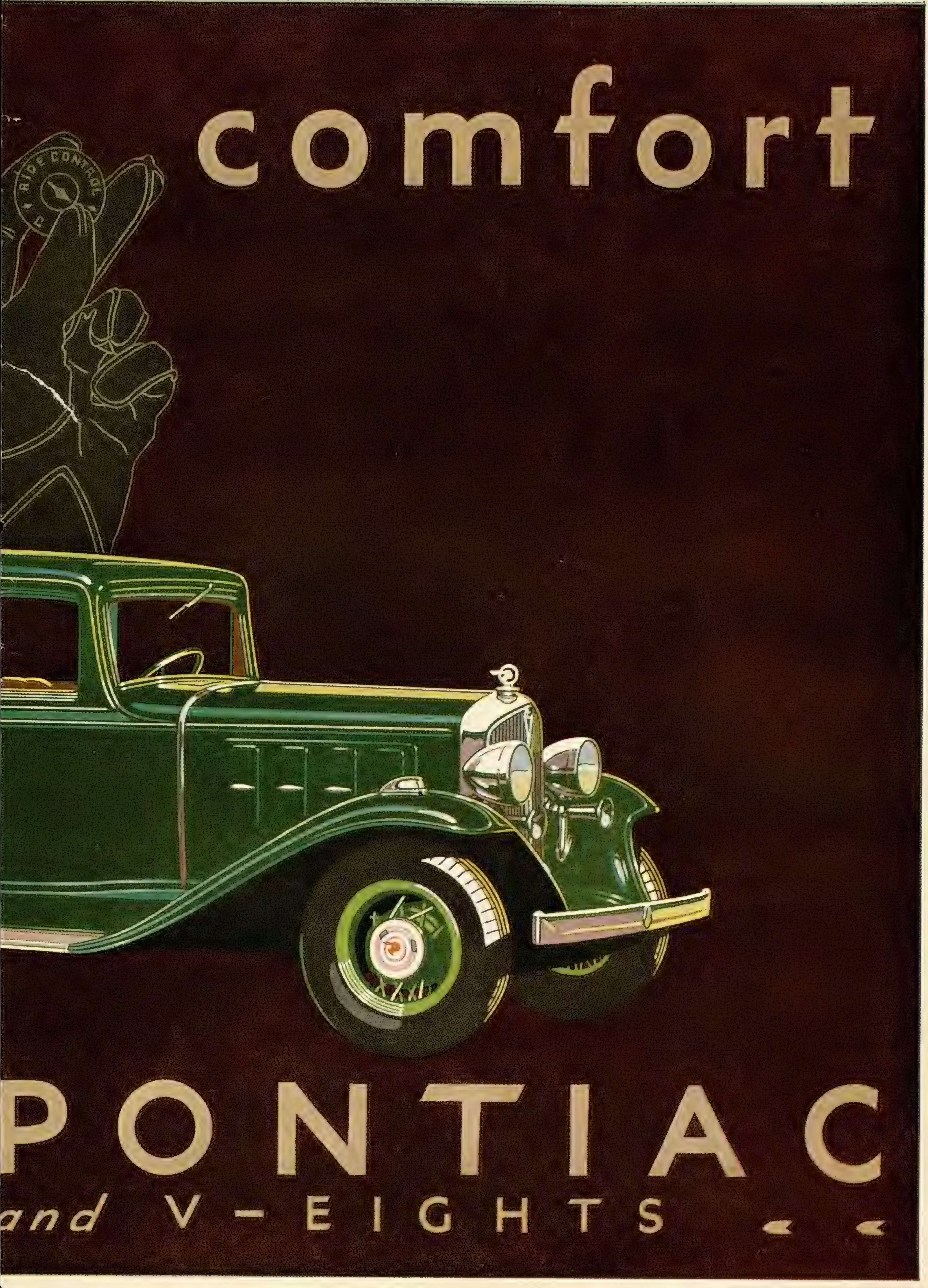
In addition, Pontiac gives you brilliant speed and great reserve power, plus remarkable economy, both in low first cost and in low running expense.

CHIEF OF VALUES

Don't fail to see these two splendid new cars—inspect them—drive them yourself. You will agree that the 1932 Pontiac—either the Six or V-Eight, is indeed **AN OUTSTANDING GENERAL MOTORS VALUE**




comfort
RIDE CONTROL
PONTIAC
and V-EIGHTS

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE PRECEDING]

"Ride him, Cowboy!" yelled a hoarse voice. "Send the big Heinie back to the Kaiser!"

Twisting in a body scissors, Hans' lips flickered in mute scorn of these ringside warriors. He sat up, but Kreutz knocked his hands away and cuffed him roughly under the chin. The crowd howled approval. "Ride him, Cowboy!"

It was all part of the game. Up one minute, down the next. The going got rougher. Twice Kreutz was cautioned for butting. Then Hans had his innings with a vicious headlock which made the other groan. A minute later they were apart again—braced cautiously, great back muscles ridged like white marble.

Suddenly massed voices swelled like the inrush of a tide: "O-oh!" Hans sent the Cowboy crashing with a flying mare. He was on him instantly, clamping an armlock—sitting astride, panting, the sweat coursing in silver streams. Hans leaned forward, feinting at the other's wrist—Kreutz jerked up his bullet head. Tears rushed to Hans' eyes—for a minute he thought his nose was broken again. The crowd's laughter filled the vast armory. Swine! thought Hans—he'd like to see any one of 'em take a crack like that and grin! Ten thirty. Ten forty-five. The youth of Kreutz began to tell. He swarmed over Hans, every hold taking its toll in the breaking. The crowd yelled deliriously: "Ride him, Cowboy! Get the big Heinie!" Hans floundered, protecting himself as best he could, but plainly a tired, beaten man.

But right there came a startling interruption. A voice, some fifty feet away—just beyond the glaring white circle cast by the floodlights. Shrilly it slashed the smoky air—a personal, scathing voice, vibrant with rage.

"You yellow quitter! You Hans, you—*get up!* Great *dummkopf*, must I take a stick to you? Get up, I say!"

The invective stung the big man like a lash across the back of a spent horse. He blinked, sought to peer through the haze of sweat and dust and smoke. And fear—stark, instinctive fear—leaped into the daze of his eyes.

"How *dare* you quit? Are you man, or are you mouse, *hein?* Get up, quick! *Now*, headlock, headlock! *Gott im Himmel*, let me through! Let me—"

In a surge of panic, Hans flung Kreutz off his back. With one terrified glance, he fell on the startled Cowboy. Hands under chin, Kreutz flew up and back like a sack of cement. Again. Another crashing fall; clouds of resin dust. Kreutz crawled, groggy, uncertain. The fickle crowd turned in a flash: "Get him, Hans! Get him! Get the big bum!"

Up, up the uproar billowed, swelling the roof. But above it—like a tongue of flame above smoke—raged the shrill yelping: "Shame on you, great *dummkopf!* Shame, I say! *Now*—armlock and head scissors! *Now!*"

Like a frenzied automaton, Hans obeyed. And next instant, as the yelling threatened to burst the walls, the referee's hand smacked Hans Henning's broad back in token of victory.

In the dressing room, Hans panted on a bench. Two handlers wiped him with towels.

An imperative thumping on the door.

"O. K.," gasped Hans. "Let him in—it's Mengel with my check."

It was not Mengel. The door burst open to admit a little man, small and bandy of legs, huge of chest, with a strong bronzed face and bristling white mustache. Hans eyed him apprehensively, bracing his tired legs.

"More like it, Hans! Yes, that was more like it! You wass *almost* good."

He turned proudly to the mystified handlers. "This is my boy Hans. You see him throw that palooka, *hein?*"

The pair stared, cigars hanging limp.

"Yes, I haf not seen him for years—since he run away. But I read about him, and of late I see he is not doing so good. No, and the farmers make fun ‘You better go *und* teach him some more,' they say. So I come on, *und* just in time, too."

"Well," said Spike Kelly, "fer cryin' out loud!"

"Yes, we throw him. Hah, that old armlock *und* head scissors! Without me Hans is no good—just a big farmer. *Und* back he goes to the farm with me tomorrow. But first"—the little man swelled ominously at some vague remembrance—"first I give him that licking I promise him. Outside, you two! *Und* you, Hans, you great *dummkopf*, stand up on those feet!"

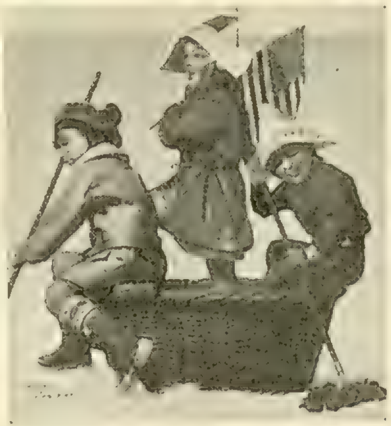
THE END

Washington Crossing the Back Yard

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

WASHINGTON'S Birthday! This prompts Ulysses, the youngest, when everything has been thoroughly explained to him, to ask who is the *mother* of our country. But Gwendolyn and Red have no answer to that question and ignore it.

Once was when the children were engrossed only with the cherry-tree story of the truthful Washington. But Gwen's teacher brought a reproduction of Leutze's famous painting, Washington Crossing the Delaware, and hung it up in the schoolroom.



This week's cover picture.

Gwen may not have absorbed the facts that Emanuel Luetze was of the German-American school, and that the huge canvas with its life-size figures was now owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. But Gwen did catch the spirit of the story and she did remember that the Delawares were a tribe of North American Indians indigenous to that section.

In the Jenkinses' back yard, the three took on a revolution of their own. Lil's laundry basket and mop will never be the same, but what odds, if the army is duly transported from the pepper bush to the lilac tree. And General Howe is made to pay—and how!—for his high-class revelries in the ballrooms of Trenton.

"There's a Hessian!" shouted Gwen.

"What's a Hessian?" demanded Ulysses.

"A minuteman that got paid for it," explained Red.

"Where was Washington's wife that night?" asked Ulysses. "Did she live in Washington?"

"She's home, making Martha Washington candy," answered Red.

"My soldiers are starving," announced Gwen in a tragic voice. "They haven't enough clothes. They haven't enough to eat, but they'll fight just the same."

"Let's get this war over with so we can go inside where it's warm and write the Declaration of Independence," piped Ulysses.

"The men ought to sing to keep their spirits up," suggested Red. "'Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!' . . . 'We're tenting tonight. . . .'"

"They're Civil War songs," sneered Gwen. "And, anyway, we couldn't tramp or camp on the Delaware River."

"I wish we had this basket on skates," Red sprang an inventive idea; "then we could really row, and get somewhere."

"Let's get our skates and tie them on," seconded Gwen.

So into the house they went, to haul out a sled, which seemed better than skates, and finding it impossible to tie, proceeded to hammer and nail so that the basket would be firm on the sled. Lil, attracted by the noise, leaned out of the window.

"My good basket!" she cried. "Who started that? Put that mop away! Whose idea was this, anyway?"

Gwen paused, then turned a flushed face upward.

"I cannot tell a lie!" she said. "I did."

(Next week's cover adventure: The Girl Next Door)

Scrambled TAXES

Overlapping Levies—Federal and State—Call for Definite and Immediate Action Says

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York

(Reading time: 2 minutes 10 seconds.)

AMERICA has no tax system. Taxation, as every citizen knows, is a function of government.

Almost every other function of government is properly apportioned between the Federal government, the State government, and the local government, and each operates without overlapping the others.

Not so, however, with taxation. In all these hundred and fifty years we have never set up a tax system, either by constitution or law or custom. In effect, each unit of government taxes the readiest tax source, with the obvious result that too often we find double taxes laid simultaneously on the same object by the Federal government and by a State government.

For instance, you pay an income tax to Washington and on the same income you may pay another tax to your State Capitol.

You pay to Washington six cents on a package of cigarettes and, in many cases, another two cents on the same package to your own State.

Today, when all governments are finding their revenues shrinking, there is a mad scramble by all of them to find new sources of revenue.

Let me give you a concrete example. Here in the State of New York I had to propose additional taxes to the Legislature, and in studying all possible kinds of taxes I suddenly discovered that the Federal government officials—President and Congress—were also studying almost exactly the same list. There was at least an even chance that Albany and Washington would, without any coöperation, suddenly tap the same sources.

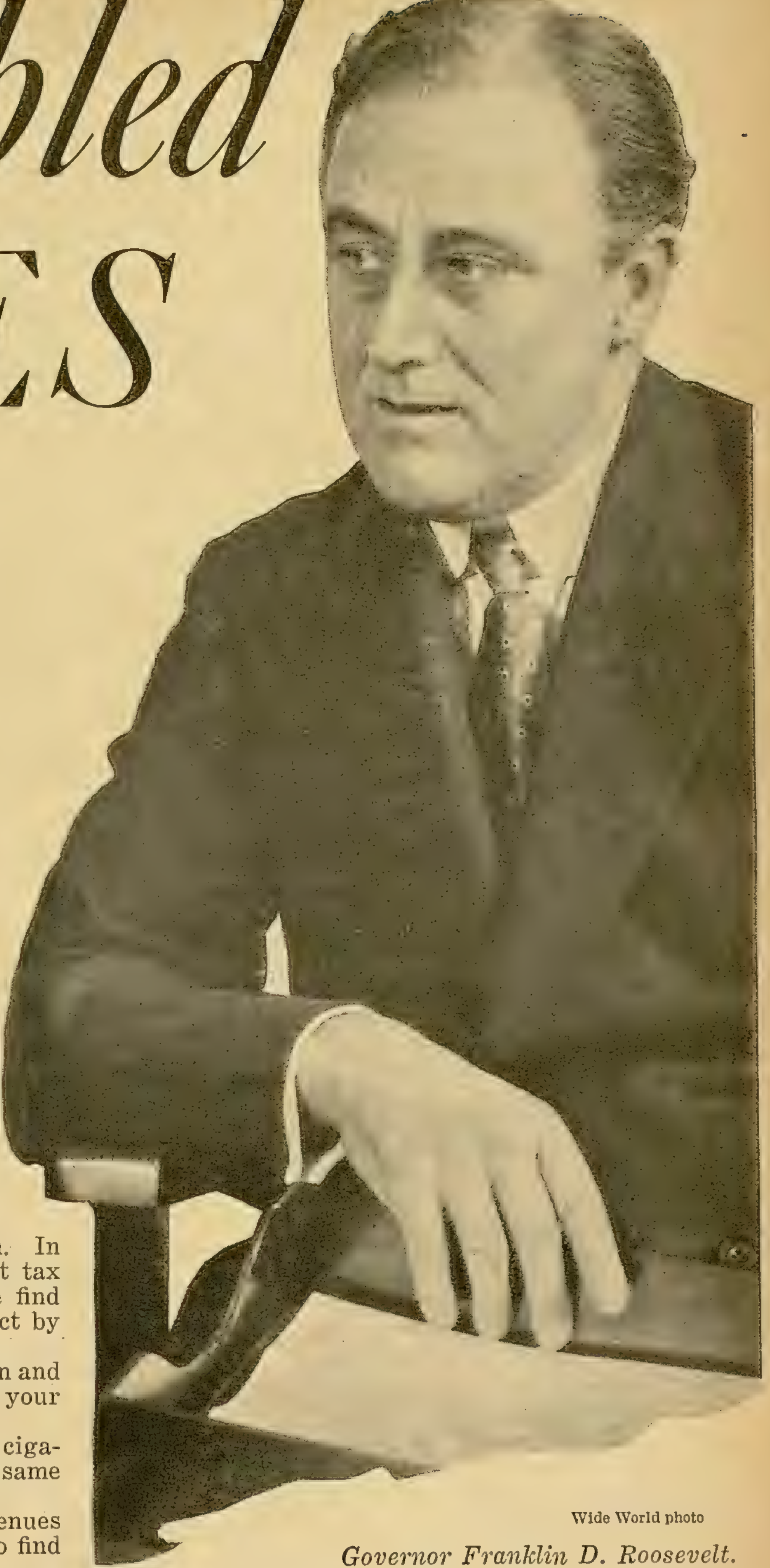
That is both unscientific and unfair.

How much better it would be if the whole field of the sources of taxation could be divided up between Federal and State governments. Some forms of taxation ought to be allotted to the Federal government. These include such items as import taxes and taxes more easily collectible by the Federal government. For instance, a tax on tobacco can be easily levied by the Federal government at the tobacco factory, whereas the same tax, if imposed by a State government, must be collected, with large expense and difficulty, at the corner store.

The time has come for definite action along practical lines—to sit around a table and allot the various tax sources to the different kinds of government. In this way we shall be able to get rid of double taxation, and at the same time we shall be able to make government expenditures and revenues more easily understood by the average citizen.

Franklin D Roosevelt

Another of this series of articles on matters of state by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.



Wide World photo

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Right: Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll in The Man I Killed. In circle: Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Holderlin in the same play.

Lionel

Biggest

Antiwar Drama One of Year's Be
and a Lonsda

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 5 minutes 45 seconds.)

HOLLYWOOD has turned its back upon youth. Consider the case of Lionel Barrymore. Like Marie Dressler, he is achieving a ripe and mellow film success. To be exact, Mr. Barrymore is fifty-four, nine years Miss Dressler's junior.

His career has been a series of oddly diversified episodes. He started by studying art in Paris. When he returned, Barrymore became an actor with D. W. Griffith at the old pioneer Biograph studios.

The name of Barrymore meant little to movie audiences then, and Lionel played a long series of brokers and burglars without much popular or financial reward.

Griffith liked him because he was workmanlike and without temperament. In fact, he usually slept between scenes.

Then Barrymore turned to the speaking stage and had a lot of real success and acclaim. This ran all the way from The Copperhead, Peter Ibbetson, and The Jest to a very dreadful Macbeth. Next Lionel, like his brother Jack, turned his back on New York and moved to Hollywood.

Barrymore seemed headed to the heights as a director with Madame X, when he tossed it all aside to devote himself to acting. The rest is recent history. His success in The Man I Killed is the latest event in his variegated and spectacular career.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE MAN I KILLED

CAST

Dr. Holderlin	Lionel Barrymore
Frau Holderlin	Louise Carter
Elsa	Nancy Carroll
Paul	Phillips Holmes
Schulz	Lucien Littlefield
Anna	Zasu Pitts
Walter Holderlin	Tom Douglas
A Priest	Frank Sheridan

Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.
Produced by Paramount.

If five stars were at my command I would be tempted to award them to this magnificent antiwar drama, based upon a work of the Frenchman, Maurice Rostand (son of the man who wrote Chantecler and Cyrano de Bergerac), and superbly directed by the German, Ernst Lubitsch.

Few films so poignant and touching have reached the screen. This is the tragedy of a sensitive youth, a musician, swept into the World War and forced to kill. When peace comes, Paul cannot forget the one boy he bayoneted in the trenches. He cannot put aside the helplessness, the anguish in the dying German's eyes.

Tortured beyond himself, he goes to the little town where the German lad had lived. He goes to beg the forgiveness of the dead youth's parents. But when he enters their house and faces their sorrow, he cannot bring himself to tell them. They fancy that he is a friend of their boy, who had studied music in Paris before the war, and in their loneliness they open their hearts to him. So, too, does the dead youth's sweetheart.

The story thus reaches a tremendous climax; for the young Frenchman must find mental release from his hideous torture, even if the telling kills the girl's love.

Director Lubitsch tells this superbly moving story with such brilliance that it becomes inescapably moving. There is a masterly opening, when Lubitsch sounds his note of tragic irony. Here you see a vast audience gathered in a Paris cathedral to celebrate the first anniversary of the Armistice. Sonorous words of peace, good will, and thanksgiving sound against the booming of cannons, while shafts of sunlight flash upon

Left: Ina Claire, Joan Blondell, and Madge Evans in The Greeks Had a Word for Them.

In circle: Madge Evans and Robert Montgomery in Lovers Courageous

Barrymore's HIT

Pictures; Another from Broadway, Romance

JAMES SMITH

the swords of the officers kneeling in prayer. Lionel Barrymore achieves what is likely to be the finest screen performance of 1932 as the German father. Here is really great acting. Phillips Holmes' playing of the tortured boy may be a little hollow, but he faced a difficult task in suggesting a consuming inner suffering. I liked Nancy Carroll's sympathetic portrait of the German girl, and I found Louise Carter as the mother to be profoundly appealing.

Bear in mind that I do not say you will like this somber, ironic postwar drama—but I do say you should.

★ ★ ★ THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM

CAST

Polaire	Madge Evans
Schatze	Joan Blondell
Jean	Ina Claire
Dey Emery	David Manners
Boris Feldman	Lowell Sherman
Justin Emery	Phillips Smalley
The Waiter	Sidney Bracy

Directed by Lowell Sherman.
Produced by Samuel Goldwyn–United Artists.

The opening title of this lively filming of Zoë Akins' Broadway hit (then called The Greeks Had a Word for It) notes that, through the ages, half of the world's femininity has been working women. The other half has been working men.

This yarn concerns itself with the last-named portion, specifically three musketeers of Riverside Drive who are willing to trade their cheery company for diamond-and-sapphire bracelets any evening.

The musketeers are very well done by Ina Claire (never better in films), Madge Evans (lovely and sympathetic), and by Joan Blondell. Even Lowell Sherman is good as the pianist who is mad about himself.

★ ★ ★ LOVERS COURAGEOUS

CAST

Willie	Robert Montgomery
Mary	Madge Evans
Jeffrey	Roland Young
The Admiral	Frederick Kerr
Jimmy	Reginald Owen
Mrs. Smith	Beryl Mercer
Mr. Smith	Halliwell Hobbes
Lady Blayne	Evelyn Hall
Lamone	Alan Mowbray
Willie as a child	Jackie Searle

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Frederick Lonsdale has written a charming fabrication about life, with the personable and steadily improving Robert Montgomery giving a charming performance. The result is what Amos 'n' Andy's friend Henry Van Porter would call a charming event.

Young Montgomery gives a graceful and facile performance as Willie, a young fellow who, I suspect, would be pretty hard to endure in real life; while Madge Evans is sympathetic and pretty as the headstrong Mary.

Do you know that—

J. W. Johnston, leading man of early Lasky and Eclair films, plays a bit in The Greeks Had a Word for Them?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Dance Team, Emma, The Champ, Street Scene, Bad Girl.

★★★—High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood.

HELP!

Parents or Pals—How Are Mothers to Safeguard Their Schoolgirl Daughters?

(Reading time: 14 minutes 40 seconds.)

SHE sat at my desk clad in a pair of pyjamas which were like a poet's dream of how a girl pirate should dress. Slim and shining in the gay black and scarlet, she wrote on my best stationery with my pet fountain pen, nor bothered to ask if she might, for she knew quite well that anything in my house was hers.

She wrote:

> Just a good-nite note, Darlingest. I've had a bath—my hair is brushed—my nails are shined—and your own li'l' babee is all ready for bed. Wouldn't you like to see me?

She was just turned fifteen, and so radiantly youthful, so dazzlingly pretty, that only to look at her must give any woman over thirty a very bad inferiority complex, I should think.

"Is this a nice beginning?" she asked, smiling up at me with clear, candid blue eyes as I paused to rub my cheek against her amber curls. "Read it!"

I read it.

"M-m," I said doubtfully. "But—do you really think you ought to ask Clive if he'd like to see you when you're all ready for bed, darling?"

The blue eyes widened in honest astonishment.

"But why not, Mary? Don't I look nice?"

"You look adorable, and it's all right," I laughed, abandoning the point. To myself I was thinking, "How much franker and more honest children are today than they were fifteen years ago! Imagine my letting any older person read a letter like that! I suppose it's because parents now don't make children afraid of them. This kid—why, she's as limpid and clear as a mountain stream!"

It was true that sometimes in these past few years I had questioned her mother's wisdom in letting Jean begin so soon to have dates and attend dances. She was not more than twelve when it started, and by the time she was thirteen there were a dozen or more boys dancing attendance at the heels of her small slippers.

I had even argued the point more than once with her mother, who is my next-door neighbor and my very dear friend.

"She's too young to have the poise and the emotional stability to deal with situations that may arise," I had protested.

To which her mother had responded cheerfully:

"Oh, but 'situations' in the sense you mean don't arise, dear. These kids are children, romping and playing together. Oh, Jean does have a lot of gay little love affairs on hand all the time, of course, but she's an absolute infant about them! There's a new boy every week, quite normally, and she runs straight to me with it. 'O-ooh, mother, I'm just wild about him!' There's never any real love-making. All this talk about necking—well, it just isn't true, that's all."

"But," I'd said, frowning, wavering but not quite convinced, "but—why, Jean's had more experience socially now than I'd had when I was twenty! And I wasn't a wallflower, either."

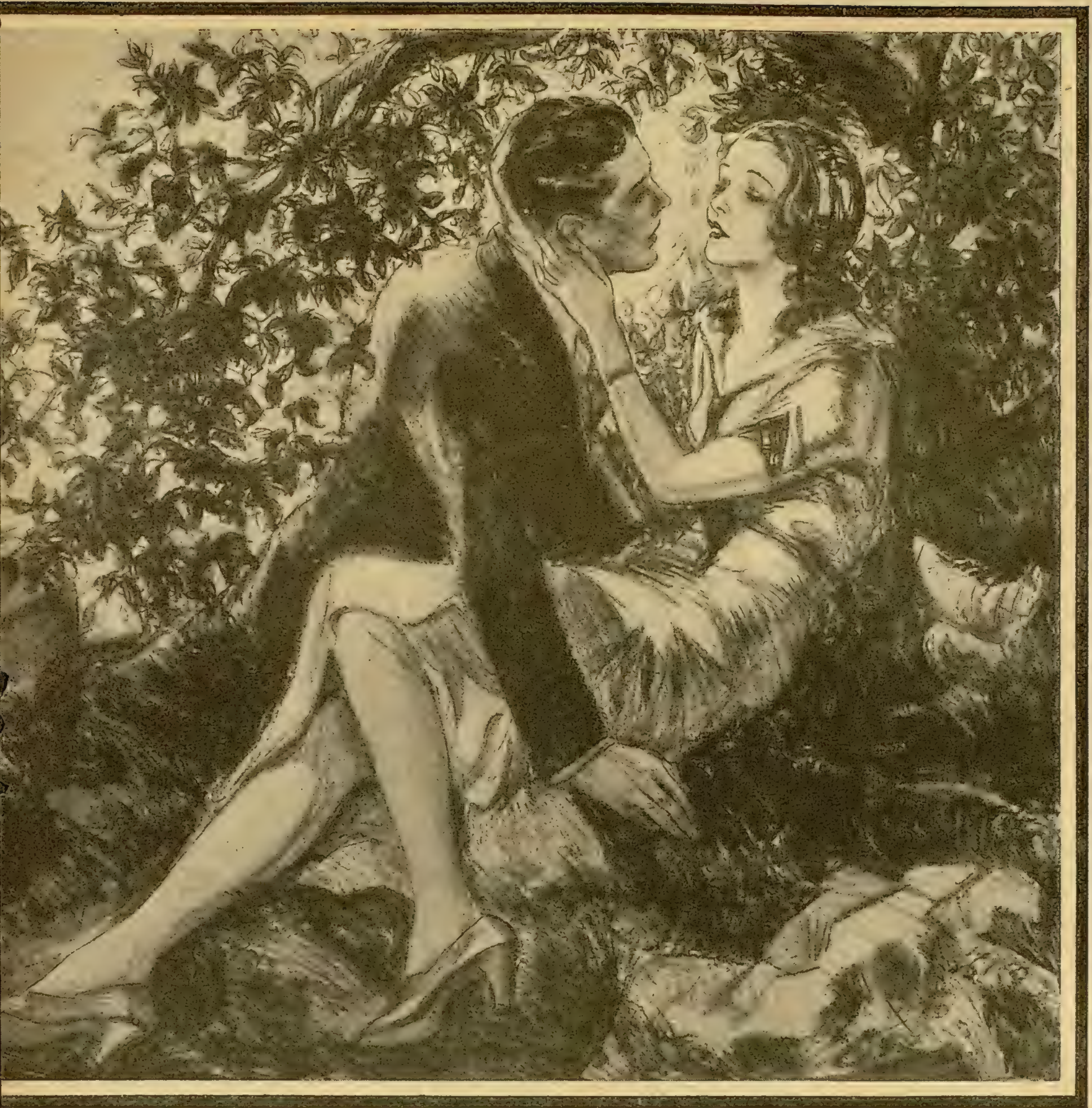
Jean's mother had laughed.

"That's it exactly! You've hit the real objection most older folks have to the high-school crowd's gayeties—they didn't do it themselves! You don't seem to realize, Mary, that I can't take Jean out of her generation. Suppose I *do* like the way mine did better! That doesn't alter the fact that Jean isn't living in mine but in her own.

"I have a friend," she had continued, "who has kept her sixteen-year-old twin daughters out of all the group's social affairs. 'Plenty of time when they're eighteen for them to begin this society business!' she says inexorably."

"Well, how has it worked out?" I'd asked as she paused.

"Differently in each case, because the children are very different. One of them has grown morbid, queer, too self-assertive in a defiant kind of way. Trying to compensate for her feeling of inferiority, you see. None of the other children like her. The second twin is painfully shy, flushes and stammers if a boy speaks to her, and is very unhappy. In fact, they're both unhappy. Unhappy and odd. There's not going to be plenty of time



Pictures by
ADDISON BURBANK

THERE is the seclusion which the automobile affords. They are free to go where they please and do what they please. In thirty minutes they may be in absolute privacy, miles from any sort of restraining influence.

for those girls, as my friend fondly supposes. They'll never have a gay, girly time, because, you see, they'll never be able to loosen up.

"After all," she had concluded triumphantly, "mustn't you judge any system by its products? Well, then! Did you ever see a happier, healthier, sweeter, more ingenuous child than my Jean?"

"I never have," I had said sincerely.

That, of course, was before I read the rest of that letter—the part I wasn't meant to read.

LOOKING at Jean tonight, I recalled those conversations and decided that her mother had been quite right. I smiled, remembering how, a few minutes before, she had dropped off all her clothes (she doesn't wear many!) and had walked back and forth across the room, showing her very lovely young body with as much unconsciousness as my five-year-old does; a thing which would have been utterly impossible for me at her age. Why, I shall never forget being sent when I was sixteen to a sanitarium of sorts for a course of treatments, which required that I stand up quite naked and allow a nurse to rub salt on me and then turn a hose on me. I was in a perfect agony of shame until I got accustomed to that nurse, in four or five days. And then they swapped nurses on me, and the whole thing was to be done over again! What nonsense, I reflected amusedly. How much more sensible Jean and her friends were.

"It really is a wonderful generation," I told myself, watching her, my heart warm with affectionate admiration. "It's essentially much more innocent than ours. It's not body-conscious or sex-conscious. It's thoroughly healthy-minded."

That was last night. And this morning—

She is spending the week-end with me while her parents are out of town. She often does, for they know how absurdly fond I am of her, and how happy to have her in my home. She winds me round her slim little finger, and my husband no less.

So today she raced off to school wearing a new coat of mine and leaving a perfect whirlwind of disorder behind her in my room, gayly certain that I shouldn't mind.

I didn't. In fact, I rather enjoyed straightening up after her, and proceeded to that task smilingly, picking up with tender fingers the brightly colored pyjamas and the ridiculous little bits of silk which serve her for underwear.

It was then that, excavating the pile of stuff she'd left on my desk, I ran across her letter—still spread out, not even folded, the sheets in disarray. There were three of these sheets, and when I picked them up, with the idea of stacking them neatly and placing them face down, weighted with a book, one of them fell to the floor. I stooped and picked it up, and as I did so one sentence leaped out at me, as sentences have a way of doing sometimes quite unexpectedly, and literally caught me by the throat, quite choking off my breath for a moment.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HELP!
Continued from page forty-five

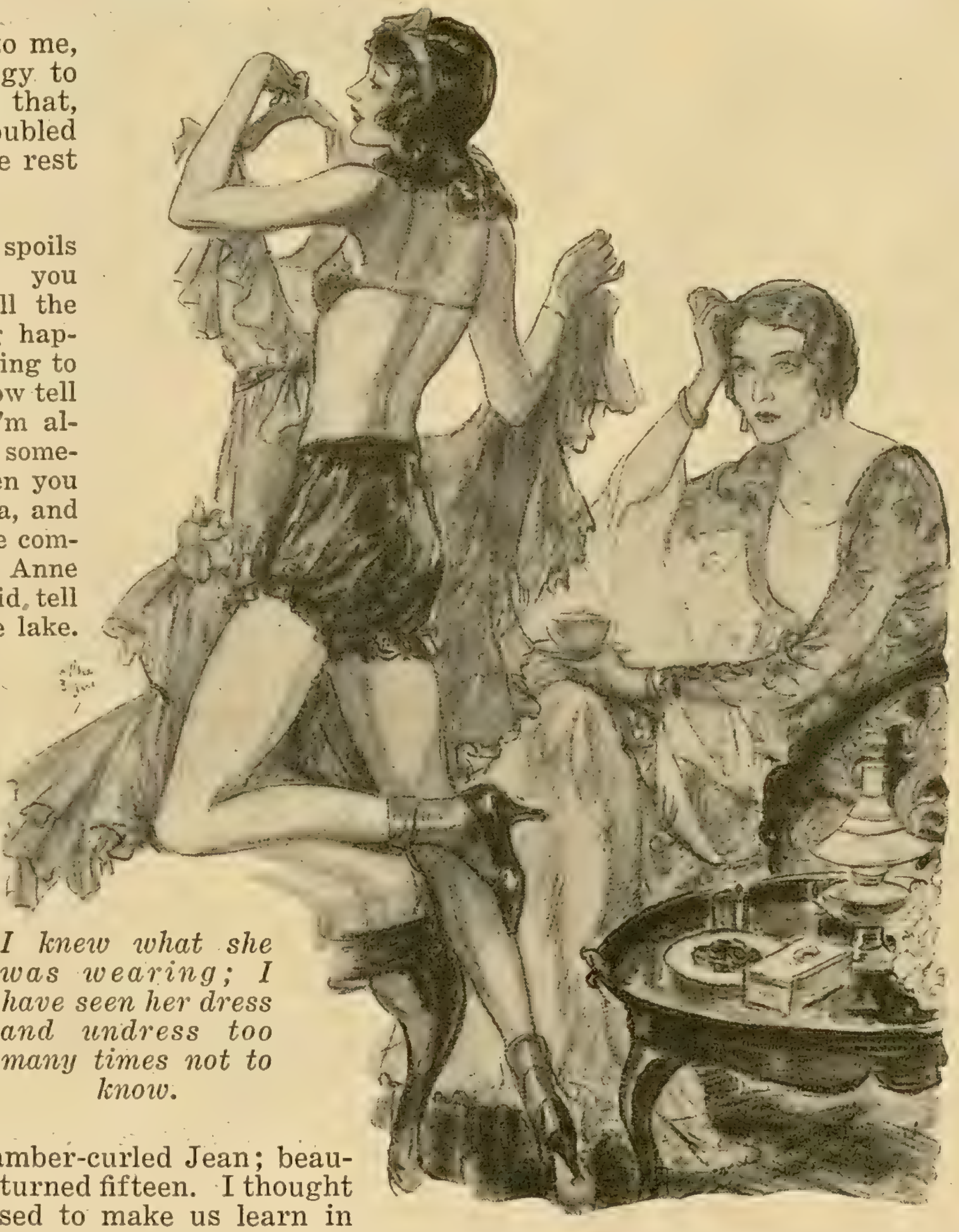
"Because I love you," it said, "and you know there isn't one inch of me that isn't yours to do exactly as you please with."

I sat down suddenly and heavily in the chair where she had sat the night before. Why, she was only fifteen! Barely that! Her gay little love affairs—a different boy every week— Oh, these words simply couldn't mean what they seemed to mean! She just didn't attach the significance to them that I did.

That was the explanation, of course; it must be. And yet—

The child is dear to me, and I have no apology to make for the fact that, after a moment of troubled hesitation, I read the rest of that paragraph:

> But, Darling, it spoils everything to have you worrying to death all the time about something happening. Nothing's going to happen, ole angel. Now tell me, how could it? I'm almost ready to believe something *did* happen when you were crazy about Sara, and you've got one of these complexes. I talked to Anne about us, and she said, tell you to go jump in the lake. She said she'd always managed just as we do, she and Bill, and for you to be just a little careful and then forget all about it. We'll go out in the car Friday nite, won't we? I'll get mine if your dad won't let you use his.



I knew what she was wearing; I have seen her dress and undress too many times not to know.

SUCH an absolute infant! "O-ooh, mother, I'm wild about him!" Slim little amber-curled Jean; beautiful little Jean, just turned fifteen. I thought of the poem they used to make us learn in school: "Standing with reluctant feet—" Jean, with the clear, candid eyes of a child—and her feet that had rushed to meet life so soon. . . . I put my head down on the desk and wept bitterly.

Well, it has done something radical to me, that letter. I'm trying to think clearly, through the shock and the pain, just what it has done.

First of all, I am aghast at learning what many another adult has learned: that the child you've watched from babyhood—the child whose every thought has seemed of limpid clarity—is a stranger. I am realizing—and with what terror only another mother can understand—that you may live with your child every day of her life, make her welfare your chief concern, strive to share intelligently every interest she has—and find, of a sudden, that she has a whole vivid life of her own from which you are utterly shut out.

I'd heard these things about high-school children before, of course. But I'd never believed them.

And now I am not only heartbroken for Jean; I am frantic with fear that I shall be able to make no better job of my own small daughter than my neighbor has made of hers.

That is why I am trying, over my panic, to think things out a bit; to try to see where my friend has failed. For if I admit that, conditions being as they are, no one can combat them any better than she, then I am lost and hopeless indeed. They are fine people, Jean's parents. I think Jean's mother would die, almost literally, of a broken heart if she knew what I know. A great deal of study and thought and care as well as love has gone into the child's training.

Then why haven't they been able to get their standards across to her?

I wonder—you understand, I'm merely groping for a little light—if here in this youth-ridden country of ours (for surely no land has ever made such a cult of youth and so worshiped it as America) we haven't all grown rather afraid of our children. Afraid they'll think we're behind the times. Afraid they'll say we aren't "good sports." Most awfully afraid of seeming old and harsh and dull to them. We want to be their "pals"; we are almost piteously eager that they shall approve of us and enjoy our society.

ALL very well. But we feel—Jean's mother does, I know—that this attitude which we so desire to cultivate in them is incompatible with discipline and restraint, and so we fling discipline and restraint out of the window.

"Don't act like a parent, mother," Jean says reproachfully if my friend occasionally ventures a prohibition. And that is the situation in a nutshell: we mustn't be parents; we must be pals.

Jean, with her easy good temper and her affectionate little ways (after all, it isn't hard to be affectionate and good-tempered if the motto of your home is "Youth must be served" and everything revolves about your pleasure), has undoubtedly found out that if she only seems to be candid and takes the time to make a few harmless confidences to her parents, they are going to be so inordinately pleased and proud and flattered that she can manage her life to suit herself with no hindrance from them.

Have we made a mistake in trying so desperately to please our children, and in making them so important and ourselves so unimportant? Is that why my friend's standards are not Jean's—because she has sacrificed the superior position of a mother and thus lost her power to impress standards on Jean?

Of course I know that when I talk of keeping my daughter "safe" from the experiences that have befallen Jean and her friends, I speak a language which is distasteful to some of our thinkers today. They do not admit that "safety" of this kind is of supreme importance for a girl. Sex experience before marriage is no tragedy, they say; and so noted a philosopher as Bertrand Russell goes further and says it is desirable.

I'm familiar with all these theories, of course. I've read, and frequently, too, from their various disciples. I know what they'd say, impatiently, to me now.

"My dear lady, Jean is more truly innocent, more truly pure-minded than the daughters of the woman your friend described who have never gone out with boys. Jean's mind does not need to be occupied with sex all the time. She's released it in a normal way. She's only living naturally, and not accumulating unhealthy and evil-minded repressions."

They might out-argue me; they probably could. But the trouble is that, after all this is said, I'm still sick—sick—with the knowledge that it is Jean—*Jean!*—to whom all this is happening. Girls in general—it's all right to have theories about them. But *Jean!* And every girl is special to somebody.

And is one obliged, after all, to accept the theory that license is really a sort of primitive innocence, and that self-control just means a dirty mind? That would be to ascribe to Jean, for instance, the perfect sex-innocence of my little lady-Sealyham.

And they may tell me she, or any other girl, today, has that innocence till they are black in the face, and I shan't believe it! Jean isn't a she-dog. She can't feel or act like one. Dogs don't have to guard against "something happening," to mention just one thing. Jean is a highly civilized and highly self-conscious person. She isn't a savage in her sex relations; she's an epicure. She can't go back to the simplicity of our cavemen ancestors in her sex life, any more than she can feel as they did and act as they did about other things.

Anyway, isn't Jean accumulating some repressions that may be about as painful and as disastrous as a few sex repressions which she could release for a few years in healthy exercise? What about the fact that she is living counter to the moral opinion of the adults who form her home and her community? That she has to sneak round, to be furtive, to get the car and go far away? And then go home and leave the impression that all this talk about the necking of the younger generation "just isn't true"? Doesn't this constitute a mental conflict that is rather severe for a child of that age?

Of course Mr. Russell's followers are probably going to answer to this that the fault at this point lies not with Jean but with the society that forces her to such subterfuges in order to live "naturally." To which I say that I do not grant that the ideal is to live, with animal-like naturalness, an absolutely uninhibited life; but that even if I did, one would just have to reply, as Jean's mother replied, that we can't take Jean out of the age she lives in. You may think the Stone Age was the Golden Age. That is a matter of opinion. But the fact that we don't live in it is not a matter of opinion; we just don't.

I THINK, besides all this, that Jean is laying up for herself some very serious and pressing problems in later years. My husband is a young and popular professor at a big state university. He has talked to and been the confidant of dozens of young men. And he feels quite definitely that the movies and the magazines which are leaving the impression just now that a man does not demand perfect purity in the woman he marries are doing our girls no service. Men may be, often are, fooled. They always have been, for the matter of that. Still, the average boy of today is no less insistent than his father was in demanding an immaculate girl for his wife.

Any girl who counts on the sympathy, the understanding, the forgiveness of her fiancé when she comes to him with such a confession, is leaning on a broken reed.

But, after all, my concern right now is personal and immediate. It is with Jean, and with my own small daughter.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

There's more Chicle in it
that's what makes it better

It's the amount and the quality of the CHICLE used that makes such a big difference in chewing gums—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. That explains its greater chewing quality and smoothness. That's why Beech-Nut Gum stays fresh and smooth-flavored far longer than any ordinary gum—that's what makes all the difference between a good gum and *the finest gum you can buy.*

Beech-Nut
GUM

After you have been smoking all evening! A stick of Beech-Nut Gum! It will make that next smoke taste ever so much better..... as good as the first smoke of the day.

"Makes the next smoke taste better"

HELP!
Continued from page forty-seven

Jean has upset all my rosy ideas about the younger generation. She has terrified me for the future of five-year-old Marisue, just now crawling about the floor in rompers. For if I haven't made it clear yet that no matter how reasonably I may try to listen to theories, and no matter how conscientiously broad-minded I may try to be, it will break my heart if the thing that has happened to Jean happens to Marisue, then I haven't put my real attitude of mind over.

The two girls who have been kept out of everything—those twins who are sulky or shy, according to their natures, but both afflicted with a painful sense of social inferiority; and gay, sweet, lovely Jean who at fifteen is passing from one pair of arms to another! Have I got to choose between these two extremes for Marisue? And what is there in the conditions surrounding our young folks in this prosperous, cultured community in which I live which makes such a choice a necessity? Are mothers facing the same problem all over our country?

I watched Jean the other night. She had run in to speak to me, just before her parents left, and she flung herself carelessly down before the fire in my living room. She stretched out her long, lovely young legs and I saw the bare flesh of them almost to her thighs. I knew what she was wearing; I have seen her dress and undress too many times not to know. A brassière which is only the narrowest and flimsiest strip of lace, not even covering the budding, firm young breasts; step-ins, quite loose and short; stockings which she usually has rolled about her slim ankles; a dress of thin silk. And that is all.

This picture—a very lovely one, I admit—is in my mind as I write now. I am remembering that I have seen her, many a time, start out dressed like this in a car with a fifteen- or sixteen-year-old boy, free to go where they pleased and do what they pleased.

In thirty minutes they may be twenty miles away, in absolute privacy, far from any sort of restraining influence. As alone together as any married couple in their bedroom. Wasn't it Bernard Shaw who said that marriage was popular because it combined the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity? Well, Jean and her boys have had that without getting married.

AND thinking of all this—thinking, too, that they are children still in mind—I am wondering if we parents are not mad and fatuous when we accord our boys and girls such liberty, and then expect anything to happen except the thing that is happening to Jean and her friends. It imposes on these youngsters a burden of self-control they shouldn't have to bear.

For, you see, it is so easy. When I was a girl—to speak frankly—the way we dressed rendered an impulsive embrace impossible. But Jean's clothes! And then there is the seclusion which the automobile affords. Such privacy would have been hard and embarrassing for an earlier generation to arrange.

The movies, too, have rendered our children so thoroughly familiar with sex passion before they even realized what it meant, that the act which seemed to their mothers so big a step is a very short one to them. There is no vast chasm to leap. Just the simplest little hop-skip, and there you are.

And last, there is the fact that, having permitted a complex social life between the sexes to begin among the thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds, we have to reckon with a most dangerous combination: emotional and mental immaturity, and budding physical maturity.

"Well, what do you want?" asks someone. "Corsets and three layers of clothes again? Abolition of the movies? The old-fashioned, unathletic girl?"

Of course I don't. I suppose what I want is a miracle. I want to keep freer clothes and movies and girls who are vigorous and independent. But I also want to keep the *jeune fille*. I want to be my child's friend, but I want to be her parent, too. And most of all I want to know how to keep what has happened to Jean from happening to Marisue.

THE END

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BEAUTY CONTEST
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The first step toward beauty is deep, fresh cleanliness. But use only the safest of beauty soaps on that precious skin of yours!

CAMAY
CAMAY
CAMAY

Here it is—Camay, the creamy-white beauty soap! There's no coloring matter—no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin.

CAMAY THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
will help you win!

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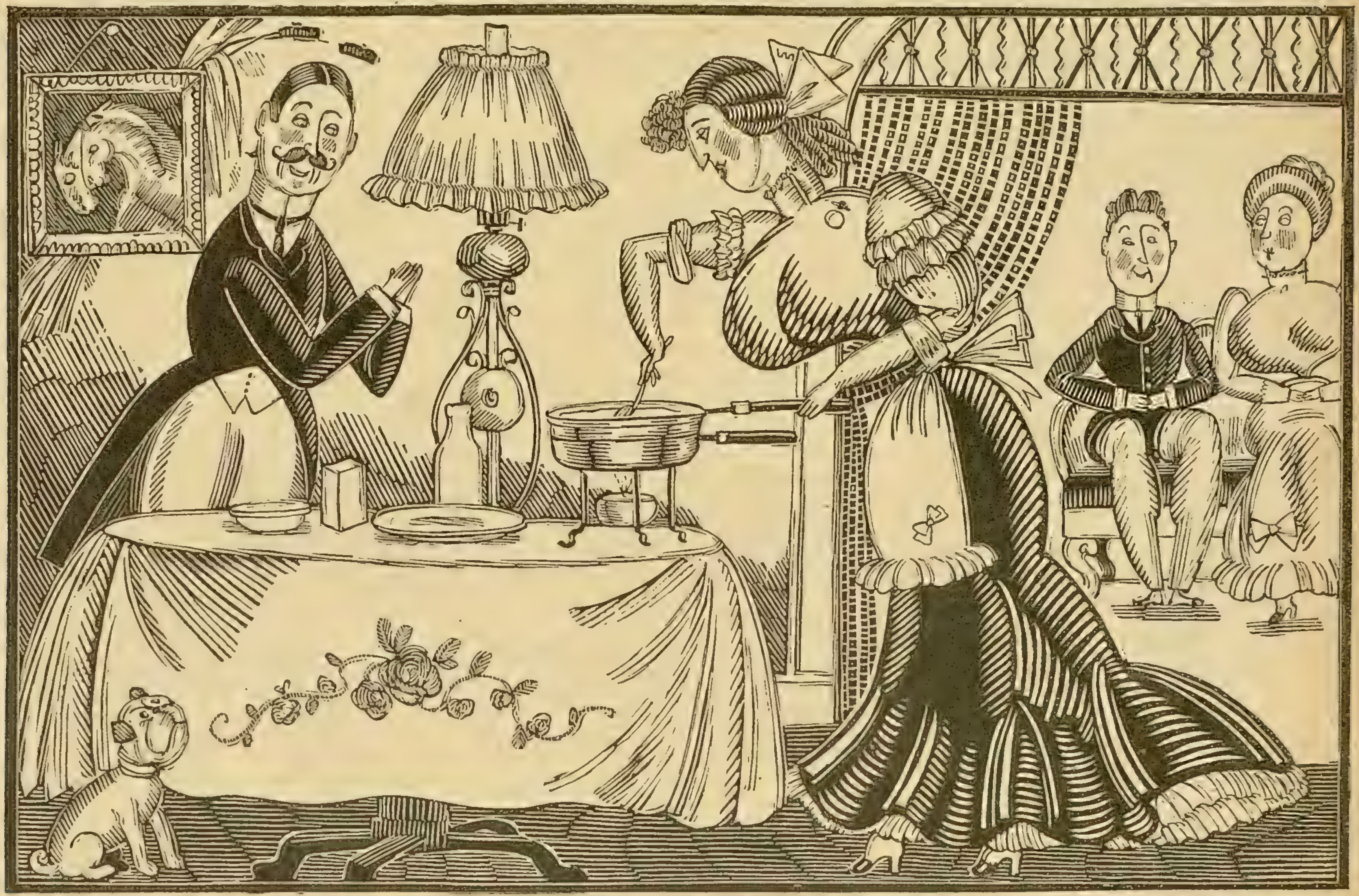
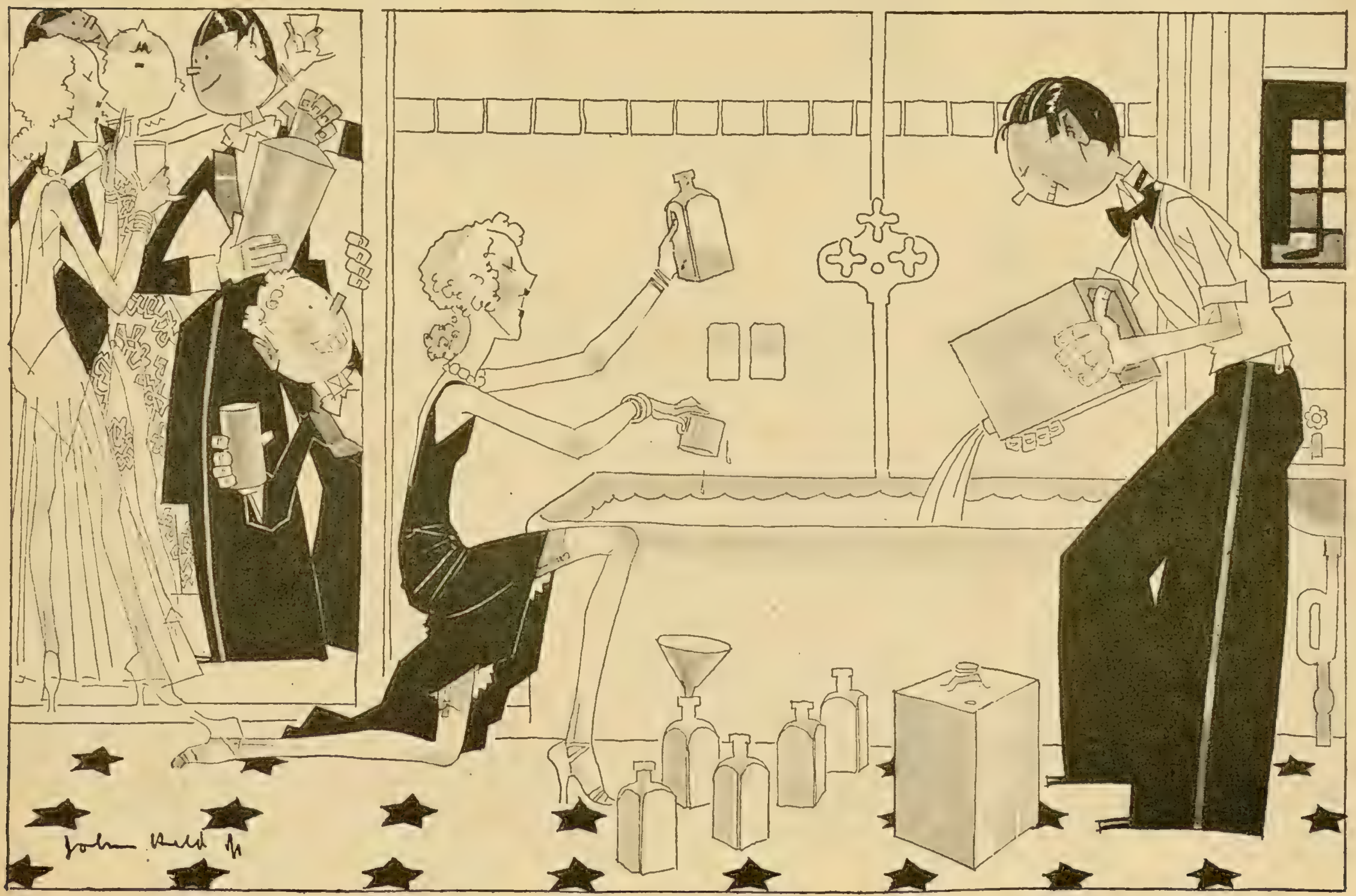
CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



The Song Evenings of Long Ago—A ripsnorting entertainment was to make fudge in the chafing dish



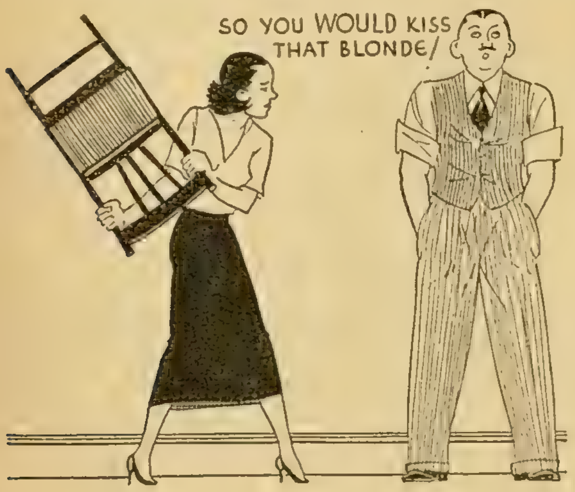
The Evening *Moderne*—Mixing and blending the bathtub gin

Vox

Mr. Smith's Road to Reform

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Have just finished Al Smith's "A New Way Out of Prohibition." I say "Amen" to it!

My wife and I are what is sometimes referred to as a young married couple, but we are not so young that we can have company in and entertain them without first getting them all hopped up with bootleg. It is the same, no matter where you go. Seems to be an old Spanish custom. Result: flirtations at these parties—flirtations that bring on free-for-all battles when we get home, and, very often, almost a divorce.


SO YOU WOULD KISS THAT BLONDE!

Hope that Mr. Smith gets his little idea across; then we can have some peace at home. Saturday night will become just bath night again, instead of battle night.—*E. T. V.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have just read "A New Way Out of Prohibition," by the Hon. Alfred E. Smith.

When Mr. Smith tells us that prohibition should be given back to the people for their own solution in the various states he is undoubtedly expressing a very practical thought. But the point that everybody seems to miss is the absolute fact that prohibition is actually there right now.

No new amendments to the Constitution are necessary, no revision of the Volstead Act or the Five and Ten law are needed, nor need we wait for a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Any state in the Union desiring intoxicating beverages of whatever alcoholic content is privileged, by the simple means of passing the necessary laws by the state legislature, to manufacture and sell these alcoholic beverages, and the Eighteenth Amendment has absolutely nothing to do with it.

The sovereignty of the federal government, supreme though it is, came from the states and only so much as was specifically ceded to the federal government can ever be considered to have been surrendered by the states. When considering the whole or any part of the Constitution it must not be construed as a limitation on the states except where the limitation is expressly set out by specific reference.

This proposition is constitutionally sound and can be substantiated by a review of the decisions of the Supreme Court during the past hundred and fifty years. And since this is true the Eighteenth Amendment is a limitation of the state only so far as its actual phraseology qualifies and designates its application.

But there are positively no words in the Eighteenth Amendment which can possibly be construed as a limitation upon the state so as to prevent the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages within a state by means of a system of state ownership and operation.—*Thomas A. Doyle, Attorney and Counselor at Law.*

Praise for Mr. Price

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I want to congratulate Liberty on the illustrations which accompanied Robert W. Chambers' serial, "Whistling Cat." They were every bit as beautiful and as fine as many old etchings.

My only regret is that they were not printed in a manner suitable for framing. Won't you, in the future, please give one whole page each week to at least one Norman Price drawing when they again accompany a serial?

I'm sure many of your readers, like myself, would like to frame a few of those intricately beautiful drawings.—*Cleo Danna.*

Cleo Danna

Go On and Take It

RICHMOND BEACH, WASH.—Just finished reading "Take Thou This Nose," by Albert M. Treynor. If I read any more gangster stories like that I'll take death instead of your Liberty.—*Earl Foster.*

"Appalling Ignorance of Food Values"

KEANSBURG, N. J.—May I compliment you on your editorial, "Appalling Ignorance of Food Values"? I am surprised that Americans are not yet wise to these facts.

But it is a good thing that a wonderful magazine like Liberty should take the subject up, to help the public in these dire times.

The art of cooking is to combine ingredients in such a way as to make them appealing to the taste, healthful, nourishing, and *cheap*. If our womenfolks were especially trained for this purpose, hard times would not hit the average American family as they are hitting it right now. The women would hit back, and *win!*—*A. C. C.*

One Man's Depression Diagnosis

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have read the article by Jay Franklin entitled "Do We Dare Cancel Our War Debts?" with much interest. If Mr. Franklin will take the trouble carefully to study the data supplied by the United States Department of Commerce and the United States Department of Agriculture, he will find out the basic cause for the present panic or business depression.

He will find that during the past few years we have been importing billions of dollars' worth of those commodities that could have been and should have been produced by Americans within the United States. He will also find that we have been importing billions of dollars' worth of those commodities that are plainly substitutes for the things that we raise and produce in the United States.

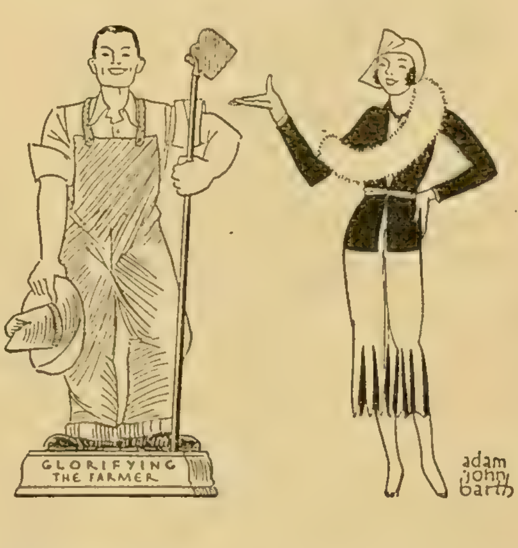
James R. Troland

As a direct result of these vast importations, we have the worst panic of modern times on our hands. I defy any economist to prove the contrary.—*James R. Troland.*

Hurrah for the Man with the Hoe!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I hope Mary Noble gives us more articles like "Can the Small Farm Pay?" Her description of her visit to the Gibbs farm, with its tribute to Roxana Gibbs, moved me deeply. This country would be a better place to live in if all of us could say, as Roxana did: "We haven't much. But it's all ours, and we get along."

When I read about families, such as the Gibbs family, that, in spite of heartbreaking obstacles, have made happy homes on land that once was wilderness, it seems as if the farmer and farm wife had never had enough tributes paid them.



We have, in our cities and towns, statues of writers, painters, inventors, musicians, explorers, and statesmen. I'd like to see just a few statues erected to farmers.—*A Girl Who Loves the Land.*

Pop

That Unkissed Son-in-Law

BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—I wish I could give Marie Beynon Ray a pat on the back—or, possibly, she'd rather have a check for $1,000—for her article, "Why I Want an Unkissed Son-in-Law." I wish we had more clear-thinking, clean-minded mothers.

My husband and I were reared to look with shame on immorality. We have been married seven years now, and our love, our faith in each other, often leaves me a bit breathless when I view the moral standards of this world.

I PREFER THIS TO A PAT ON THE BACK!
$1000 CHECK

We have two children, a boy and a girl. Our home is happiness itself.

If love is built on a foundation of honesty, morality, fairness, and courage it will grow as the years go by.—*B. L.*

OCEAN PARK, CALIF.—Just read Marie Beynon Ray's article, "Why I Want an Unkissed Son-in-Law." Bah! Where is the harm in a kiss? What's the difference if a few quadrillion kissers have kissed?

What I am really getting at is this. When a woman can write as well as that lady about nothing, why can't she write something important about something? —*Annita Grey.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—After reading Marie Beynon Ray's article, I'm wondering whether modern girls really care whether their husbands-to-be have stayed straight before marriage, or not.

Teach your daughter, Mrs. Ray, to appreciate virtue in men, and she may encourage a return of it, if her many sisters throughout the land will follow her example. But, until then, the men will not worry about whether or not they step from virtue's path.

If they stay straight it is romanticism, pure and simple, and that is not rewarded these days.—*Timothy O'Reilly.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Perhaps you will recall asking a question in connection with your article, "Why I Want an Unkissed Son-in-Law." Maybe it was just an idle question, not really meant to be answered. I refer to your subtitle, "One Mother's Idea of an Ideal Marriage. Do You Agree with Her?" But the article was so fine, so intelligently written, and I do agree with the author of it so profoundly, that I *am* answering the question with an emphatic "Yes, I do."

I'm not a mother. I'm a daughter, eighteen, and right in the midst of all those perplexing ideas of modern standards of love and marriage which she mentions. I was intensely interested in the common-sense expressions of opinions set out in this article, and, assuming the same attitude, but for different application, I say that I want an unkissed husband.

Mary Ellen Duncan

You showed excellent judgment in printing an article of this character.—*Mary Ellen Duncan.*

"Are We Ready for War with Japan?"

UNIVERSITY CITY, MO.—I was rather surprised to see Liberty descend to the level of war propaganda in the article by General William Mitchell, "Are We Ready for War with Japan?" That the depression is hitting the war business seems to be his big trouble.

General Mitchell's article, unfair and warped in many ways, is typical of much coming from our military men. No doubt his appeal will click with the multitudes who have but little chance to gain even a partial knowledge of the situation. For years, this has been one of General Mitchell's pet ambitions—a war with Japan. This antagonism is, in a very large part, unwarranted.

It seems that he is advocating another "defensive" war, for which we shall need multitudes of airplanes, stationed within striking distance of Japan and her helpless millions. As yet the slogan has not been worked out for this war, but it will probably be "Another War for Peace."—*Dale R. Johnson.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—General William Mitchell is right, as usual. He was right a few years ago, and he is right again. If anyone were to analyze those religious and pacifist agitators and their followers they would find them to be suffering from a chronic condition commonly known as ignorance, and that their blood contained a surprising amount of water.

Three more cheers for General Mitchell!—*Ex-Pilot.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Why clutter up a good magazine with such trash as "Are We Ready for War With Japan?" With seven million men out of work in the United States it seems to me that the war we should start is a war on poverty and want.

The lesson of the last war, which brought us the great depression, went far over the heads of the military crowd. Another war would end civilization.—*John Shelby.*

OTTUMWA, IOWA—"Are We Ready for War with Japan?" was simply glorious. Put more of that type of stories in, and I'll be for Liberty one thousand per cent.—*Conway Mason.*

Bardstown versus Indianapolis

BARDSTOWN, KY.—In "To the Ladies!" Princess Alexandra Kropotkin stated that Stephen Collins Foster wrote "Suwanee River" and "My Old Kentucky Home" in Indianapolis, Indiana, and that she would have enjoyed hearing Stephen Collins Foster's daughter play and sing his songs.

It is a known fact that Stephen Collins Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home" while visiting the estate of Judge John Rowan, here in Bardstown.

We beg to call your attention to this error.—*J. F. Conway, President Bardstown Chamber of Commerce.*

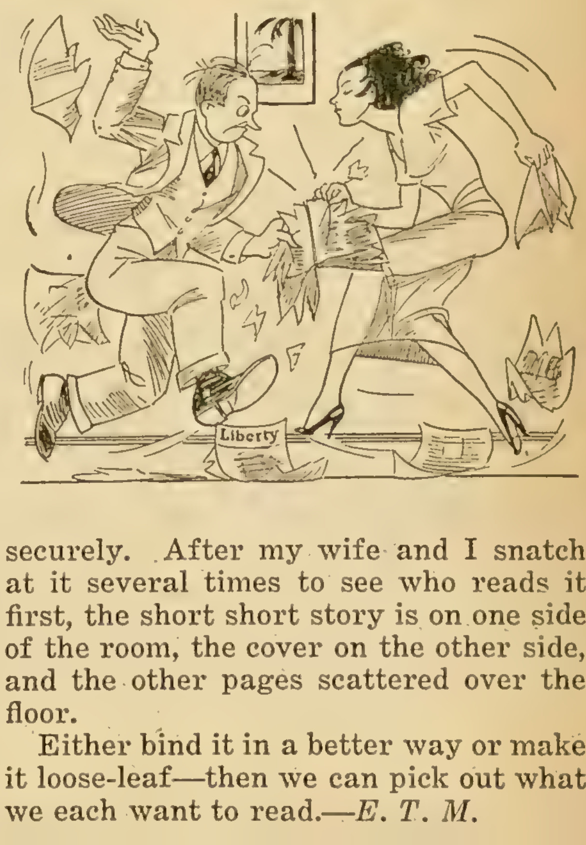
Nickels from the Knockers

FRESNO, CALIF.—Thass awright, Liberty. Don't worry about the people that knock you and say, "Liberty will never enter my household again."

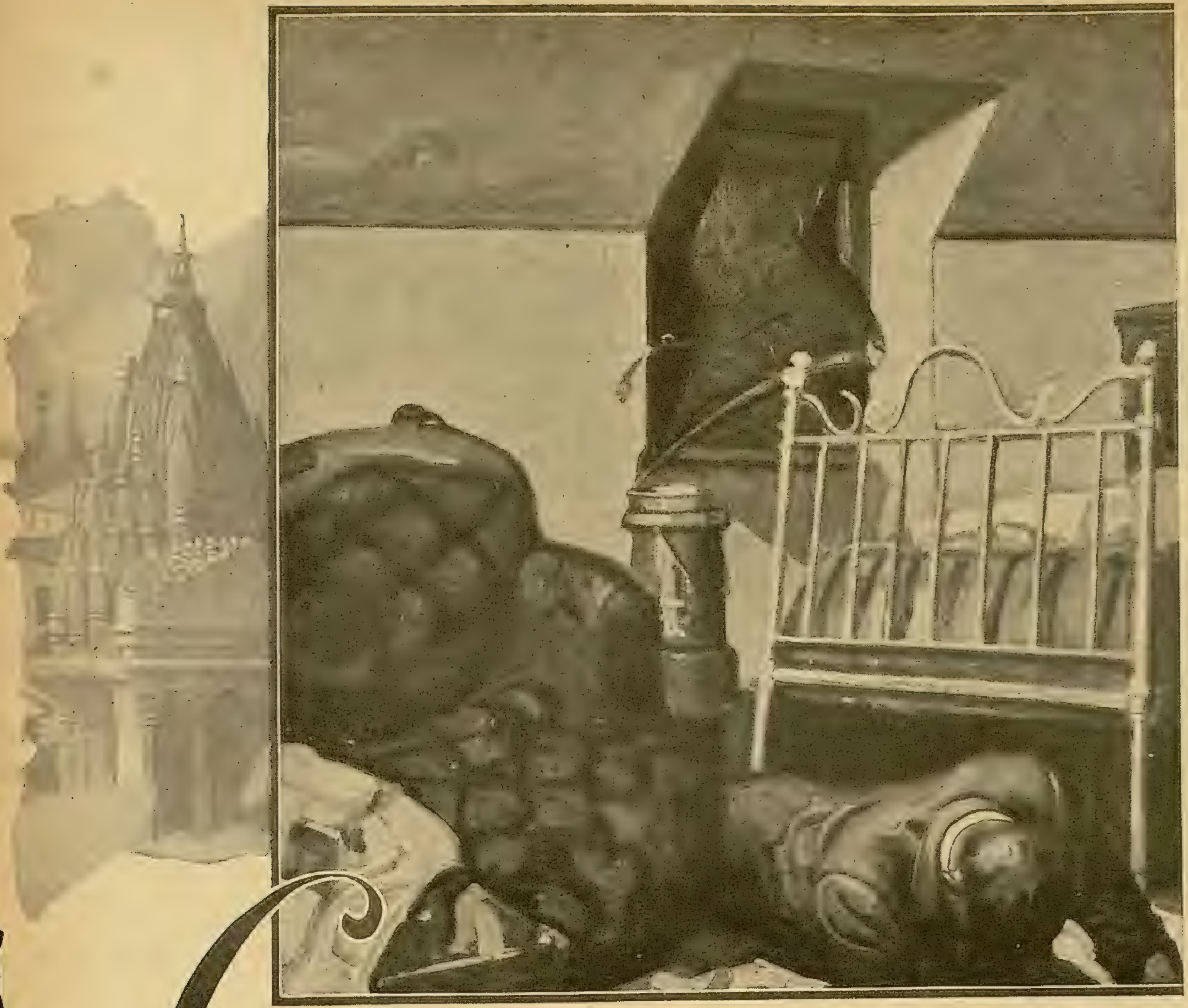
You are sure to get a few more nickels out of them. They'll keep buying your magazine to find out if you print their knocks!—*Dick Naylor.*

Grabbing for a Good Thing

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Here's a suggestion for you, Mr. Editor. I would like to see the pages in Liberty bound more securely. After my wife and I snatch at it several times to see who reads it first, the short short story is on one side of the room, the cover on the other side, and the other pages scattered over the floor.



Either bind it in a better way or make it loose-leaf—then we can pick out what we each want to read.—*E. T. M.*



CASTLES in

The Story of a Prisoner Who Was Free

(Reading time: 20 min. 40 sec.)

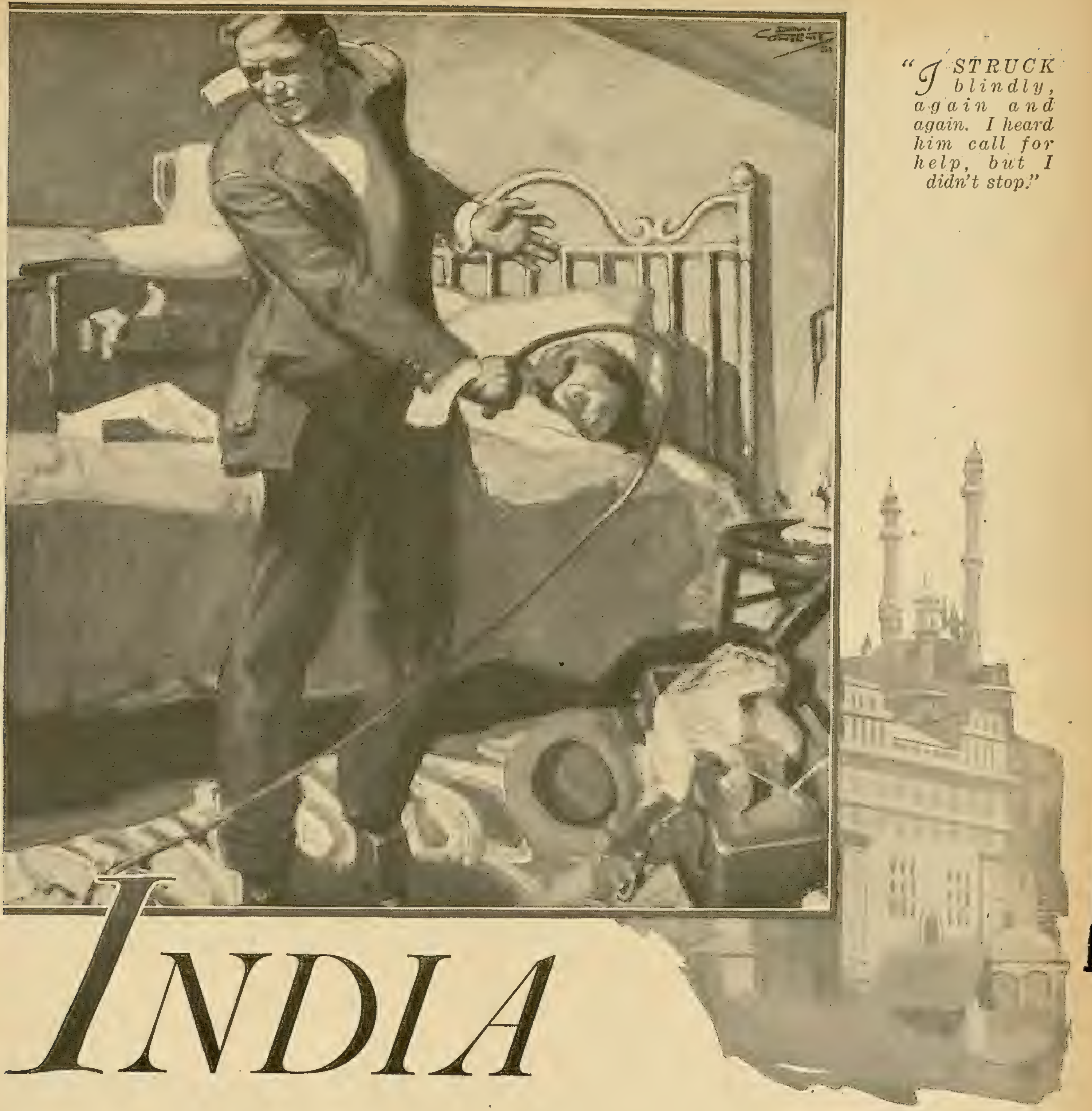
By RITA WEIMAN

HE sat looking at Harley with a faint reminiscent smile, and his eyes rather than the monotone of his voice seemed to be speaking. They were strange eyes, full of light, of youth, in a face whose lines traveled, met, crossed, and diverged like tracks leading to time's terminal. They were eyes whose vision was somewhere beyond Harley, beyond the opposite wall, recognizing no barrier, conjuring such vistas as imagination willed. Eyes back of whose wistful filmy blue Harley felt a flame of exaltation, as one senses an altar beyond curtains of gauze.

Harley wondered about his age. An interviewer sizing up a man not listed in Who's Who might well speculate on the curiously contradictory aspects which at once bespoke and denied advanced years. In his early fifties, perhaps; or a bit less; or quite a bit more. Hard to tell. The shoulders were bent and by no means powerful, but the hands hung large and gripping, clasped between his knees. In repose his mouth held grim intensity. Yet when he talked, as now, in that soft drone, the set thin lips lifted at the corners as if some magic touch were coaxing them upward. Dust-streaked sunlight from the window above his head gave a Rembrandt tone to the pallor of old ivory heightened against deep shadows.

Harley wished he had thought of bringing Olmstead, the paper's blue-ribbon artist, to sketch the ageless face instead of trusting its subtleties to a staff photographer.

"It seems odd that anyone should want to interview me," the gentle voice was saying. "I never thought of fame in connection with my book. You see, I've lived rather than written it. When a man spends eighteen years in the highways and byways of a country as saturated in mysticism as India, he gradually sees himself as nothing but a hollow vessel through which impressions flow. He doesn't matter much—his ego, I mean. Personal success comes as a surprise that appears to belong



"I STRUCK blindly, again and again. I heard him call for help, but I didn't stop."

INDIA

Pictures by DAN CONTENT

somewhere outside his actual self. What I have written seems extraordinary to you, while to me it is a natural narrative of my experiences.

"FROM the time I was a little tike in a Massachusetts coast town, dreams made living beautiful for me. Not dreams of great wealth or of power. But I used to lie in beach grass on the sand dunes and dream of lands round the curve of the horizon beyond where a fellow's eye could reach. My ambition was always to get there—past the mysterious dip to the earth's other side. Every time a cloud drifted toward that curve, I pictured myself sailing in it. Airplanes were unknown then, but time and space meant nothing. I knew that one day I'd explore the universe. Never the slightest doubt, you understand. Need a boy with the whole world before him limit his world to a New England village? Not I! Not Ned Hutton!

"Yes, sir—many's the beating I took for traveling to China, Japan, India, when I should have been helping my father run the town livery stable. I guess it was natural for him to grab a whip on any excuse, but that didn't cure me. Not even being flogged before my brother and sisters—I was the oldest of six—which about equaled the disgrace of the early stocks and pillory. The shame of it, I mean. But I'd grit my teeth and grin so they wouldn't think it hurt.

"I couldn't explain, could I, that hours spent in the public library on Main Street weren't a sign of laziness? My father wouldn't have understood how I wanted to learn about the places I meant to see. Besides, I was never a good hand at explaining things. What I meant to say always seemed locked up inside. My tongue somehow stuck to the roof of my mouth and couldn't find words. They called me a moody youngster. But I wasn't. There was so much to think about, and no way of telling other people what you were thinking.

"I meant to get out, one day—to quit the livery stable, the town itself. But, when I was eighteen, one of my

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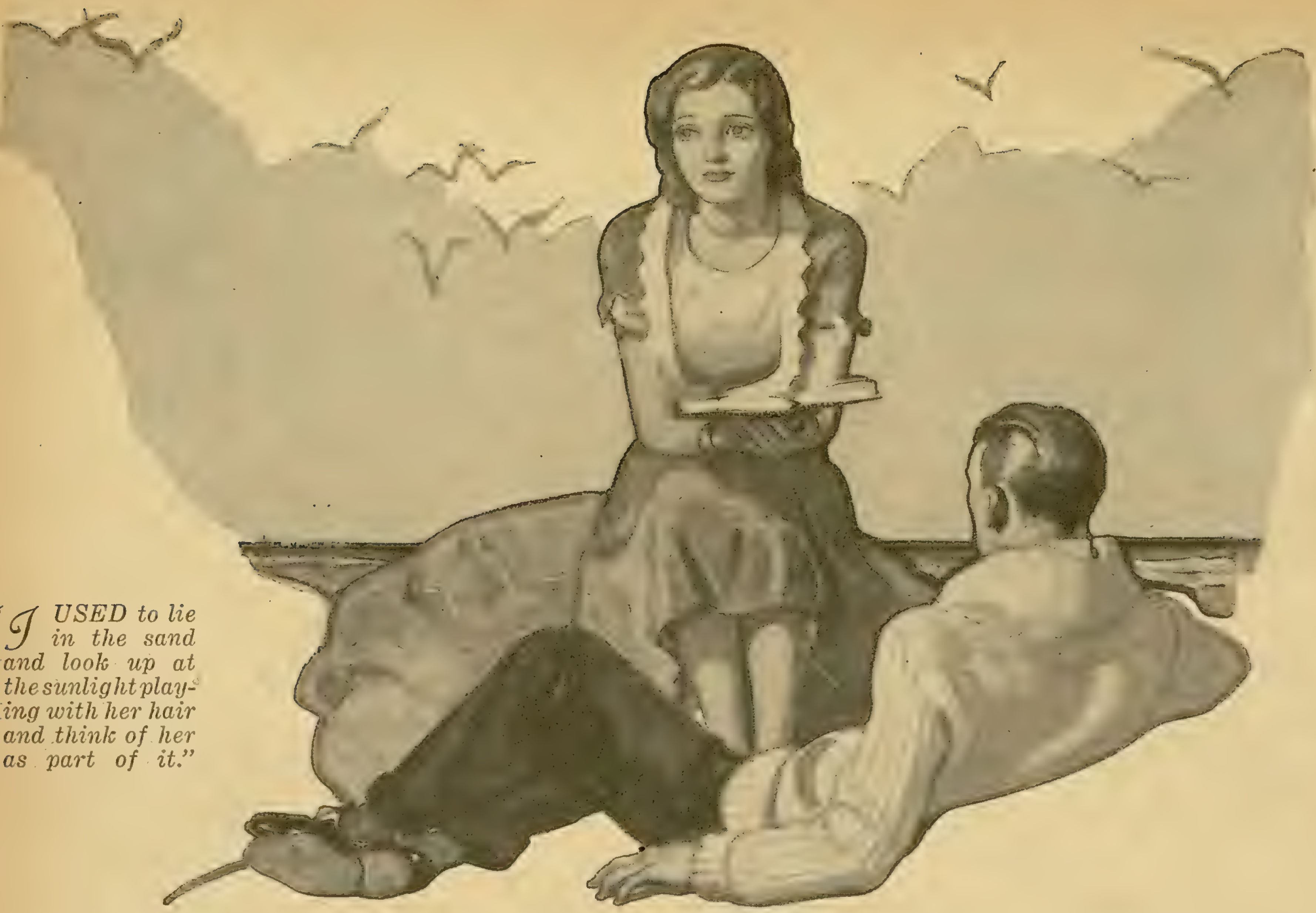

"I USED to lie in the sand and look up at the sunlight playing with her hair and think of her as part of it."

CASTLES IN INDIA
Continued from page fifty-three

father's horses kicked him in the head. He never got quite right again. Nothing for me then, you see, but to run the business. No chance of getting away until it was sold, or John—my only brother, fourteen—grew up and could take it off my hands.

"Funny, though, how things happen. When he was sixteen, John decided the town was too slow for him and ran away. He didn't have the yearning to travel, as I did. He just wanted a good time, excitement. He was a handsome young devil—not like me, rawboned and lanky—and he sure could make you feel he had a right to the good things of life. My mother worshiped him. After he left us, she used to sit for hours not talking to anybody, just crying her eyes out. We didn't know where he was until letters came asking for money. At first I said 'no'; he'd shirked his family responsibilities—let him look out for himself."

THE soft voice halted. The lines round his eyes shirred into twinkling amusement.

"But what could one lone male do against five females? My sisters called me a callous brute. My mother didn't sleep or eat—just cried. Whenever I came near, she looked at me as though I was turning a knife in her heart. That wasn't easy to face day after day. So in the end I always gave in. John got what he asked for.

"You can see there wouldn't be time for visits to the library. Or for dreams. Or anything but hard work. I used to tell myself it would be different when my sisters married. But good girls don't always get husbands. Two stayed single. The oldest devoted her life to nursing my father, and the youngest was a shy, homely little thing who tried to help with my books but wasn't even smart enough for that.

"I couldn't afford to take on an experienced bookkeeper, so sent to a Boston business school, and they recommended a girl who had just graduated and wanted a job out of the city. Her health hadn't been up to the mark—she was anxious to find some place where she could have sea air.

"I'll never forget the day she arrived. I'd driven down to the shack we called the railroad station. Only one passenger got off the Boston local, and I felt sure she couldn't be for me. She was so young and lovely. Her hair was all fluffy and gold under a foolish little blue hat covered with forget-me-nots. She wore a silk dress the same color. Not much of a rig to travel in, and it's not surprising I thought my girl had missed the train. She certainly didn't look the sort to fill the bill as bookkeeper at a livery stable.

"She alighted on the platform without seeming to touch the steps, and stood hesitating, like a butterfly ready to skim away again. I had a panicky feeling she might do just that, so I hurried over and asked if I could be of service. My buggy was waiting outside. I'd be glad to drive her anywhere. She looked up, and I noticed her eyes were two or three shades darker than the forget-me-nots. Like the sky on a starry night. Then she said she had expected someone from Mr. Edwin Hutton's office to meet her. And I knew she was for me, after all.

"I explained you could hardly call it an office and I hoped she wouldn't be discouraged when she saw the place. All the way, while we drove past meadows sweet with clover, I was scared the stable smell might make her want to clear out the same day. You can see how hard I fell, straight off. Women—well, no need to tell you that a long, gawky fellow, more or less tongue-tied, was better acquainted with horses than with ladies. I'd never thought much about girls and knew they never thought of me at all. But this one had a way of making a man feel like talking. She didn't chatter—just listened. As if what I said was terribly important.

"By the time we reached the stable and looked over the little whitewashed room I used as an office, she belonged there. I watched her try the swivel chair and had to laugh—she seemed so lost. And when she opened the big roll-top desk, it looked as if it wanted to swallow her.

"She decided she liked the place. I got her settled at Mrs. Warder's boarding house. And before long we began quitting work at five to go down to the beach for an hour. It was the only time I could manage away from the stable—had to be there again after supper. That hour was heaven. It carried me straight back to boyhood. Only there was a reason now for all my dreams—a reason why I hadn't been able to make them come true. I used to lie in the sand and look up at the sunlight playing with her hair and think of her as part of it. So white—so gold—"

Like the lingering chord of a cello, the voice trailed away. The eyes lifted as though in the smoky sunlight of late afternoon they could see a face framed in the sun of another day.

"Her name?" he said presently, as if Harley had asked the question. "Her name was Ann Moore, and in Boston she had lived with a brother and sister-in-law she didn't get along with at all. She didn't tell me much about herself—just that she hadn't been happy. And I felt all I wanted was to make her happy. It seemed everything—everything, you understand—that ever happened to me—the beatings, the job I didn't like, the responsibilities, disappointments — had been for the sole purpose of bringing us together.

"NOT that I thought of marrying her. Not then. I didn't dare. But gradually she drew me out, and I was able for the first time to put into words my hopes of what lay at the other side of the horizon. It didn't sound foolish, somehow. She would ask a few questions, but most of the time she just listened with a wistful expression that made me feel she was trying to see the places I was trying to describe. India was our favorite. And often, as summer died and an early harvest moon sketched weird shadows across the sky, we'd picture the Taj Mahal rising drenched in silver, as real as if the shining path on the water led straight to the spot.

"Then one twilight, as we sat with the sea throbbing so close, I found her suddenly in my arms, crying that she wished she were dead—there wasn't anything worth living for. I blundered out how much I loved her—I'd do anything in the world to make her happy if only she'd trust herself to me. I'm afraid I wasn't much of a lover. My heart was too full and I couldn't have made pretty speeches if I'd wanted to. But she clung to me. It seemed a miracle that she could find comfort in my arms. I didn't ask then —nor afterward—why she was miserable. And I didn't find out until—" He paused. "We can't guess these things, can we? Though maybe if I'd known men and women better I might have had some idea.

"We were married at Christmas. I moved to Mrs. Warder's, because Ann didn't want to live at home. My father had died. And keeping house with three older women—well, you couldn't blame her. Besides, I didn't care where we lived. Just thinking she was mine to take care of the rest of my life sent a glow over everything.

"You probably wonder how all this relates to my travels in India. But I must explain events which led me to go. Please be patient. I don't belong to this generation of haste. And in the country I love time counts for nothing.

"The spring following our marriage, a real-estate man dropped from heaven and bought out my business, lock, stock, and barrel—horses, harness, whatever I had on hand. Automobiles were coming into general use and the firm he represented intended putting up garages in towns along a proposed motor highway. We closed the deal for twelve thousand dollars, five in cash, the rest in first and second mortgages.

"I couldn't believe my luck. Actually to possess a real sum of money! When the cash was paid over, I put half in the bank in my mother's name to provide for her and my sisters for six months. The other half went into a joint account for my wife and myself. Only temporarily, you understand, until such time as I could wind up matters and take her away, across that curve of the horizon to the land of my dreams. No need now to scrimp and save. We'd go while we were young—Ann and I."

His hands lifted ever so slightly, then dropped as if by their own weight.

"Well, that was my plan. But I came home one evening and she was gone—Ann—with another man. I found a note, all blurred and disjointed, saying he was the man she'd always loved. She had left Boston to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Lucky Bride!

She learned this Secret Early

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ACIDITY
that slows you up!

A POOR day's work is a risk you can't afford to take in these times. Guard against those sluggish days when you're not yourself—when you don't quite get things done. The most common cause of such slowing up is *acidity*—excess acid condition due to the kind of life we lead today, with its nervous tension and irregular living and eating habits.

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CASTLES IN INDIA
Continued from page fifty-five

forget him, but it hadn't been any use. And he'd come for her; she couldn't give him up a second time. She begged me to forgive the terrible thing she was doing to me—she couldn't help it—she wasn't fit to live—I'd been so good to her—

"Strange, how small things impress one at such times. I counted the welts that spotted the page—counted her tears. Another man had taken her from me, a man whose name I didn't even know. She had come to me only to escape this man whose power drew her back like a magnet. Less than six months my wife—and now I was alone again. Yet, reading the note over and over, trying to realize all it meant, I saw only the straggly writing, not a bit like Ann's neat hand, and those spots on the page—her tears.

"All her clothes, except the dress she'd worn that morning and a coat and hat, still hung in the closet. Her suitcase was on a shelf. She must have gone unexpectedly — without time to pack.

"Our room had a fireplace, sealed up when heaters were installed in the house. On the bricks in front of it lay a mound of charred paper crumbling to ashes. Something she had burned hastily to get out of the way before she left. Letters, probably—I could see the scorched corner of an envelope with a Boston postmark.

"I wondered why she hadn't come and told me frankly of her predicament. She knew I wanted her happiness more than my own. And if this man meant everything I would have stepped aside. She hadn't any reason to be afraid.

"It was hard to decide what to do. I sat up all night trying to think clearly, to hit on a plan that would straighten things out for her. The best way was to see her brother—he might know where to locate her.

"In the morning I went to the bank to draw money for the trip to Boston. Then I found out why she'd been afraid to face me. It was all gone, every cent from our mutual account except a few hundred dollars."

HE rose abruptly, paced up and down. Away from the paling light into the shadow and back again. Up and down without a word. Only the pad of his footsteps crossed the silence, like the pacing pad of some caged jungle beast. When he halted, finally, the blue flame of his eyes held Harley's until everything else was seared from sight.

"Don't judge her! You're young—and the young judge harshly. Think of a child pulled this way and that by emotion until she goes blind and crashes into a stone wall. I see what you can't see. I knew then—without a word of explanation—he'd made her do it. That explained the haste, the tears, panic.

"You may agree with what her brother said when we met in Boston: 'Only one of two things to do. Find her, beat her up, and take her home—or find her, beat her up, and kick her out.'

"No use trying to tell him—or anybody else—how I felt. Though he was anxious enough to help me all he could. He said both he and his wife had given up attempting to do anything with Ann after she started going with this fellow, a handsome no-good who hung around poolrooms and race tracks. They were glad when the two quarreled and Ann left town. 'I never thought,' he told me, 'the scoundrel would look her up once she was married and settled. But it's the money he went after. She must have been writing to him all the time—not meaning any harm, but just because she's weak as water where he's concerned.'

"I BEGAN lining up places, gambling dens, the tracks. I got to know faces that hung over green tables—the gambling face, hard and expressionless, with empty eyes and just a twitch of the lips from time to time. I asked about the man—Handsome Ben, they called him. His cronies had no idea where he'd gone. But one of them laughed and told me confidentially that Handsome could always nab some fool woman with a bank roll, and likely wouldn't be back till her coin gave out.

"I needn't tell you—it nearly drove me crazy. Not to know where she was—what was happening to her. No trace—no way of getting word that she was safe—

"The little money I had gave out, and I found a job at a garage. I wanted to stay in Boston, to keep in touch with Ann's brother, just on the chance she might come home to him.

"Two months went by. Three. The days weren't so bad. Hard work kept me from thinking. But at night I used to walk the streets looking at every woman who passed. Looking for her, though I wouldn't admit it even to myself.

"Then one day a postal came, forwarded from home. Scrawled across it were a New York street number and 'Please come'—in the same shaky writing as her last note. Just those few words. Nothing else.

"That same day I landed in New York with no doubt of what I intended to do. The address proved to be a rooming house in West Forty-eighth Street, far over near the river. A frowsy woman opened the door and at first didn't want to let me in. But I slipped my foot in the opening and a dollar in her hand, explaining hurriedly that the little blonde lady who was sick had sent for me. I don't know what prompted me to say just that. It seemed the truth.

"We went up two flights of black stairs. She knocked on a door and, without waiting for an answer, opened it.

"You don't want me to tell you what I saw, do you? Nor how Ann looked. Because it wouldn't be possible. Even now, years afterward, I can't—" He covered his eyes. Harley had to bend closer to hear him.

"But standing beside the bed, looking down at that little face against the dirty pillow, I made up my mind every bruise and mark would be paid for in kind. She reached up her arms, and I knelt down and took her in mine.

"Later she wanted to talk, but I wouldn't let her. That room—Ann herself—told the story without words. I just sat down, and took her hand and held it—and waited.

"After a time—I don't know how long—I heard him stumbling up the stairs. Ann whispered to be careful. I laughed. Careful! Something wild and ferocious had hold of me. My hands ached. A flame burned before my eyes.

"I got up and took a whip from my overcoat. As he came in I struck at him. I struck blindly, again and again. I heard him call for help, but I didn't stop. Not until he gave a groan and dropped like a sodden pulp at my feet. Then I threw down the whip.

"I lifted Ann out of bed; told her I was taking her home. It didn't matter what she had done, what mistakes she had made—I was taking her home. My own had come back to me. It was after eleven, but I figured we could catch the midnight for Boston. I helped her get into some clothes and we started for the stairs.

"On the way out, I noticed that the man on the floor hadn't stirred. He was in the same position as when he had fallen, sort of huddled against the wall. I went over, touched his shoulder. He sagged. I told myself I'd only given him the thrashing he deserved. But I leaned down and listened to his heart. Then I told Ann we couldn't go home. I had killed a man."

DAYLIGHT had faded. The voice came through faintly luminous gloom, without eloquence, without pleading. Harley shivered slightly. The place seemed suddenly cold. For a time he had forgotten his surroundings, forgotten this man was a "lifer," serving sentence for murder, closed in by prison walls.

"I told Ann we couldn't go home. I had killed a man."

In those brief soft-spoken phrases—destiny. Yet some strange magnetism carried to Harley the conviction that no walls, no narrow cell, could defeat the man who made the sense of prison vanish like an impression across a screen.

In the corridor outside sounded the click of heels against stone. A guard passed the cell door and his shadow fell through, zigzagged with bars. He halted, asked if everything was O. K. Harley nodded and answered he'd be leaving soon. But the speaker continued as if there had been no interruption.

"Two years later," he said, "I went to India."

Harley leaned forward eagerly.

"You mean—you went to India in your dreams?"

"No. Not in dreams. Actually."

Harley plowed on:

"I'm to believe, then, your book was inspired by a species of second sight?"

"Not that—altogether."

"But you've been a prisoner here almost twenty years."

"I'd never really been free—I was what you might call a prisoner all the years of my early life. Then they brought me here—away from the demands of the outside world. There are powers that come to a man when he's alone—and in darkness—and forgets his body. The Hindus know. They've possessed such powers for centuries."

"You mean that you can hypnotize yourself, will yourself out of this place?"

"Call it hypnotism if you like. But don't forget, no walls are strong enough to inclose mind or imagination. I didn't start the thing deliberately. It happened by accident late one afternoon. They'd made me a trusty—in charge of the library. I was alone that day, had been for hours. The room was very quiet and shadowy, the quiet of a forest when night is coming on. And gradually darkness seemed to dissolve the walls into nothingness. Unless I reached out and felt for them, they weren't there. Everything which a few minutes before had been real and substantial had disappeared.

"And all of a sudden I found myself saying, 'If this room can be blotted out by darkness, then you can blot

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to Lose Fat a Pound a Day

Do

Just These Two Simple Things . . . Fat Melts Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach*. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment*, you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert any fresh fruit.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

INCHES OFF
Neck
Bust
Stomach
Hips

on a Full Stomach

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have.

The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit* with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—Jad Salts is urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

Famous Anachronisms

"So the king would have my head!
Well I'm ahead of him
I was *THERE* with a
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RADIO

Robin Hood was just too wise for the king's officers who tried to capture him. Time after time they came after him and once in a while it looked like sure death to Robin Hood and his merry woodsmen but always, just in time, he was warned of the raid by the fanfare of trumpets and ceremony broadcast when king's expeditions were started. Robin Hood knew his stuff. He was *THERE* with a Crosley.

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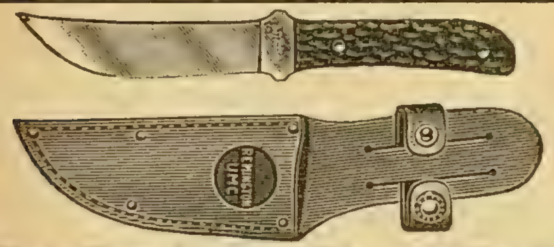

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[CASTLES IN INDIA
Continued from page fifty-seven]

it out except in so far as it holds your body prisoner.' I didn't seem to be speaking the words—not the voice you hear now. But another voice urging me to try the experiment—there in the dark and quiet—to recognize no limits—to project thought through space. I didn't succeed immediately; not for a long time. But when it came at last, I wrote to Ann and told her not to worry any more—I was free."

Harley spoke, for some unknown reason, in a whisper:

"You really performed the miracle of establishing mental communication across thousands of miles—?"

"Thirty years ago who would have said a disembodied voice could be projected thousands of miles through the air? Yet we accept the fact now, don't we? There are no miracles really. Only limits to what we allow ourselves to believe."

"Your wife understands these pilgrimages, too?"

"Perfectly. Not at first, of course. She had fought so hard to save me from coming here—went on the witness stand and tried to take the blame from my shoulders. She couldn't forgive herself. So when I wrote and told her what I was able to do, she thought it nothing but an effort to console her. Until I explained at length visions that came to me—or, rather, visions I went to in the darkness. Through all these years my letters have been for her alone. It never occurred to me the public would be interested."

"Then that was all her idea?"

"She'd been working in a publisher's office, and finally showed him some of the letters. He suggested putting them in book form. Ann said nothing about the plan. I think she knew I'd prefer to keep them just for her."

"But, good Lord, man, that book's going to get you a pardon—freedom. You can go to India now. I mean—" Harley halted with a half-apologetic cough. "I mean, of course, the way the rest of us would go. And you can take her with you."

Through the gathering gloom, all he could see were the eyes that held the look of distant altar lights.

"No—I don't want to go that way. I don't even know that I want to be free."

"Why?"

"Who knows? I may find myself a prisoner again—in a world unreal to me."

Electric lights suddenly sprang into being, and with them relentless angles of gray walls meeting a small patch of floor.

Harley rose. The man rose, too, and held out his hand.

"I should like some day, though, to show Ann the country I love."

The door clanged into place behind Harley. He stood for a second looking back at the cell, as circumscribed as a square on a vast checkerboard.

"Well," queried the guard, "get anything out of him?"

"Yes," said Harley.

The guard tapped his head amiably.

"Nice old party," he observed. "But I call him batty in the bean."

Harley smiled with equal amiability.

"Most of us would, old man. But I'm inclined to wonder if point of view isn't a rule that works both ways."

THE END

Solution of Last Week's Yardleygram

"I'VE deciphered the message," Russell said at last, turning over his work sheet:

a s s i a e h p e i e t
s a s n t t e r s d n

"It reads, 'Assassinate the President.' But I don't see, unless you had told me, how I could know this was a transposition cipher."

"The frequency of such letters as T E A S label it a transposition cipher. The letters of the message have merely been disarranged instead of being substituted by other letters."

"But how would I know it was the rail-fence cipher?"

"You wouldn't. But having recognized it as a transposition cipher, the first step is to try all the simple forms. Before we are through I'll show you many other types," Crossle explained. "To continue the story, this beautiful girl was tried by naval court-martial in secret and sentenced to die before a firing squad. I was not there, but was told she died bravely with sealed lips, asking only that they bind her eyes and bury her in a wig made from her clipped curls.

"We of the Military Intelligence heard of the execution, though in secret, and viewed the body for possible identification. To our dismay, we discovered who she was. The navy had shot one of our few precious spies who for months had been working under cover in the German secret service, and had accepted this dangerous mission to identify the master German spy in America.

"But, still more terrible, it was her husband who gave the command to fire. He never was told. But she did not die in vain, for Intelligence, after this horrible experience, was grouped under one man."

ANOTHER YARDLEYGRAM WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

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UNKNOWN WRITERS
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DURING the next twelve weeks Liberty will make it possible for no less than fourteen novice writers to crash the gates of fame and fortune by offering to buy fourteen stories by writers who have not yet "arrived" in the larger sense of the word. For this purpose Liberty has set aside a fund of $5,000 which it will spend in sums ranging from $1,000 down to $250 for these manuscripts.

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It is hard to make a beginning, hard to get a foothold—but once a successful beginning has been made, once a story or two has been accepted by a national periodical of high standing, so that your name is known, the worst is over and the way is clear for you to go ahead as far and as fast as your talent and your capacity will permit.

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At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

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HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO SELL YOUR FIRST STORY AND WIN EDITORIAL RECOGNITION!

The Shackled

A Human Worm Turns—Shannon Instructs a Spy in Skirts—Bombshell in the Shape of a Letter—Strange Things in the Dead of Night

(Reading time: 30 minutes 40 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Natalie Cahill, charged with murder. Old Mike Cahill, to spite his relations, had sworn he'd marry a girl from the streets and leave her all his money. Natalie was the girl he chose.

On her wedding night she went to bed alone. She was awakened, to find her husband lying dead on the floor—shot. She convinced Bob Shannon of her innocence. He agreed to defend her, though Paddy Cahill, Mike's brother, was tying up all her inheritance.

PART THREE—GRASPING AT STRAWS

PADDY CAHILL was seated in a great throne chair in the red room of his suite at the Claridge. He was wearing his top hat and his frock coat and chewing a fat black cigar.

He was an enormous man with little hands and feet.

"Come in, Bobby!" he cried. "Come in, lâd, and have a good cigar."

Shannon parted the red curtains at the door and stepped into the room.

"Ain't it sad about poor Mike, now?" Paddy asked. "Ah, it was the bitter loss to me."

He did not look at Shannon. Neither did he stir. His hands remained where they were, one resting lightly on his left thigh, the other poised on the lion's head that decorated the arm of his chair. He seemed to be frozen, even to his voice.

"He had a nice long life," Shannon said. "But I didn't think you'd take it so hard, Paddy. Are you paralyzed?"

Paddy laughed, but only with his voice. His expression did not change. "Sure, it's you are the queer one, Bob Shannon," he said. "Don't you see the painter man there, and him working now on me face?"

"Sure enough," Shannon confessed. "I didn't see him at all." All he could see was an easel and a pair of legs.

"Sit down, Bobby. Sit down, lad. Is it trying to grow taller you are by standing? And is it the money you've come to see me about? If it is, you can save your wind, for it's mine, or it should be, and it will be, and—"

"Whoa! Wait. Don't run away from me, Paddy Cahill. We'll settle money matters later. I came to see you about two of Mike's old friends. And—isn't the light getting too bad for painting?"

Someone in back of him laughed, and Shannon turned his head quickly, to see Geoffrey Lynch. The sight of this man always made Shannon shudder. There was a sly viciousness in his twisted face. His hands were gnarled, horrible, the backs of them seared, the fingers emaciated, warped into claws. He walked as though one foot had lost its heel.

"Paddy's paying the man by the day," Lynch said, "and he's so tight he'll work him until midnight if he can."

"Now, Geoff," Paddy whined. "None of your impidence. Oh, if I could only get mad like me poor brother Mike, and give you a taste of his blackthorn stick!"

"You'd make eight of Mike," Lynch sneered. "But he could kill you with his hands."

"Listen to him!" Paddy wailed. "Me own sicketry calling me names, and me helpless."

"Whine, you fat, dumb fool. Of course you're helpless. What do you ever do but eat and drink and snore your head off, and have your picture painted? How any artist can stand to paint those pig eyes and that rubber belly without laughing himself to death, I don't know."

He turned to Shannon.

"He's been in that chair for hours," he complained, "and I've done all the work. I've merged the two biggest speakeasies in town. I've bought a brewery in New York for him, and sold one in Chicago. I've got men out of jail, and other men in. I've told the chief of police where to head in. I've got a million dollars' worth of contracts. I've appointed a judge and broken a police captain. And that fat hulk sits there and doesn't move."

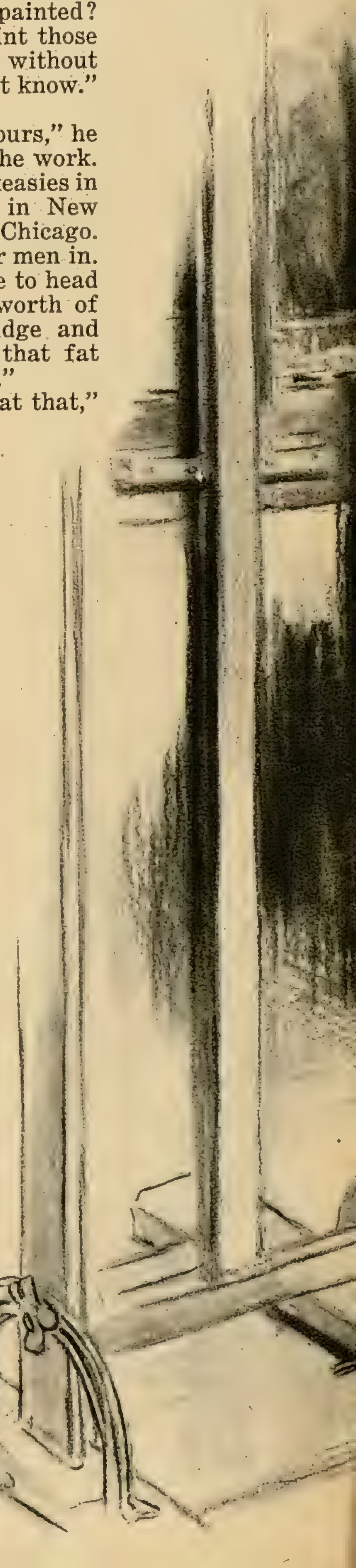
"'Tis the smart boy you are, at that," Paddy Cahill admitted. "But it's meself that took you out of jail and made a man of you—and what could you do without me?"

Geoffrey Lynch whirled on his master. "Shut up, you ass!" he shouted.

Motion came to Paddy Cahill. His hands came up quickly. The cigar fell from his lips. His huge frame quivered. Surprise came into his porcine eyes. And his waistcoat crawled toward his neck and showed Bob Shannon that Cahill used spikes and safety pins to keep his suspenders and his pants together.

"Why, Geoffrey lad!" Paddy said. "What has come over you? If I said anything to hurt you, I take it back. Tell the painter man to go now, Geoff, and to come back tomorrow at half past seven. Will it be daylight then? No matter. If it isn't, he can wait."

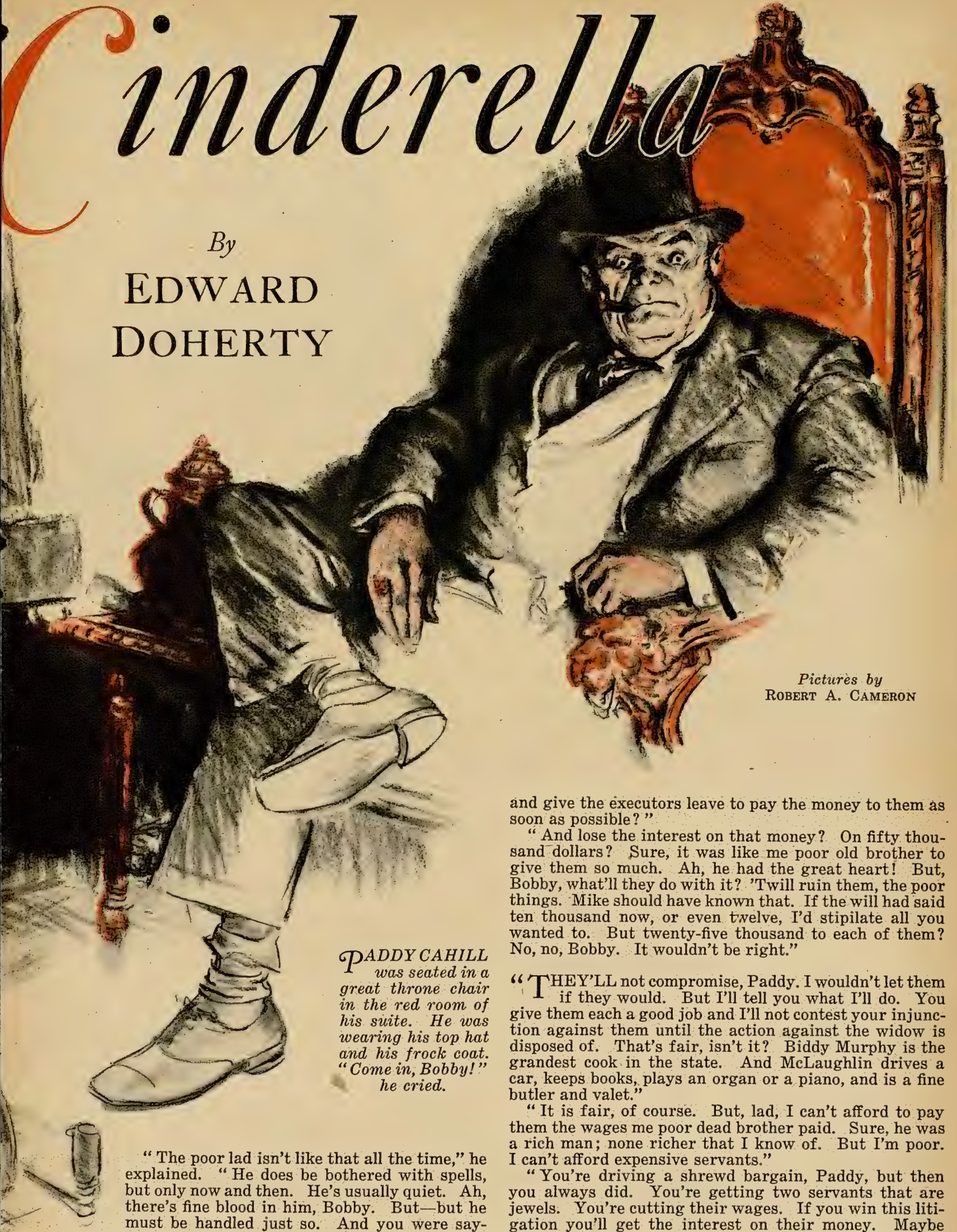
Geoffrey escorted the artist into another room, and Paddy pulled down his vest and tried to smile benignly.



Cinderella

By

EDWARD DOHERTY



Pictures by
ROBERT A. CAMERON

PADDY CAHILL was seated in a great throne chair in the red room of his suite. He was wearing his top hat and his frock coat. "Come in, Bobby!" he cried.

"The poor lad isn't like that all the time," he explained. "He does be bothered with spells, but only now and then. He's usually quiet. Ah, there's fine blood in him, Bobby. But—but he must be handled just so. And you were saying?"

"Oh, yes. About McLaughlin and Biddy Murphy. Paddy, you are tying up their legacies, and they're out of jobs. Can't you stipulate that the clauses in the will relating to them, and only to them, shall stand, and give the executors leave to pay the money to them as soon as possible?"

"And lose the interest on that money? On fifty thousand dollars? Sure, it was like me poor old brother to give them so much. Ah, he had the great heart! But, Bobby, what'll they do with it? 'Twill ruin them, the poor things. Mike should have known that. If the will had said ten thousand now, or even twelve, I'd stipilate all you wanted to. But twenty-five thousand to each of them? No, no, Bobby. It wouldn't be right."

"THEY'LL not compromise, Paddy. I wouldn't let them if they would. But I'll tell you what I'll do. You give them each a good job and I'll not contest your injunction against them until the action against the widow is disposed of. That's fair, isn't it? Biddy Murphy is the grandest cook in the state. And McLaughlin drives a car, keeps books, plays an organ or a piano, and is a fine butler and valet."

"It is fair, of course. But, lad, I can't afford to pay them the wages me poor dead brother paid. Sure, he was a rich man; none richer that I know of. But I'm poor. I can't afford expensive servants."

"You're driving a shrewd bargain, Paddy, but then you always did. You're getting two servants that are jewels. You're cutting their wages. If you win this litigation you'll get the interest on their money. Maybe you'll talk them into taking less than they're entitled to."

Cahill laughed as though he had been flattered.

"Poor men must be shrewd, Bobby lad," he said. "Must you be going?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-one

Shannon took the hint and rose. " Yes," he said. " I'm going to the wake. You'll be there? "

" I'd give anything in the world to go, Bobby. But go I can't. 'Tis a wife I have that drives me night and day, and gives me no rest at all, at all. It's society is eating her now. It's go here, go there. It's ' Paddy, we must have this,' and ' Paddy, we must have that.' Look at all this red furniture. And in the next room it's all green. And in the one beyond it's orchid. No, I'll not see me poor brother again, Bobby lad. But wrap me up some of Biddy Murphy's cooking and send it back by one of the girls. I'll know then, do you see, how good a cook she is."

II

A GREAT stone vase of flowers rested on the porch of Michael Cahill's immense stone house, and streamers of black and purple hung down its sides. The wide front door was open, and Malachy McLaughlin, in his decent Sunday clothes, remained just inside it to receive visitors and direct them to the room where the body lay.

" He's in the chapel, Mr. Shannon," McLaughlin said.

Shannon looked at him sharply.

" Oh, it's you, Malachy. I didn't know you at first—without your uniform."

" Would that I could wear it for years more! "

" What are you going to do? "

" Oh, I'll go hacking for somebody, I suppose. But never again will I wear Ebb-Tide Mike's uniform for any man."

Shannon was trying to find a fitting reply, but McLaughlin gave him no chance.

" It's a fine decent coffin you bought him," he went on. " Ah, he knew he could trust your taste, Mr. Shannon. It took thought to select, and—and discrimination. Plain and rich but not ostentatious. Exactly like him. A gentleman's coffin, Mr. Shannon! "

The little folderols of death, Shannon thought, what power they have for consolation. He could not understand it. " Where's Biddy? " he asked.

" In her kitchen. Paddy Cahill sent over a girl to help her. But Biddy chased her out of the kitchen, and set her to scrubbing down the stairs. She's cooking five hams and half a dozen chickens, and she's slicing bread and making slathers of coffee. There'll be a grand wake here tonight, and maybe hundreds of people to feed. But Biddy will feed them. The coroner was here for lunch, and all his jurors with him."

" I know that. He talked to you and Biddy."

" Yes. It's in the papers."

"I haven't read them, but I want to talk to you too. I'll see Biddy first. You meet me later in the chapel."

Biddy met him with a menacing spoon in her right hand, but, recognizing him, dropped the weapon, and hid her face in her apron and sobbed. " Oh, Mister Bob! W'u'dn't ye know this w'u'd happen, and him throwing away the hat he'd worn these twenty years and more? ' God keep him from trouble,' I said when Malachy told me. And it was only a little while till we heard the shot."

She put down her apron, found a handkerchief, and blew her honest nose.

" And who w'u'd think that a girl like her w'u'd kill him? Sure, 'twas a glimpse of paradise he gave her. And if it was only a glimpse, it was her own fault."

She picked up her spoon, ran the hot water over it, dried it, put it on the spotless table. She opened the oven door, flooding the room with wholesome smells, closed the door, and plumped herself on a little white stool.

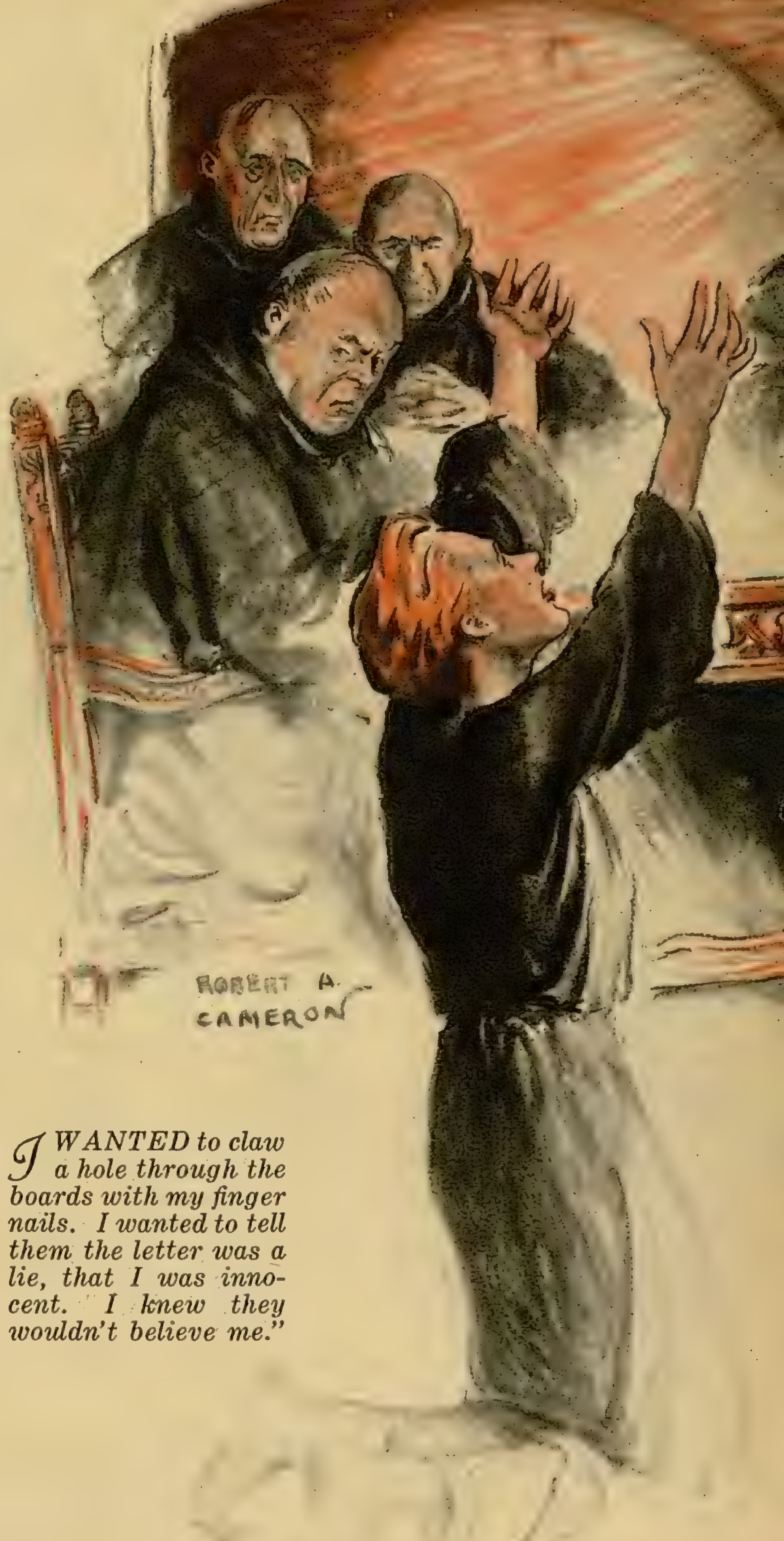
" You think she killed him, Biddy? "

" What else w'u'd I be thinking? "

" But why should she? "

" For dressing her in the devil's own color. For telling everybody the sort of woman she was. Ah, it was a terrible thing for him to do. But little he thought of it. That was his way. His own wife! And her that pretty and wan and hungry she'd break the heart of a stone man."

" Well, I didn't come to talk about her, Biddy, but about you. Mike left you twenty-five thousand dollars in his will."



" I WANTED to claw a hole through the boards with my finger nails. I wanted to tell them the letter was a lie, that I was innocent. I knew they wouldn't believe me."

" The saints preserve him. He was the decentest man I ever knew. Twenty-five thousand dollars! Glory be! "

" But Paddy Cahill has tied it up. He wants to get his brother's money, you see, and he's going to make you wait until he gets it. That may be years. It may be never."

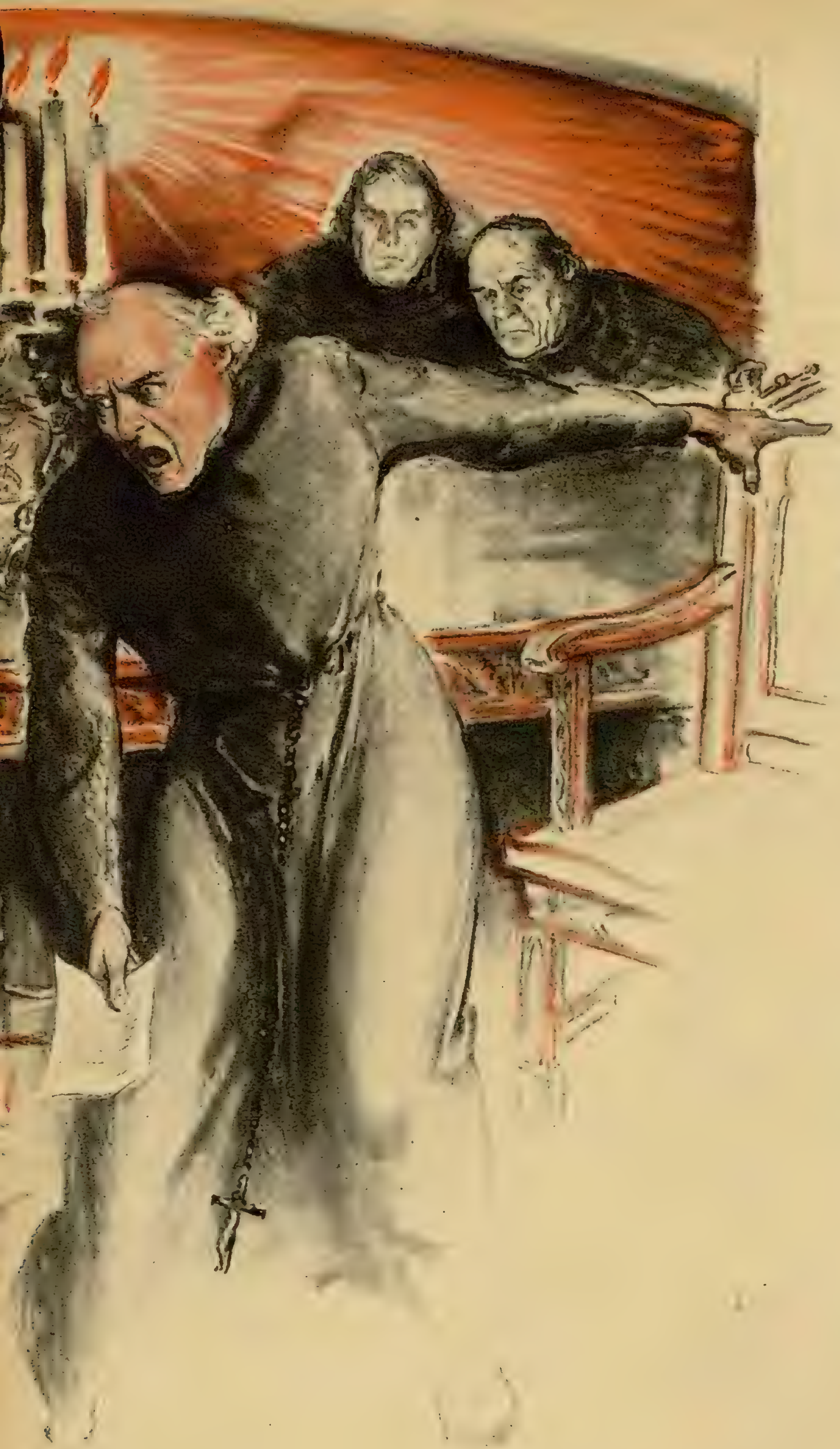
" The devil fly away with Patrick Cahill, the mean, greedy rapscallion of a man."

" Easy, Biddy. You're going to work for him."

" Work for him? Me? I'll not step foot into his house."

" Oh, yes, you will, Biddy. I want you to. I want him watched. You can help me—and Malachy too, of course—if you will."

" He's a pig. He's a crook."



"You'll have to work for less money, but I'll make it up to you."

"I'll poison him, I will. I'll put ground glass in his coffee."

Shannon smiled.

"You'll be as soft as a dove to him, and as cunning as a serpent. You'll let me know everything you find out about him, and about Geoffrey Lynch."

"I'll give him indigestion."

"You'll do worse than that if you do as I say."

"Then I'll do it, Mister Bob. And will ye have a smidgin of ham before you go?"

"No, thanks. Not now. Later. After I talk to Malachy."

Shannon let himself into the chapel by a door opening off a dark corridor, and walked up the stairway to the landing where Ebb-Tide Mike lay in his black steel coffin. Tall candles in massive holders stood at each corner, like sentinels, throwing flickering lights on the tapestry that rose in back of the coffin toward the dark arched beams and the cobwebs, and on the golden crucifix with its ivory figure.

The room was badly lighted and badly ventilated. Ghosts of old smells haunted it—smells of old plush, old wood, old leather, old carpet, incense long ago consumed, wax candles that had guttered on to the carpet, dust, and withered flowers.

Nobody had been in this room for years, Shannon knew, until Mike Cahill had opened it for his wedding.

"And he stood there, where that candle stands now," he mused. "And she stood here, looking at the figures in the tapestry. I wonder what she thought."

Mike Cahill had made a chapel of this room after he had hung his tapestry. He had furnished it with the pews, the holy-water basins, the stained-glass windows, the statues, the organ, and the stations of the cross that had been in a little church in Ireland—the church where he and his brother were baptized, the church from which his mother was carried to her grave.

But he had used the room only on those Sundays when he was too ill to go walking down the boulevard to the cathedral, with his silk hat cocked on his head and his blackthorn swinging jauntily in his hand. At such times, a priest from the cathedral said Mass at a portable altar set on this stair landing. And young Mike Cahill was the altar boy.

The room was closed when young Mike went to jail.

Shannon looked at his watch. Six o'clock. He walked down the stairs and waited for Malachy. He did not wait long.

"I put the girl at the door," Malachy said, "and told her to send everybody to the library."

"Good. Malachy, you were once a monk, weren't you?"

"I was a novice. I never took the vows."

"So Mike once told me. But you won't mind telling me the story again? I have a reason."

Malachy shrugged his shoulders. Lawyers were queer people. They were like women, forever asking questions; but a man might as well please them. It was easier than trying to hush them.

"No, I don't mind. It was in the old country. A long time ago. I was in the monastery a little over a year, and I loved it. It was like being in heaven—the early-morning rising, the chanting of psalms at Mass, before breakfast, the study periods, the recreation periods, the classes, the Latin and Hebrew and Greek, the music, the men and boys I knew.

"I went home when my father died, way up in County Donegal, and I stayed there a week."

"AND there you met the girl!"

"At my father's wake, yes. And ah, she was the beauty then, with hair as black as old Mike's hat, and eyes that blue you could swim in them. And she fell in love with me, and wouldn't let me be. Nothing I did could get me rid of her, though I tried most everything. I give you my word, I did.

"The night I left my home to go back to the monastery, she almost caused a scandal in the parish, begging me to stay and marry her, and this before my mother and all the neighbors, crying like a banshee, and trying to put her arms around me.

"'Would you take my boy from God?' my mother asked her.

"'I will take him from God!' she swore, and with that she ran out of the house, and my mother went over to the holy-water bottle and sprinkled the house with it.

"It wasn't a month afterward that Father Anselm came into my cell and beckoned me to leave my books and follow him. His face was stern and sorrowful, and very solemn. A great fright came over me as I followed him down the corridor, as though doomsday had come at last, and no reason for it, and I was found guilty of something I knew nothing of.

"He led me into a room where a lot of monks sat around a long narrow table, and left me standing there while he took his seat. Then he and all the others bent their heads in prayer.

"There were twelve of them, and I thought of the Last Supper, and the good Lord there, and the twelve apostles, and one of them about to betray Him—and that one myself.

"They asked me to kneel and make a general confes-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-three

sion, to tell all the sins I had committed. They listened until I had finished, and my heart was ticking like a clock all the time. And when I had done, Father Anselm asked if that were all.

" 'All I can remember, father,' I said.

" He told me to rise, then, and he gave me a letter to read. It was a letter the girl had written. She said I had seduced her and deserted her. She demanded that I come back and marry her, for she was going to have a child.

" Mr. Shannon, I fell to the floor. I wanted to claw a hole through the boards with my finger nails. I wanted to tell them the letter was a lie, that I was innocent. I knew they wouldn't believe me. What Irishman would? The Irish never doubt a girl, especially when she's in trouble. And they'll take her word against a man's, whatever she's done. I had no defense, or I could think of none. The audacity of her, the shameless, brazen audacity! It stunned me! And so I left the monastery forever. But it clings to me. Whenever the car goes around a sharp curve at night I catch myself making little crosses on the wheel —things like that."

" Thanks, Malachy. Natalie Cahill is in the same fix now. She's innocent, but can't prove it. Here they'll take Paddy Cahill's word against hers, anybody's word. This isn't Ireland."

" 'Haughty eyes,' Malachy quoted, " 'a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood.' "

" Stop! " Shannon said sharply. " Quit quoting the Bible. Every time you do it—every time you say something against Mrs. Cahill—you help her brother-in-law, and hurt yourself. You've already given old Wheatley enough ammunition to put that girl in the chair! "

Malachy seemed bewildered.

" In this country, Malachy, a woman charged with murder is always guilty until she's acquitted—and after she's acquitted too. Perhaps that's because there have been so many women charged with murder. But we regard an immoral woman as even lower than a murderess. Matt Whelan told me that you quoted the Proverbs to the coroner today, and the district attorney was present. That old boy is going to beg, borrow, or steal a Bible—and when he gets in front of the jury he'll play God Almighty, and damn her as ' the evil woman.' "

" But she killed him," Malachy said.

" She did not. Paddy Cahill had more to do with it than she. He had his brother killed—for his brother's money—and he's framed that girl—even as your girl framed you. Her life is in peril. With yours it was only a matter of your reputation. I'm going to defend Mrs. Cahill and I want your help."

" I'll help you, Mr. Shannon, bitter though it is."

" You'll feel differently after you talk to Biddy."

" And what do you want me to do? "

Shannon looked at his wrist watch and jumped up.

" Can't tell you now. But I'll see you tomorrow. Meantime—no more Proverbs."

" Anything you say—but I still think she killed him."

They walked to the door, and Shannon looked at his watch again. " And those monks, Malachy, still think you wronged that girl. What happened to her, by the way? "

" I went home and married her," said Malachy with a grin.

III

BEFORE he entered the jail Shannon stopped in a drug store and phoned Matt Whelan.

" Get me the low-down on Geoffrey Lynch, Pat Cahill's so-called secretary," he said. " I want his entire background. He has a prison record. Cahill said tonight that he had taken Lynch out of some jail. It may have been in New York, it may have been in California. It may have been in Europe. Anything new? "

" The coroner wants to have Mrs. Cahill at the inquest tomorrow. Everything's set to hold her to the grand jury for first degree murder."

" To hell with the coroner. He can make her attend the inquest, but he can't make her talk. And I suppose Wheatley's all ready to have her indicted, and Cahill is demanding immediate trial? "

" Correct. And he's found out she had a kid."

" Damn him! He'll crucify her. All right. But get busy on Lynch right away; and I want everything—where he was born, who his parents are, who he went to school with, what cops know him, who his women friends are. Even the color of his underwear is important."

" O. K. And his pictures and his fingerprints and his Bertillon measurements."

Shannon was worried when he met his client for the second time that day—and it was precisely seven o'clock when he entered the visitors' cage—but he looked the most cheerful person in the universe.

" You look much better," he greeted her, " but you've got to get a lot of sleep tonight, and wear the blue dress tomorrow. The coroner will hold you for murder. The grand jury will indict you. Reporters will try to interview you. Photographers will take your picture. Everybody you come in contact with will stare at you as though you were a curious animal. But don't let anything disturb you. Let the photographers take all the pictures they want. Be gracious to the reporters but don't tell them anything. Don't weep at the inquest."

NATALIE smiled.

" Stop laughing," she said. " And stop crying. That's what the inspector told me last night. Nothing can disturb me now. I've slept most of the afternoon. Miss Rollins was here a little while ago. She's lovely. She brought me clothes, fruit, magazines, books, playing cards, cross-word puzzles, everything she could think of."

" Winnie's a grand girl," Shannon said.

" She's a peach. I congratulate you."

Shannon blushed, for no reason at all; which made it all the sillier, he thought.

" Thanks," he said. " But—you haven't told me yet just what happened. Suppose you begin from the time you walked into the library and glared at your husband and then walked out again."

" I was furious. I had heard what he said. I never was so angry in my life. I went upstairs. I took off those horrid clothes— By the way, the matron took them, after I put on this."

For the first time Bob Shannon noticed she was wearing a blue dress and not a red one. He stared at her.

" It's very pretty," he said. " I noticed it as soon as you came through the door, and I was going to say how well you looked in it, but the matron—"

He stopped, embarrassed at her scrutiny.

" Mr. Shannon, you never noticed it until I called it to your attention," she accused him, smiling. " You're just like all the rest of the men."

She stood up and posed in it, showing him the front of it, the sides, the back, walking up and down, hands on her hips, head thrown back.

" Beautiful! " he said. " And the shoes! Just right! "

She laughed, delighted, and sat down again.

" A new dress makes a new woman of me," she said. " A new dress or a new cake of soap! "

" I forgot to send you soap! "

" You did not. Miss Rollins brought me enough soap to last a year, and said you helped her select the different kinds."

" Of course. I remember now—she was buying the soap while I went to telephone my office. But go on. The matron took the old clothes? "

" To examine them for bloodstains, I suppose."

The smile left her face, but it came back again in a moment. " As if one more bit of evidence against me meant anything."

" It means a lot. Sometimes the most trivial things. But never mind that. You took off everything—and then? "

" I threw the clothes on the floor, and the jewels too. I went to bed. I was crying, but I was dead tired, and went to sleep at once.

"Sometime during the night I woke. The room was dark, and for a moment I didn't know where I was. Then I saw Ebb-Tide Mike Cahill standing just inside the door. The light from the corridor was on him. He was saying, 'My own son! My own son!' There seemed to be another man with him, but he was in the dark, and he had something that seemed to glitter. I must have been half awake, half asleep. The scene didn't register at the time. Not deeply, that is—yet I remembered it at once when I really woke."

"You didn't see the face of the man in the dark?"

"If I did, I don't remember it."

"Nor any part of him? A hand, a foot, a shoulder, even a finger?"

"No."

"How long were you awake—or half awake?"

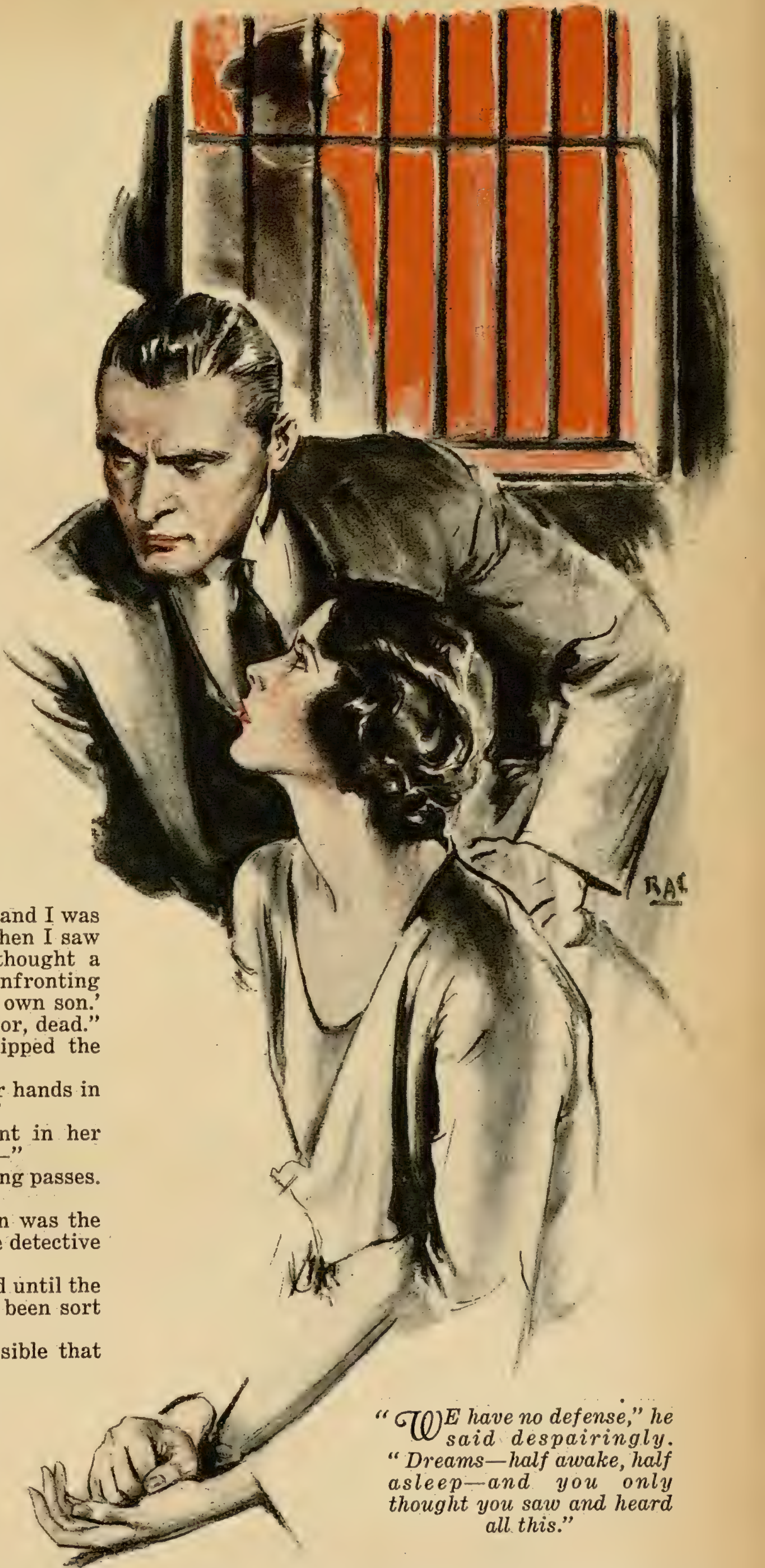
"I don't know; a few seconds maybe. I think I had been dreaming about Cahill, and when I opened my eyes and saw him, it seemed part of the dream. I was so tired that my eyes closed, and I went sound asleep again."

"You're sure it wasn't a dream?"

"It couldn't have been. And yet—I can't swear that it was not. The next I knew a man was shaking me by the shoulder, and I was frightened, and dreadfully embarrassed. I thought I was still naked. It was something of a shock to discover I had a nightgown on."

"You didn't hear the shot?"

"No."



"We have no defense," he said despairingly. "Dreams—half awake, half asleep—and you only thought you saw and heard all this."

"HARRISON shook you, and you woke up. What did you do or say?"

"I said 'What's the matter?' or 'What are you doing here?' Something like that. He made some remark about that being a joke and I was just pretending. He pulled me out of bed. Then I saw the ropes—and remembered the dream. I thought a burglar had come into my room—the man confronting my husband. I remembered him saying 'My own son.' Then I saw my husband stretched out on the floor, dead."

Natalie closed her eyes, and her hands gripped the edge of the table. Her knuckles whitened.

Shannon leaned across the table and took her hands in his. "It's all right," he said. "It's all right."

"It's hideous," she said, a little excitement in her voice. "Every time I think of him—like that—"

"I know. I know. But it will pass. Everything passes. Go on with your story."

"I told the detective that my husband's son was the burglar; that he had killed his father. And the detective said Ebb-Tide's son was dead.

"I don't remember much more that happened until the inspector came and shut me up. I must have been sort of crazy."

"I don't wonder at that. But—isn't it possible that what your husband said was 'My own gun'?"

Natalie shook her head.

"Your fingerprint was on the gun. You are sure you didn't touch it?"

"Positive. I couldn't stand touching it. I shudder at the sight of guns."

"You couldn't have touched it accidentally? You didn't fall near the body, or get down on your knees, anything like that?"

"No."

"You hadn't seen the gun before?"

"I saw it for the first time when I saw my husband's body."

"You saw the corridor light glinting on it?"

"Yes—but I didn't know what it was then."

Shannon stared at the table top a long while.

"We have no defense," he said at last despairingly. "Dreams—half awake, half asleep—and you only thought you saw and heard all this—and your jewels under your mattress, and the ropes tied so loosely around your wrists and ankles, and your fingerprint on the gun, and your story that Mike's son did it—dreams and ghosts."

He looked up at her.

"Did you ever see the rope before?"

Again she shook her head.

"You didn't hide your jewels?"

"No."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-five

“ Mrs. Cahill, did you ever walk in your sleep? ”

“ Never.”

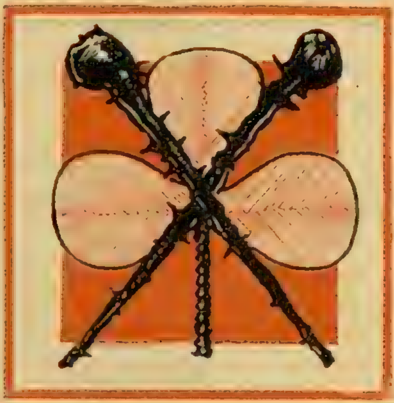
Shannon assumed his cheerful smile again.

“ Well, don’t worry. We’ll get you out. Matt Whelan, my investigator, thought up a defense that might do. You woke out of a sound sleep. You saw your husband with a gun in his hand.”

“ But he didn’t have the gun, Mr. Shannon. I’m sure of that.”

“ But Biddy says he was going to your room with the gun in his hand when she last saw him alive.”

“ But he didn’t have it when I saw him. His hands were raised, like this.”



“ Oh! Then you are sure you saw him—you’re sure now? ”

“ Yes. I’m sure. He was standing as though somebody had said ‘ Hands Up! ’ That’s what made me think of a burglar.”

“ The burglar said nothing? ”

“ Nothing. He made no sound.”

“ Well, let me outline Whelan’s idea. You woke and found a man in your room, a man with a gun. You’d been almost drugged with sleep. You didn’t know where you were when you woke up; but you were terror-stricken. You jumped out of bed. You grappled with the man. The gun was discharged. You heard him fall. Then you turned on the light—and saw the man, and recognized your husband. You realized then the predicament you were in. You were frightened. You lost your head.”

“ And I did all those things to make people believe a burglar shot him? ”

“ Exactly! ”

“ It’s not true.”

“ It might save your life.”

“ It’s not true.”

Her black eyes challenged him.

“ I know it isn’t true,” he admitted, frowning; “ but sometimes the truth is so preposterous nobody will believe it—whereas they will believe a lie. And your story is so very—well—unconvincing.”

“ Mr. Shannon, you are not to lie for me.”

“ If it would save your life—”

“ The truth will save me. The truth is that Mike Cahill’s son—or someone he believed his son—killed him.”

“ Nobody could have killed him but his dead son—or you.”

“ Why do you say that? ”

“ Mike Cahill’s house has only one door. You know that. Anybody coming into the house or going out of it must pass through that door. There’s no other means of ingress or egress. The windows are barred.

“ That door is protected. Unless it is opened with the right key, and then pushed or pulled open just so, it disturbs a very delicate mechanism built into one of the panels. When this mechanism is set in motion, an alarm sounds, and a gas bomb explodes. A stranger trying to open that door would kill himself.

“ YOUNG Mike Cahill invented that mechanism. Now, if he were alive it would be entirely possible for him to gain entrance into his father’s house unobserved, to kill his father, to frame you, and to make his escape. It would be logical to believe that he did.

“ But young Mike is dead, has been dead nearly five years.”

“ Tell me about him,” Natalie said.

“ Young Mike was a fine boy, until he came back from the war. He came back after the others, for he had been wounded and gassed and had spent months in a hospital. He came back more or less a maniac. He would be quiet for a while, and studious. He invented that contrivance for the door during one of his good spells.

“ Old Mike was furious when he learned how young Mike had fixed that door—but he couldn’t do anything about it—for fear of that gas bomb. He’d have liked to batter it down with his blackthorn—but he didn’t dare. He was afraid it would explode and kill him. Poor old Mike! Many a time I’ve seen him stand and curse that door before he opened it. And then he’d push it gently and curse some more. If he could only slam it!

“ He was afraid it would go off every time he opened it. He was afraid it would go off if he took the door down. ‘ My son is a lunatic,’ he used to say, ‘ a gas lunatic, and worse than rheumatism.’ ”

“ When young Mike was bad he was wild. He got drunk. He went looking for fights—but he came by that honestly. You know why they called the old man ‘ Ebb-Tide ’? Remind me to tell you about that. He went looking for fights, for excitement of any kind. Once he shot a man, but Paddy Cahill kept him out of jail. Another time he attacked a policeman. Paddy got him out of that scrape too.

“ Old Mike hired a couple of husky men to keep the boy out of trouble, but he escaped from them one night and did something horrible. He went to jail for that. Because an innocent little girl was involved, old Mike refused to do anything for him. Paddy tried his best, but the best he could do was to have the boy sentenced to the penitentiary for fourteen years.

“ HE was in prison only six months or so when he escaped, with his cell mate. They sawed the bars, got up on the roof of the cell house and then got to the walls, and let themselves down on rope ladders. They killed a guard, and got away in an automobile.

“ The car was found the next morning on a lonely road about fifty miles from the prison. It had struck the abutment of a bridge over a narrow stream, had rolled down an embankment, and had burned up. Young Mike’s body was found at the wheel. A dentist identified it by some bridge work.”

“ And the other man,” Natalie asked, “ the convict who escaped with him? They never found him? ”

“ No. But I’ll have Whelan check up on him. It’s a good bet. Of course Mike—or Paddy—might have bribed that dentist to identify the body as that of young Mike. If so—that, of course, would account for Ebb-Tide’s peculiar habit of talking of the boy as though he were still alive.

“ By God! There is a thought! Young Mike is alive! He did kill his father—because the old man left you all the estate! ”

In his excitement Bob Shannon took Natalie’s hands in his own and held them tight, and watched her eyes shine. But the excitement died in a moment, and he let go of her hands, and looked again at the table top.

“ But, even so,” he said. “ Suppose we disinter that body, and some other dentist does identify it as the body of the other convict—what of it? It’s one dentist against another—and we can’t prove young Mike is alive until we can put our hands on him and bring him before the jurors.”

“ And then,” said Natalie, “ it would be almost impossible to prove he was the murderer—and not I.”

“ True—but if we can give the jury a reasonable doubt of your guilt—and any doubt is a reasonable doubt—we’ll save you yet.”

“ There is no hope,” Natalie said.

“ Don’t say that, please. There’s always hope.”

“ Not for me. The judgment of God. Well, so be it. God put me here. God made me as I am. He is responsible for me, for everything I do. I believe that. And I believe, too, that, because He is responsible for me, He will take care of me. I feel I can trust Him.”

“ That’s hope,” Shannon said.

“ It’s faith,” she contradicted him.

“ And it’s courage,” he added.

“ You give me courage,” she said. “ I am so glad that you are—you. And if I must die—”

“ Natalie! ” he cried.

In the crisis that is to come, Natalie will need all the courage that Shannon can give her. You’ll watch them prepare to meet that crisis in next week’s tense installment of The Shackled Cinderella.

WANTED!

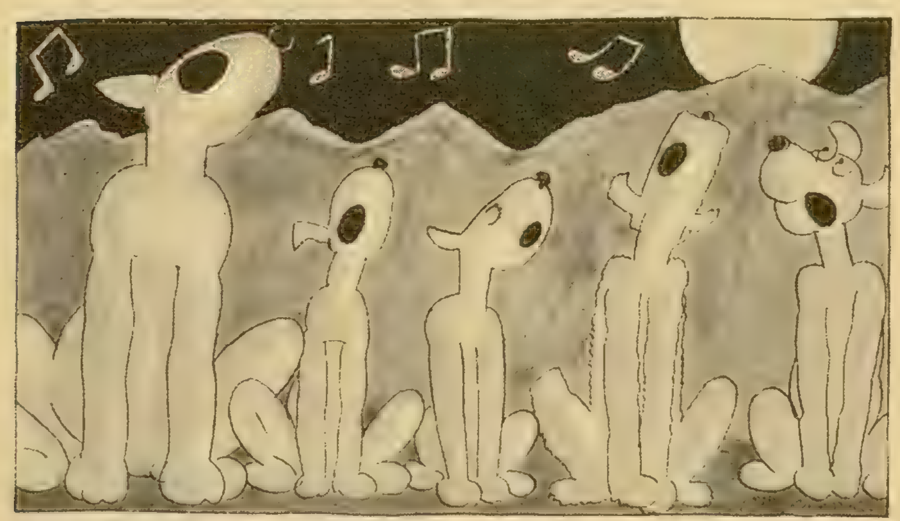
232 WISE CRACKS *for* CASH

Liberty Will Pay

$500 for Answers This Week!

KNOW anything about astronomy? Neither do we. But perhaps when all of the entries in this week's wise-crack contest are rated we'll have a theory. Perhaps some budding Einstein will crash through with something that will back relativity right out of the picture. To win the money just answer this week's contest question with a wise crack of not more than twenty words. Then suggest a new question. The rules explain just how to enter. If your answer wins first money you'll get a check for $100. Second best rates $50. Third money is $25. All for a single wise crack. And there are 229 other cash prizes. Here's the question:

Why does a dog bark at the moon?



WEEKLY CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
Two FOURTH PRIZES, each $10	20
Seven FIFTH PRIZES, each $5	35
Fifty SIXTH PRIZES, each $2	100
170 SEVENTH PRIZES, each $1	170
232 CASH PRIZES, TOTAL	$500

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their immediate families.
2. Each week until further notice Liberty will print a contest question. Write what you consider the most ridiculous possible answer to it. Your answer must be accompanied by a suggested question usable in a future edition of this contest.
3. Each answer must not exceed twenty words. Each suggested question must not exceed twenty words. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Answers in pencil will not be considered. Write on one side of your sheet of paper only.
4. The answer which in the opinion of the judges is the most ridiculous and is accompanied by the best suggested question for a future series of the contest will be awarded the first prize. The next best entry, judged on this basis, will be awarded second prize, etc., according to the prize schedule on this page.
5. Mail all entries to ANSWERS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Entries for this week's contest must be received prior to the close of business on Monday, February 29, 1932.

EIGHTH-WEEK PRIZE WINNERS, HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

$100 FIRST PRIZE

Charles J. Belden, Pitchfork, Wyoming.

$10 SECOND PRIZES

Sam Blyth, Ottawa, Canada; R. L. Boyer, Mt. Vernon, Ohio; M. Braun, El Paso, Tex.; Mrs. G. Dowling, S. Boston, Mass.; Florence Fenton, Vineland, N. J.; Fred P. Heinerichs, Philadelphia, Pa.; George C. Lord, Queens Village, N. Y.; R. P. Piperoux, Fairlawn (Radburn Section), N. J.; William George Taylor, Hollywood, Calif.; William G. Whale, Port Arthur, Canada.

$5 THIRD PRIZES

W. C. Banks, Eutaw, Ala.; Bernhard R. Becker, Buckingham, Pa.; Frank R. Barnard, Lynn, Mass.; Omobono Bonomi, Los Angeles,

$5 THIRD PRIZES—Continued

Calif.; Bradley B. Boss, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Charles W. Boss, Bridgeton, N. J.; V. Arlo Clemmer, Los Angeles, Calif.; Vivian J. Cole, Nelson, Neb.; Mrs. Valentine Combe, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Vincent M. Cox, Marion, Va.; Charles F. Dobes, Chicago, Ill.; Hattie P. Elston, Arnolds Park, Iowa; Frank J. Fink, Cleveland, Ohio.

Bessie Henderson Guard, Harrison, Ohio; John Gillespie, Flint, Mich.; H. B. Hallett, Okauchee, Wis.; O. Holmes, Chicago, Ill.; Reginald Hooper, Crawfordsville, Ind.; William Jacobsen, New York City; Thomas John, Pittston, Pa.; Lew A. W. Johnson, Ashland, Wis.; S. B. Kuller, Oxnard, Calif.; D. Lucid, San Francisco, Calif.; Leo O. Martin, St. Anne, Ill.; Mrs. J. L. Masson, Eureka, Calif.; Katherine L. Mullen, Hagerstown, Md.; A. Niven, Toronto, Can.

Mrs. S. C. Oats, San Antonio, Tex.; Peter Potocki, East Meadow, N. Y.; Mrs. H. Ritterhouse, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. G. E. Rohrer, Houston, Tex.; E. T. Rowland, Evanston, Ill.; Ira W. Rubil, Winnetka, Ill.; H. J. Sheils, Greenville, S. C.; Lee Stanton, Westport, N. Y.; Harry Taubman, Lexington, Mo.; Isabelle V. Warren, Chelmsford, Mass.; Alexander Williams, Rochester, N. Y.; John Williams, Tenafly, N. J.; Jeanette Zschiedrich, Jacksonville, Fla.

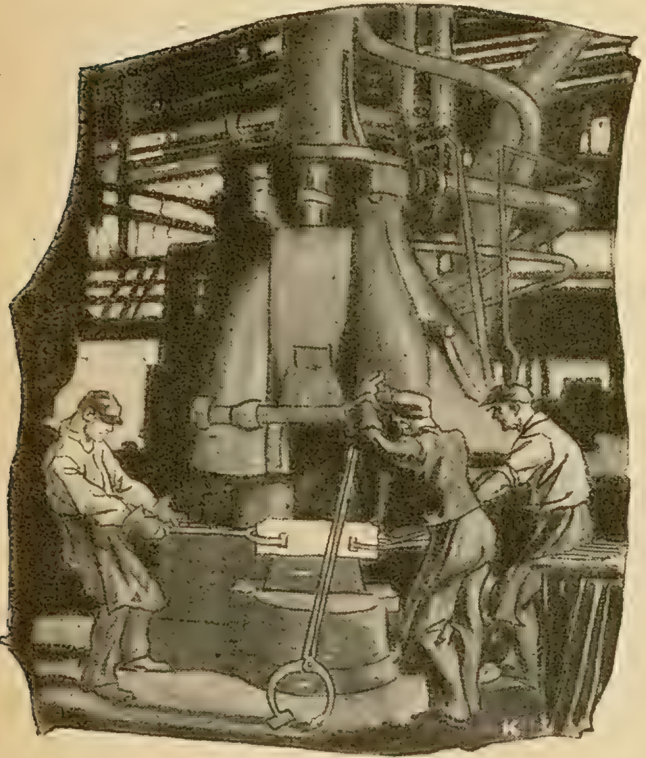
ANOTHER QUESTION AND ANOTHER $500 IN PRIZE MONEY NEXT WEEK!

Things the ENGLISH

To Be Teachable, How to Be Comfortable, The
Their Teeth, Something About Hygiene, Plumbin

By DIAN

Pictures



THE American manufacturer working in England is forced by regulations to employ inferior British labor.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 55 seconds.)

YOU know the old tale—English in origin, needless to say—that the reason why the American and the Englishman seldom hit it off as well as they might is " because the American thinks he is the representative of the greatest nation on earth—whereas, of course, the Englishman *knows* HE is! "

Another thing he's persuaded of—and no one need ever try to convince him to the contrary—is that no other nation on the face of the earth can teach him anything. He knows it all much better already.

If the original apes had been Englishmen, we may be sure man would never have been evolved. The first young monkey who showed a disposition to leave the trees and go live in a nice warm cave where he could use his hands instead of his tail would have been soundly clubbed over the head by his relatives, urged to " think imperially," and eventually persuaded that whatever had been done in England for the last few centuries must be best, after all.

It's a policy that has made England the foremost colonizing nation in the world, and one of the stupidest commercially. Home of fine goods and finer workmanship, she is grimly determined that neither shall be as her customers want them. (She knows how the poor boobs *ought* to want them, and that's how they'll get 'em —or leave 'em be. She is both pained and surprised when they leave 'em be.) Like mother, you see, England " knows best." Just try to persuade her she doesn't!

So, right from the start, we might teach the English to be teachable—I'm afraid it's one lesson they'll never learn. Also to acquire some commercial sense. And to drop their appalling, sterilized immunity to new ideas!

New ideas! Heavens! A man I know who runs a big department store in London, once had to dismiss his whole window-cleaning staff because they refused to use squeegees—those little rubber rakes with which you squeeze the water off large plate-glass surfaces. He had to put a special squeegee clause in the contract of the men he engaged to take their places—and make them sign it. A miniature revolution, armistice, and peace treaty before he could get his several hundred display windows properly cleaned by time-saving methods!

Of course squeegees had probably gone out in America in favor of some newer-fangled invention years before my friend even heard of them. But in England you must remember it is still possible to find department stores where they use that overhead railway contraption to pay cash and get your change.

They're no great believers, the English, in either efficiency or comfort. Witness the fact that for approximately 1,900 years they've been scorching their faces in front of blazing open fires (lighted ten minutes, at most, before the room was required) while their posteriors shivered in the background! Ever since they discovered we had a country worth visiting this side of the Atlantic duck pond, and started visiting it, they have been snuffling their derision and hatred of our " overheated interiors " through their own perpetual, running, winter colds; and tottering up to bed in the clammy ice houses *they* call rooms on limbs crippled with rheumatism, gout, and arthritis, sheathed in a very armor of self-satisfaction!

With the wettest, vilest, most comfortless climate in the world, the English have chosen to make coal their pet economy. Food is the next favorite, and I've heard English people of the so-called middle classes—in other words, the most detestable brand, for the " common people " and the aristocracy are both charming—pass remarks about their guests' appetites that would make an American host and hostess, no matter how poor, blush for shame.

Beds are another thing they hate spending money on, and are, however slowly, learning about from us. Bed being a place in which one spends, roughly, a third of one's life, it has always struck me as a singularly foolish spot to start economizing. But the English remember only that comparatively few people ever find out what kind of beds you have, whereas everybody sees the drawing-room, and they furnish accordingly.

I have never forgotten going as a child to an auction of the contents of a great English mansion, once the property of wealthy and titled people.

BEFORE the actual sale began, would-be purchasers wandered through the various rooms inspecting goods. We were looking, I believe, for antique bedroom furniture—Chippendale or Queen Anne. The show guest room wasn't bad. Nothing to write home about. The "master's bedroom" was habitable. Then came a mysterious series of what apparently were tenement or charity-ward rooms.

In making movies we've alre

At last, " Where are the *family's* rooms? " asked my mother. " These you're looking at, ma'am." " But—they *can't*—nobody would—" " I wouldn't put a *dog* to sleep on *that,*" snorted my father. And he wouldn't have! And later: " Let's go up and see what on earth they gave the servants to sleep on, if this was for the family."

We went up. And we did see. I can remember it quite clearly today. And so I wasn't surprised when, years later, a very well paid maid I had engaged myself broke

Can Learn from US

omen to Dress, Their Men to Work, to Clean
nd Sportsmanship, and a Number of Other Things

BOURBON

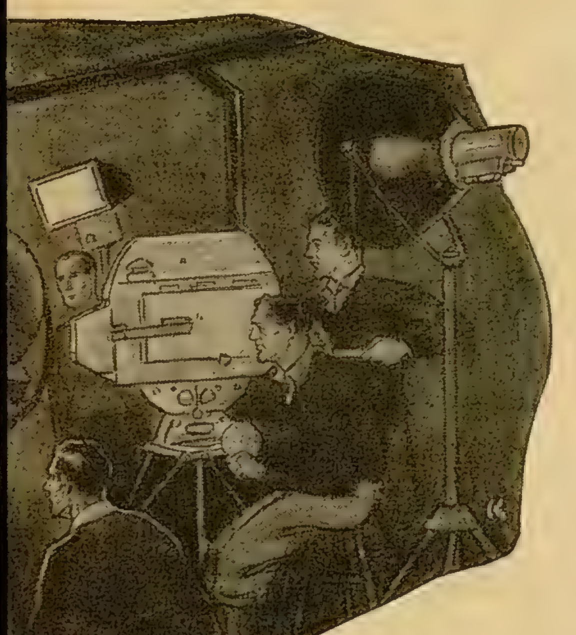
LATHAM KIDDER

down and wept at sight of the pretty and comfortably furnished room that was to be hers.

And yet—here's a funny thing—I tried to introduce that same woman to a kitchen cabinet. Do you think she would have anything to do with it? English kitchens, of course, are museum pieces anyway. And those who inhabit them are museum minded—largely, perhaps, because no one of superior intelligence ever does any of the inhabiting. In other words, not one English housewife in a hundred can cook. And the hundredth keeps it a dead secret for fear of being thought undignified.

A little while ago two English girls I know were visiting here in New York, and one day, to break their round of restaurants and speakeasies and theaters, I had them to dinner in my apartment, which a Swedish woman cleans up every morning—thereafter disappearing till the next day. In other words, I cooked the dinner myself. It took perhaps fifteen minutes. It was a good dinner, better than we had at most of the restaurants.

It was easy to do, and I enjoyed it, as I always enjoy cooking when I get the chance. But those two little zanies were struck dumb. The idea of "doing one's own work"; of "cooking a dinner to eat oneself!" If it had been for charity, I would probably not have lost so much prestige, though of course it would have been difficult to explain knowing *how!* And I am *sure* they have gone back to London and spread the tidings of how "poor Diana has come down in the world. When she gets sick of restaurants, she actually cooks her own food!'"

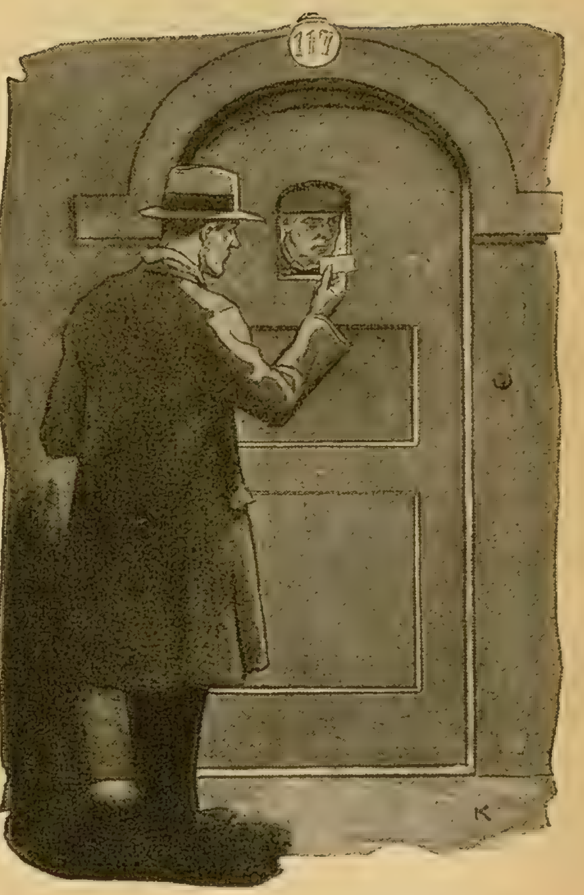


the pace for the world.

Well, well. One of those same girls rushed out the afternoon she got here to buy a "chic American dress." They hear a lot in England, and deservedly, of how much better American women dress than they do. She bought a red one. The fact that she had nothing else that color in her whole wardrobe worried her not at all. She wore it happily most of the time she was here, with a black coat, a beige hat, and brown shoes and stockings—and, because she was pretty, contrived not to look too terrible in spite of it.

Will Englishwomen, I wonder, ever learn from Americans how to dress? Not to hang themselves with beads and chains and tuppenny-halfpenny ornaments, like strings of washing and garlic in an Italian tenement. Not to wear those odd, boat-shaped shoes that make their feet look somehow as though they weren't of one piece with their ankles. Not to do their hair in little, sad-looking buns on the back of their heads. And first, last, and all the time, *to get things that match.*

To answer my own question, I doubt it, really. Though Englishwomen have learned a lot since the war, no one will ever *quite* get them out of the idea that to look smart isn't altogether "nice."



THE speakeasy is the one thing we have to offset the claims of the English "pub" and the French sidewalk café.

And no one will ever *quite* get them to keep their teeth clean. That goes for the men as well. Only more so. English teeth are a disgrace to a civilized nation. And it is due to sheer laziness. Cleaning them and going to the dentist look too much like hard work—and how the English do hate that at any time! To find a really good set of teeth over there is as rare as to find a really bad one here. The most astonishing people will go round obstinately clinging to a mouthful of green, decayed atrocities. Even when they get false ones, they look funny. English false teeth are the funniest in the world. They never fit. They're an odd, unnatural white. And their owners always look as though they had their mouths full.

ENGLISH dental work inevitably makes me think of English plumbing. They're both abysmal, but the mental association must be one of opposites, because the plumbing is always beautifully concealed. It's the kind that, if a pipe bursts, you have to pull down the side of the house to look for it. Colored porcelain, running-water wash-basins in the bedrooms, and more than one bathroom to eight or ten of the (moneyed) population are still regarded as senseless extravagances.

And—talking about bathrooms and plumbing and things like that—what about hygiene? The English are back in the dark ages where that's concerned. Particularly in the matter of raw food. I remember an afternoon not so long ago when I sat at tea on the Terrace of the House of Commons and listened to pretty, red-haired Ellen Wilkinson (*enfant terrible* of the Labor Party; I believe she was landslided out last election) hold forth on the subject of English milk: not only its quality, which is poor, but the way it is served.

All dairies in England keep a huge bowl of loose milk on tap, as it were, for casual customers. The milk is bailed out by means of a dirty little metal dipper which hangs outside the bowl, collecting dust and germs. It is poured from that into bottles or containers brought by the purchaser, and runs down the outside of these, dripping back into the bowl. When not in use, the bowl is covered by a bit of cheesecloth, seldom washed, and usually sporting colored beads at the corners to hold it down.

Ellen Wilkinson thought this method of dishing up milk

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOSES 24 POUNDS OF FAT IN 31 DAYS

SAFE EASY

SANE QUICK

Depicting the captivating charm and physical attractiveness which chic slenderness brings.

Thousands upon thousands of fashionable women are increasingly placing their faith in a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—going lighter on potatoes, fatty meats and pastry to safely lose excess fat and give them a beguilingly slender, trim figure—glorious health, new energy, strength and great body activity.

Mrs. C. La Follette of Shepardsville, Ky. writes: "I take Kruschen and find it fine. Reduced 24 lbs. in 31 days. Ate all I wanted, 3 meals a day. Feel like a new person."

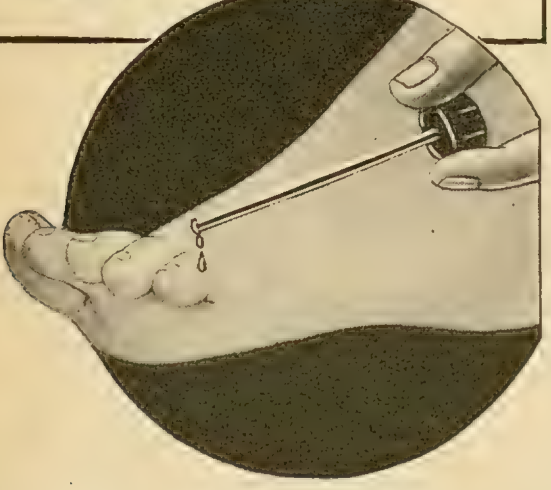
An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and leading drugstores the world over heartily recommend this pleasant, effective treatment.

Remember Kruschen is more than just a laxative salt—it's a marvelous blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—then just watch excess fat gradually disappear!

KRUSCHEN SALTS

HOW TO STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

One drop does it—corn soon lifts off



Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE

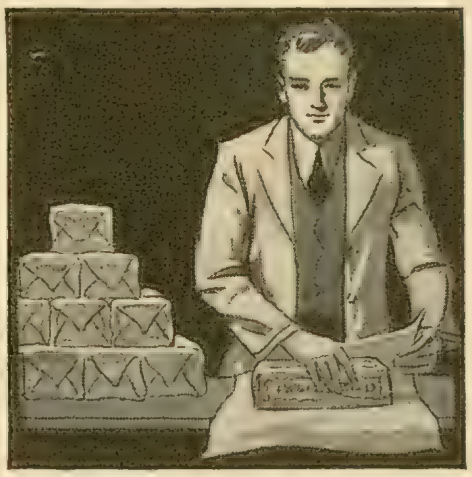
THINGS THE ENGLISH CAN LEARN FROM US

Continued from page sixty-nine

disgusting, which it is. She thought something ought to be done about it. I agreed. Especially as that was the only way the poorer people ever got milk at all.

Quite right. But the thing that got her so completely was that not only were the 590 odd *male* members of the House of Commons entirely indifferent to the subject of clean milk, but the eight or more women members didn't care either!

Nor is milk an exceptional article of diet in the way it is handled. Meat and fish are exposed for sale in open, windowless shops (glass windows at the butcher's are quite an innovation), where the filthy dust and refuse from the street can blow on to them. And they may be, indeed are, freely handled by would-be purchasers.



In America, bakers' bread is done up in paper.

Protest, and the English laugh at you. The stuff has to be cooked before you eat it anyway! So it does. But what about fruit? Groceries? What about bread?

Bakers' bread is not done up in paper as it is here, but is exposed for sale in the dirty shop, just as you will eat it eventually. Besides, when it is delivered to you, the baker carries it on his back in an open basket, its crust rubbing amicably against his suit. Of course there's a green baize cloth in the basket with which he is supposed to cover his wares. But he's in a bit of a hurry, and men are never very deft at arranging cloths, and, anyway, there's nothing to mark which is the outside of the baize and which side should go against the bread—so it would only get turned inside out in any case.

LET'S return to the Englishman's inveterate hatred of a job of work. This is ingrained. And one of the funniest things about America, to his way of thinking, is our intense enjoyment of work! Quite literally, the English work to live—and work, be it added, as little as they can. Almost equally, I think, we Americans live to work. Of course it's open to question whether the idea, carried as far as we carry it, is quite as good as we think it is. But one thing I'm sure of is that it's better than theirs!

Once I returned to this country after an absence in Europe of five years, solid. Nothing especially, individually American struck me about the docks—unless it was the rudeness of my compatriots, which always affects one painfully on returning from abroad. Or about West Side New York. But just at the corner of Broadway and Forty-fourth Street my taxi was held up. There was a new super-skyscraper going up there. Desultorily I looked in. Suddenly I saw a workman running—actually *running!*—with a barrowful of cement. And I knew I was back home.

Also, I'd seen the one sight England hasn't got to offer.

Well, I don't suppose we'll ever be able to teach them to like working; they only like tea and playing games. But we *might* be able to teach them informality, spontaneity, the rudiments of hospitality to strangers (beings who don't exist in their scheme of life). I say we *might* be able to, but I doubt it.

DISCRIMINATION is a good thing. But the English carry it so far that it isn't human. Go to any English town. If you haven't the right kind of introductions, you can stay there till you rot before anyone will make a gesture of friendship. The people you work among won't bother. Socially they don't *know* you. And if you only went there to play, there's just nobody to play with.

If you *have* the introductions, you'll only be left to rot, say, six days a week or thirteen days a fortnight. The rest of the time you'll be asked out. Only, don't arrive for dinner five minutes before the time you were invited for. Don't drop in for tea, informally, unless it's an "at home" day or you're terribly sure of your ground. And if you attend a women's lunch, remember you keep your hat on (your hostess will probably be wearing hers!), leave immediately after coffee (no, you were *not* expected to stay for the afternoon unless the letter said so), and be very careful what you talk about and not to "overdress"!

Once you're inside the barriers, you're in for life. The recipient of loyal, undeviating friendship and confidence beyond the average. Certainly beyond our mostly volatile contacts. But getting there is the problem.

And I'm only exaggerating a little bit!

The English can't unbend, even if they want to. Don't know how. Must stick to the formal rules! They can't be spontaneous. Tell an Englishwoman you like her dress, and you embarrass her. There isn't any rule for it, so she doesn't know what to say back!

Sometimes I think that this excessive formality (it's especially bad form ever to show emotion) is one reason why Englishwomen make bad actresses. And they do! It doesn't altogether, however, explain the poorness of English movies, whose principal defect is that they don't move.

But here again we're up against English pig-headed obstinacy. English unwillingness to learn. They're going to make their movies *their* way, regardless of the fact that we've already set the pace for the world. No one's business but theirs, of course, and no reason to make a fuss about it—except that they make a fuss themselves.

They accuse us of unfair discrimination against them because our movie-goers, used to the often silly but at least efficient American product, refuse to pay the same price for *their* equally silly and technically inferior one.

England in her old age seems to be failing in sportsmanship, that quality she used to regard as peculiarly her own. The English are growing disinclined to admit that anyone can *fairly* better them at anything, or they themselves ever be defeated except by bad luck. Why, only the other day, a friend of mine crossed the ocean with two Britishers who protested in disgust at the fuss we Americans still make over Lindbergh.

"Oh, he did quite a stunt," one of them admitted grudgingly. "But it was just luck. He had the breaks."

Of course he did! Might even admit as much himself. But you'd be hearing precious little about the "breaks" if Lindbergh had been an Englishman!

Intolerance of Americans (in fact, of all foreigners, but we're usually singled out for the heartiest abuse) is widespread in England. In plays, newspapers, individual conversations. They guy our habits, make us the butt of their jokes; while a section of their press consistently presents us in an unfavorable or ridiculous light—holding itself ready to attack *any*thing, from advertising to debt moratoriums, just so long as it is American.

That's not sportsmanship.

We, of course, rush to the other extreme. Praising, copying, accepting the most ludicrous condescensions.

WE have our offensive qualities as a race. Granted. Everybody has. So, God knows, have the English! But just contrast our tolerance of their ceaseless insults with their *in*tolerance of our every petty fault.

Picture, if you can, the English *paying* some foreigner to come and abuse them to their faces! Drinking in his insults as we do those of every petty visiting novelist and publicity seeker. Standing by in graceful silence while, on two months' cursory acquaintance, he told them everything that was wrong with their country and what to do about it—and then went home to write a ridiculous book about his hosts and their hospitality! Welcoming him back with open arms next time he was ready to make some money out of them.

Well, we may be the spineless fools the English think us for putting up with it. But you certainly can't say we're lacking in sportsmanship.

Another thing: *trade* sportsmanship! I'd say nearly fifty per cent of our successful, British-abused movie business is staffed by Britishers. And Britishers who only came here in the first place because they couldn't get a living at home. In the theater the percentage is less, but substantial. And every season British productions intact, cast and all, are brought to this country because they're cheaper than the American actors they displace, and who can go sing for jobs.

An American bank with which we've all had dealings, one that runs branches all over the world, staffs them (as it does its affiliated travel agencies) largely with foreigners, very largely with Englishmen.

I could enumerate American newspapers whose names would astonish you, employing English—not American—foreign correspondents. And at least one of those men, to my personal knowledge (I've worked in the office with him), has been guilty of slightly altering the flavor of the news when he thought it otherwise open to an interpretation unfavorable to Great Britain.

People at American breakfast tables paid him to filter the news they read with an English filter. And read it as *he* chose. Not as it was.

I could go on for hours multiplying instances—go through every trade and industry we have. These are just cases I myself happen to know about—and I disbelieve in attacking even a politician on hearsay!

What do we get from England in return for it all?

Abuse. Attacks. Official regulations making it impossible for any ordinary American to obtain a job over there.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD!
NYAL
HONEY HH HOREHOUND
COMPOUND

● For coughs and chest colds take a few doses of Nyal Honey and Horehound Cough Syrup. Pleasant in taste and quickly effective. One of the oldest and finest remedies, it should be in every family medicine cabinet. Large bottle, 50c.

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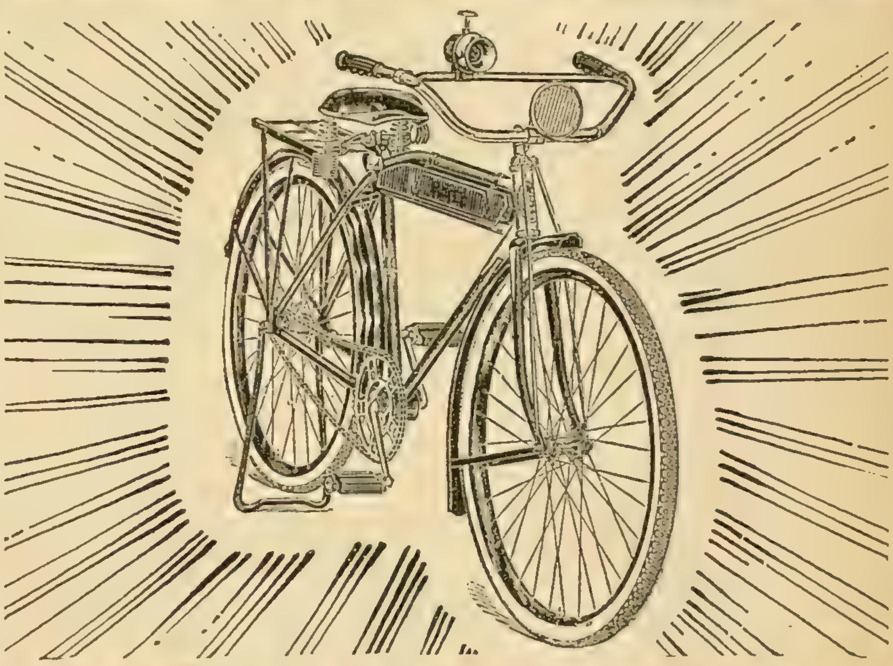

FREE TO BOYS!

It's just like pie to win bikes, sleds, sporting equipment, and other prizes you long for . . . to earn money for spending and a bank account . . . to secure a marvelous business training . . . by selling Liberty Weekly, the magazine that goes like wildfire.

The work is easy—like play . . . *and right in your own neighborhood!*

Just shoot us the coupon below. We'll give you full details on how to become a Liberty boy salesman. We'll also send our dandy catalog, containing descriptions *of 400 prizes you can win free, by selling Liberty!*

MAIL THIS TODAY!

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division*, L. 2-27-32
1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.
NAME...AGE...............
ADDRESS...
CITY...STATE...............
Have your parents show approval by signing here:
....

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I Like 'Em But They Don't Like Me

WHEN onions or any other food disagrees, you can quickly relieve that "gassy" feeling by eating a few Tums—the new delicious Antacid mints that you eat like candy. Tums quickly neutralize excess acids—ending heartburn, acid indigestion, sour stomach, and purifying the breath. So much handier and agreeable to use—just carry a roll in pocket or purse and eat a few after every meal. At all druggists'—try them today. Only 10c.

"TUMS" for the Tummy
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS 10¢
STOMACH DISTRESS

TUMS ARE ANTACID—Not a Laxative
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25c

ENERGETIC MEN WANTED

Liberal Commissions for selling Advertising Thermometers made by the world's largest manufacturers of thermometers of all kinds. Profitable proposition for energetic men, willing to work. Write, giving past employment and references. Don't put off sending for this offer.

TAYLOR BROTHERS COMPANY
Division of Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N.Y.

HEADACHE RELIEF!
Kohler Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.
KOHLER ANTIDOTE for HEADACHE

ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE SEEN!

Trite but true—buried advertisements never yet built sales. Liberty's make-up guarantees visibility for every advertisement. Others have learned the power of small space advertising. Let Liberty's 99% voluntary circulation—at the lowest cost of any major magazine—concentrated in urban markets—make money for you, too!

LUCKY TIGER
For Hair and Scalp!
A single application stops that miserable itching. A single bottle corrects scalp irritations. A Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed, safe for both adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers, Beauty Parlors.
GUARANTEED

[THINGS THE ENGLISH CAN LEARN FROM US
Continued from page seventy-one]

American manufacturers working in England for quota or other reasons, are forced to employ inferior British labor—often without even importing the skilled American overseers necessary to show them how.

Our retaliatory measures, sponsored by the American Federation of Labor, or by Equity (and feeble and belated measures they are, too), get the biggest adverse press you could wish for overseas—but no one even hears of the initial provocation.

Every Englishman or woman I know has heard all about Ellis Island; and they're not above throwing it up to me upon occasion.

When I tell them that in England I have to have an identity book, am legally liable to report all my movements to the police, and have to obtain a special permit from the Board of Trade before I can do any salaried work, they quite frankly don't believe me. Probably think I'm making it up.

ENGLAND for the English. Europe for the Europeans. But America for all of them—and what right have those noisy Americans to object, seems to be the idea.

Sportsmanship!

We could teach that to lots of people who really *do* all the talking we're credited with.

Summing up: What are the things that we could teach the English? To be teachable. To give their customers what they want to buy.

Not to mistrust everything new on principle. How to be comfortable. Their women, how to dress; and their men, not to be afraid of hard work. To clean their teeth, and something about plumbing and hygiene. To be hospitable and a little more informal. How to make motion pictures. And to cultivate sportsmanship.

Oh, and one thing more! Quite a new thing. When prohibition goes the way of all failures in time, I hope we keep it on, complete, with its trappings and stage sets. The latter won't be any more unnecessary then than they are now—the membership cards with strange names, the locked doors, the little grilled peepholes through which colorful watchmen inspect those seeking entrance—but they add enormously to its charm.

I allude, of course, to the speakeasy. Along with Harlem, our first really authentic, unimported bit of local color.

In itself it's the one thing we have with which to offset the claims of the English "pub" and the French sidewalk café. As individual and full of "atmosphere" as either, or both combined, it has one additional and great attraction all its own: The inestimable and added fillip of *being against the law!*

And *that* is something, heaven knows, that we can teach 'em all!

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Some Teachers Never Learn

Kathryn was very fond of Miss Cooper, her first-grade teacher. On the first day of her second year of school, Kathryn stopped to see her former teacher.

Just before leaving, she looked up into Miss Cooper's eyes with a disappointed look and said with a note of regret in her voice, "Oh, Miss Cooper, I wish you knew enough to teach second grade."—Gertrude A. Gronbech, Jewell, Ia.

* * *

A Thought for Surgeon or Taxidermist

Stanley, one of my little third-graders, came to me one day before school took up at noon. His eyes sparkled and he was fairly convulsed with laughter. In his slow drawl he said, "Miss Kliewer, we had spareribs for dinner and Neva [his little sister] wanted to know if spareribs were like spare tires—you used them only when you broke a rib."—Esther P. Kliewer, 2112 Sixth Ave. N., Billings, Mont.

Why Delay?

Little Jane, delighted over the arrival of a baby at her house, asked her teacher to come and see the new baby. The teacher replied, "Thank you, but I will wait until your mother is better." After a moment's pause, Jane said, "You needn't be afraid; it's not catching."—Mrs. A. J. Scott, 3267 Russell Pl., St. Louis, Mo.

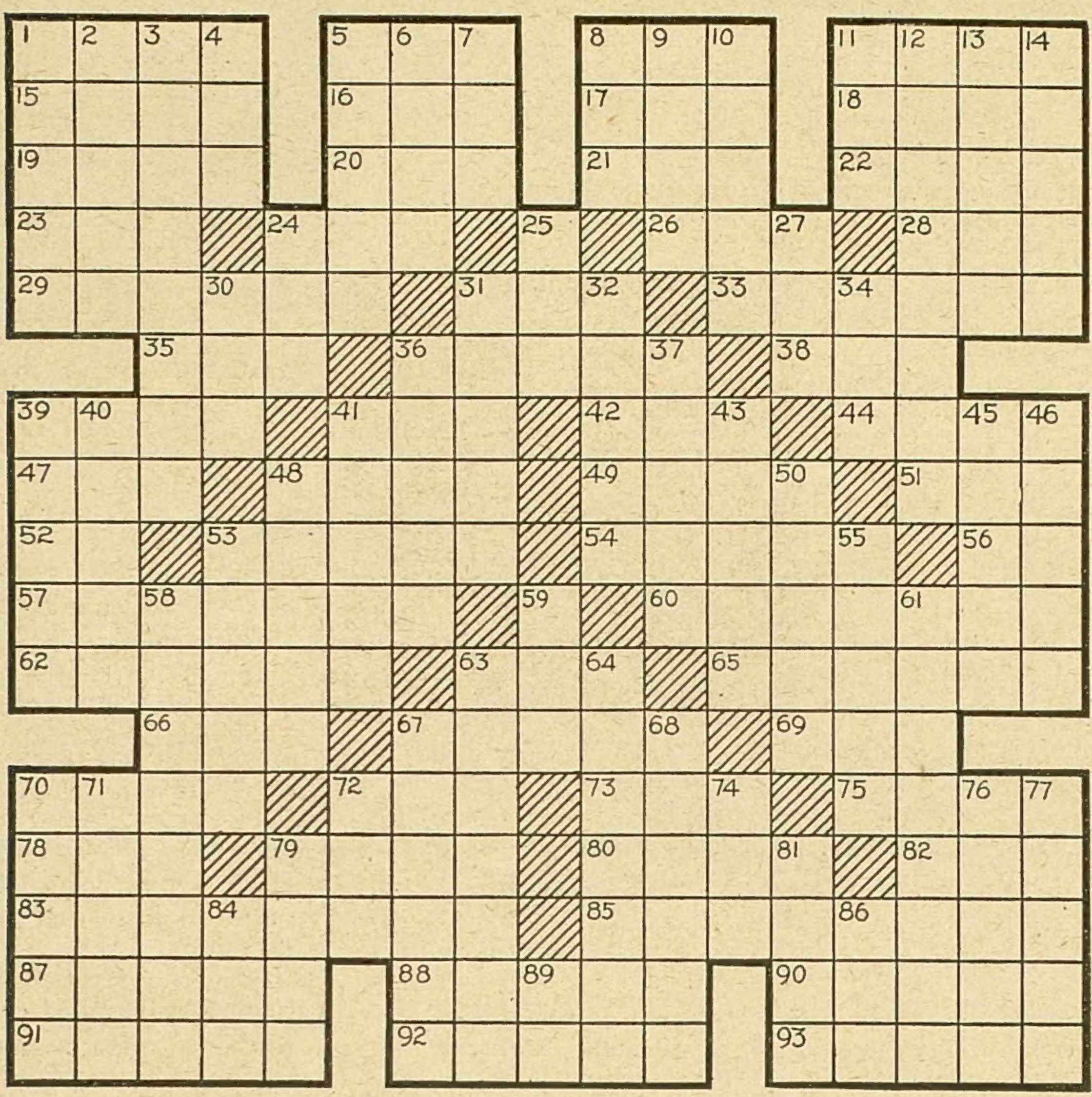
* * *

Horrors of Civilian Warfare

Billie's dad was a World War veteran who had been gassed while overseas. This fact had been frequently referred to in our household, and to the best of our ability we had explained it to Billie. One day dad received what he considered an exorbitant gas bill and proceeded to express in very decided terms his opinion of all gas companies in general and one in particular. Whereupon Billie inquired, "Daddy, have you been gassed again?"—Mrs. Maude Stevenson, Griffith Drug Co., Austin, Tex.

Cross Words

A New Puzzle



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R
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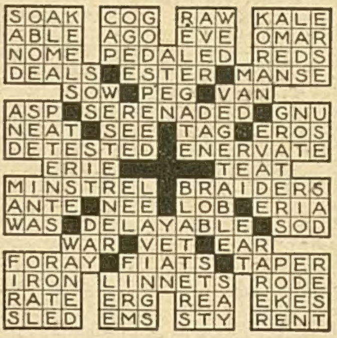
HORIZONTAL

1 Garment
5 Explosive sound
8 Resinous substance
11 Vipers
15 Periods
16 Salutation
17 Constellation
18 Dunce
19 Small islands
20 Rodent
21 Make obscure
22 Persian poet
23 Decay
24 Greasy substance
26 Meadow
28 Greek letter
29 Fishhook attachments
31 Performed
33 Large hawk
35 Cause to be quit of
36 Kind of broom
38 Possesses
39 A vehicle
41 Boggy land
42 Teacher
44 Party; faction
47 Secreted
48 Level and smooth
49 Image
51 Seafaring man
52 Indefinite article
53 Large pipes
54 Brazilian Indian
56 Parent
57 Withdraws
60 Threatened
62 Wears away
63 Insect
5 Sale at second hand
6 Man's nickname
67 Unite intimately
69 Title of respect
70 Steeps
72 Edible seed



SOAK COG RAW KALE
ABLE AGO EVE OMAR
NOME PEDALED REDS
DEALS ESTER MANSE
SOW PEG VAN
ASP SERENADED GNU
NEAT SEE TAG EROS
DETESTED ENERVATE
ERIE TEAT
MINSTREL BRAIDERS
ANTE NEE LOB ERIA
WAS DELAYABLE SOD
WAR VET EAR
FORAY FIATS TAPER
IRON LINNETS RODE
RATE ERG REA EKES
SLED EMS STY RENT

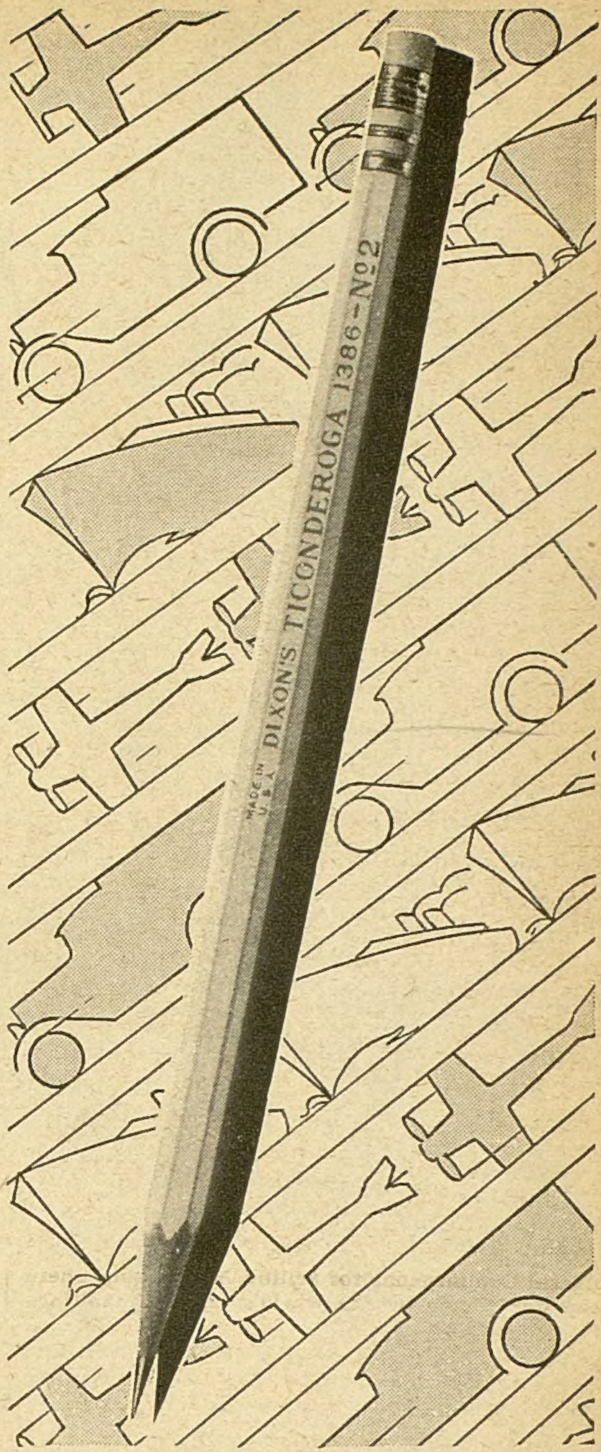
Answer to last week's puzzle

73 Veteran
75 Soaks up
78 Measure of area
79 Firm; solid
80 Eject; discharge
82 Recline
83 Adorned with pendent ornaments
85 More lonesome
87 A flower
88 Criminal; convict
90 Step rhythmically
91 Cozy abodes
92 Snares
93 Swiftness

VERTICAL

1 Sets upright
2 Constellation
3 Beat with successive blows
4 Worm
5 City in Kentucky
6 Ellipse
7 Fit of temper
8 Youth
9 Seed covering
10 Gem carved in relief
11 Commotion
12 County in Maryland
13 Flat dish
14 Wander; deviate
24 Aged
25 Pronoun
27 Tree
30 Cover
31 Small hollows
32 Type of Greek architecture
34 Dance step
36 Edible seeds
37 Title of respect
39 Portion
40 Vessel belonging to a regular line
41 Floats aloft, as a kite
43 Shipworm
45 Beast of burden
46 Commerce
48 Grew dim
50 Covers the inner surface of
53 People of Medea
55 Fundamental principle
58 Competitions
59 Payment for services
61 Woman's name
63 Sac
64 Surround entirely
67 Made destitute
68 Evil spirits
70 Palm stem
71 Expunge
72 Comrade
74 Metal
76 Portion
77 Became withered
79 Pronoun
81 Spreads for drying, as hay
84 Put in place
86 Lick up
89 Note of the diatonic scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



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To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 min. 5 sec.)

FORTY homemade apple pies! How'd you like to find *them* in your morning's mail?

Kate Smith, the radio star, whispered " apple pie " into her microphone one day. Her fans went right to work and baked her forty. That's what it means to be a favorite song bird of the air.

The day I called on Kate I found a barrel-size bag of fan mail outside her door. One week she received 33,000 letters. " And none of them were mash notes," she told me. " I don't seem to appeal to the boys that way. Most of my letters are from solid, sensible folk."

Kate Smith

Kate is an acknowledged heavyweight, but she's too busy to bother about that. She sings six radio programs a week, plus her vaudeville work, plus her generous charity concerts at hospitals, etc. " I don't have time to diet," she said, " and worrying about my weight doesn't keep *me* awake nights. By the time I'm through for the day I could sleep on a rock."

Some day she's going to retire, says Kate, and live near the shore where she can spend her days swimming and boating. Try it she may, but I don't believe she'll stay there permanently. Not with her energy, her zest for work, and her voice, so beloved by the sick and weary she heartens with her songs.

Her work in behalf of the war veterans has won Kate Smith a unique esteem—and an American Legion medal.

GIFT shoes are unlucky, according to an old German superstition. Give someone a pair of shoes and she or he will " walk away from you." But not any more. Because of hard times the Germans are scrapping this time-honored belief. Shoes, we learn, have now become a popular birthday present in Germany.

It is amusing to see how circumstance and environment offset even the deepest-rooted superstitions. Picking up pins for luck may be all right where the traffic of life moves leisurely—but imagine what luck you'd have if you stooped for a pin in the midst of a subway rush!

Yet everyone loves to have some superstition or other, so I'm prompted to think we should all get together, perhaps, and invent some new ones for present-day life. How about white automobiles and red-haired girls—or vice versa? Have *you* any suggestions?

ALDOUS HUXLEY has written a book about our fantastic future when everyone shall be standardized and babies hatched out of test tubes. He calls it Brave New World. I think you'll enjoy it. Published by Doubleday, Doran.

WOMEN are inclined to hoard their money in times of depression. A banker told me so. He mentioned the case of one woman who keeps a quarter of a million cash dollars lying idle in her bank. She's so nervous about investments that she won't even buy a municipal bond.

Nowadays women with money have reason, of course, to fear speculative stocks; but there's a big difference between sound caution and panicky hoarding. Cash withdrawn from circulation does not really make us secure, my banker friend pointed out, since the value of money depends on trade, and trade depends on business activity. If we all hid our dollars away they would soon be worthless.

The above-mentioned lady with the quarter of a million reminds me of a miserly old dame in London who tucked her thousand-dollar fortune under a loose board in the floor, where a family of rats chewed it up.

SHINY silk serge is the smartest, newest material for spring suits. Glossy materials will, in fact, be generally the vogue this spring.

Personally, I love to see the play of light and shadow on these shiny fabrics; but, like many other fine materials, they often seem to look best of all in the piece. Fine velvets, satins, silks, and brocades have real artistic value in themselves, and only rarely does one see a dress that gives them a chance to be as beautiful as they really are.

The geranium-colored chiffon velvet worn by Lois Moran in the Broadway hit Of Thee I Sing is one happy exception. Untrimmed save for pleating on the divided skirt, this dress allows the light to run in lovely silver streaks over the velvet with every movement the wearer makes. The result is fascinatingly beautiful.

ROAST turkey stuffed the Milanese way was a great success at an Italian dinner I attended recently. The Milan stuffing is very unusual—and very delicious. You do it like this:

To ½ pound sausages parboiled, skinned, and cut into slices, add 2 cups cooked peeled chestnuts broken into bits. Have ready the turkey liver, drained and coarsely chopped after soaking 5 minutes in *hot* water; also 8 prunes scalded, stoned, and halved, and 4 pears peeled and quartered.

Mix these ingredients and fry gently for 5 minutes in 1 tablespoon hot butter, which should then be drained off. Mix thoroughly, adding 1 cup cider, or white wine if you can get it.

Stuff the turkey and cover the breast with bacon slices. Cook in a slow oven. Don't forget to baste continually.

AT a recent masquerade dance a special watchman was on hand to make sure that none of the costumes fell off. Accidents can happen at or after a masquerade. I know a young suburban bachelor who *couldn't* lose his costume.

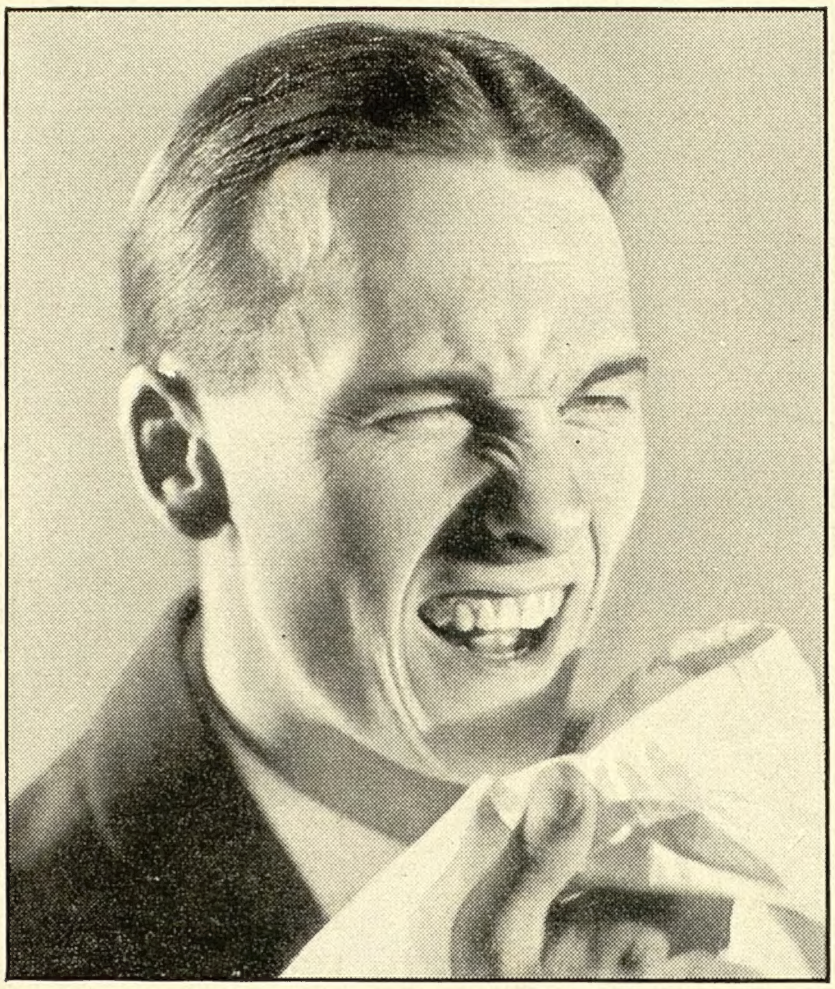
He came to the dance accoutered like a knight of old in shining armor—armor in which the bachelor pal with whom he lived had laced him up with uncommon thoroughness. In the wee small hours the armored knight went home alone, his pal staying on to some breakfast party.

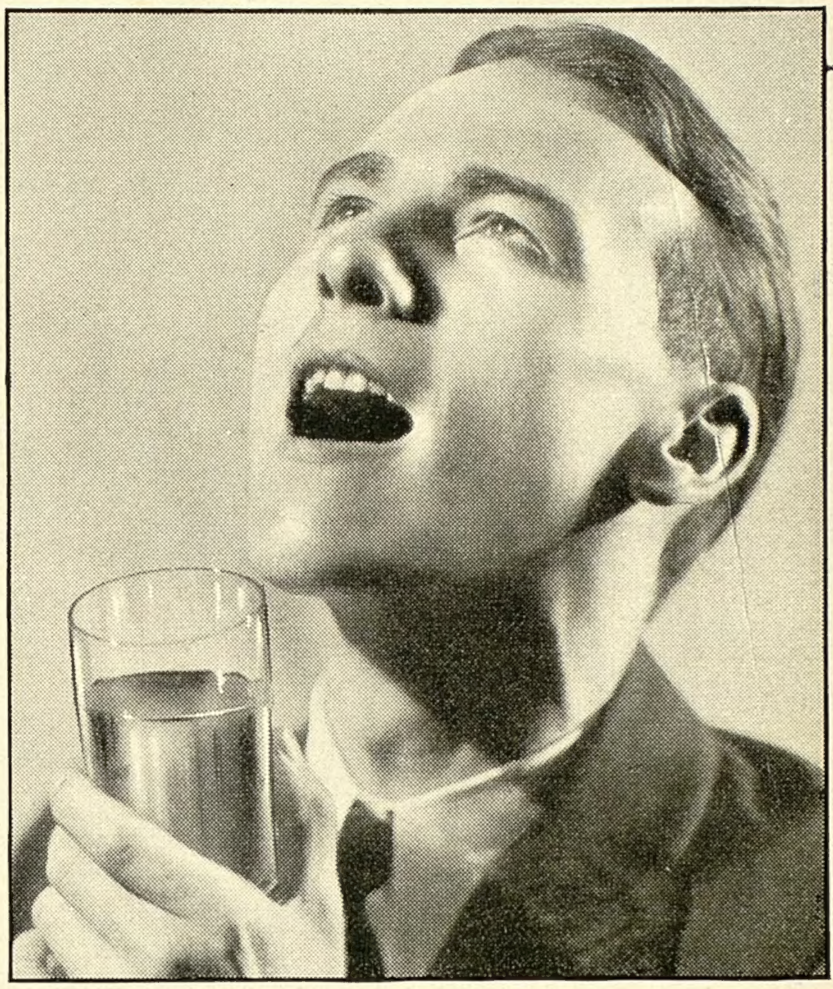
At his door the knight found a telegram summoning him without fail to an early-morning business appointment. An hour's sleep he could have before train time, so he started to shed his armor.

It came off—all but the breastplate, which was *very* firmly laced up the back. Well, he still wore the breastplate under his shirt at the business conference. And it was a hot day!

No more fancy-dress knighthood for him, I'll bet.

When a Cold Commences
Purge Throat Quickly
Get Rid of Germ-Harboring Mucus





This Is The New Type of Treatment Now Widely Urged by Physicians As First Step in Combating Colds

IT is the germs *embedded in the mucus* that are really important when you have a cold, science now tells us. And ordinary gargles, although they may kill millions of loose *surface* germs, don't touch them. Because they don't get under the mucus. That's why colds hang on when you try to "doctor" them yourself!

The scientific way to check a fresh cold is, first *purge* your throat of germ-breeding mucus. Get rid of the *embedded* bacteria! The germs held in the mucus against the tissues. Any doctor will tell you this.

And that's why so many physicians advise a frequent gargle with Lavoris. A *purging* type of treatment, entirely independent of killing germs.

Here's what it does:

First: It loosens and breaks up the dangerous germ-breeding mucus, that clings to the walls of your mouth and throat. Turns it into curds and shreds that swiftly flush away. You see these shreds with your own eyes.

Thus you know that embedded bacteria are washed out because *the mucus that they lodge in* is flushed out.

Second: After the tissues are thus thoroughly purged and cleansed, *Lavoris* stimulates circulation and fortifies against other germs. All this without the slightest irritation to delicate tissue; or harm to the important gastric juices and digestive processes.

Make This Free Test

At the first sign of a cold—do as physicians now tell you. Use this purging type of treatment. *Mix Lavoris with hot water, half-and-half.* Gargle your throat frequently. See how swiftly it gets the sticky mucus out. See how speedily it brings relief. Note how quickly cold is checked.

Get Lavoris at any drug store. Or accept the trial offer below. And receive a generous sample free.

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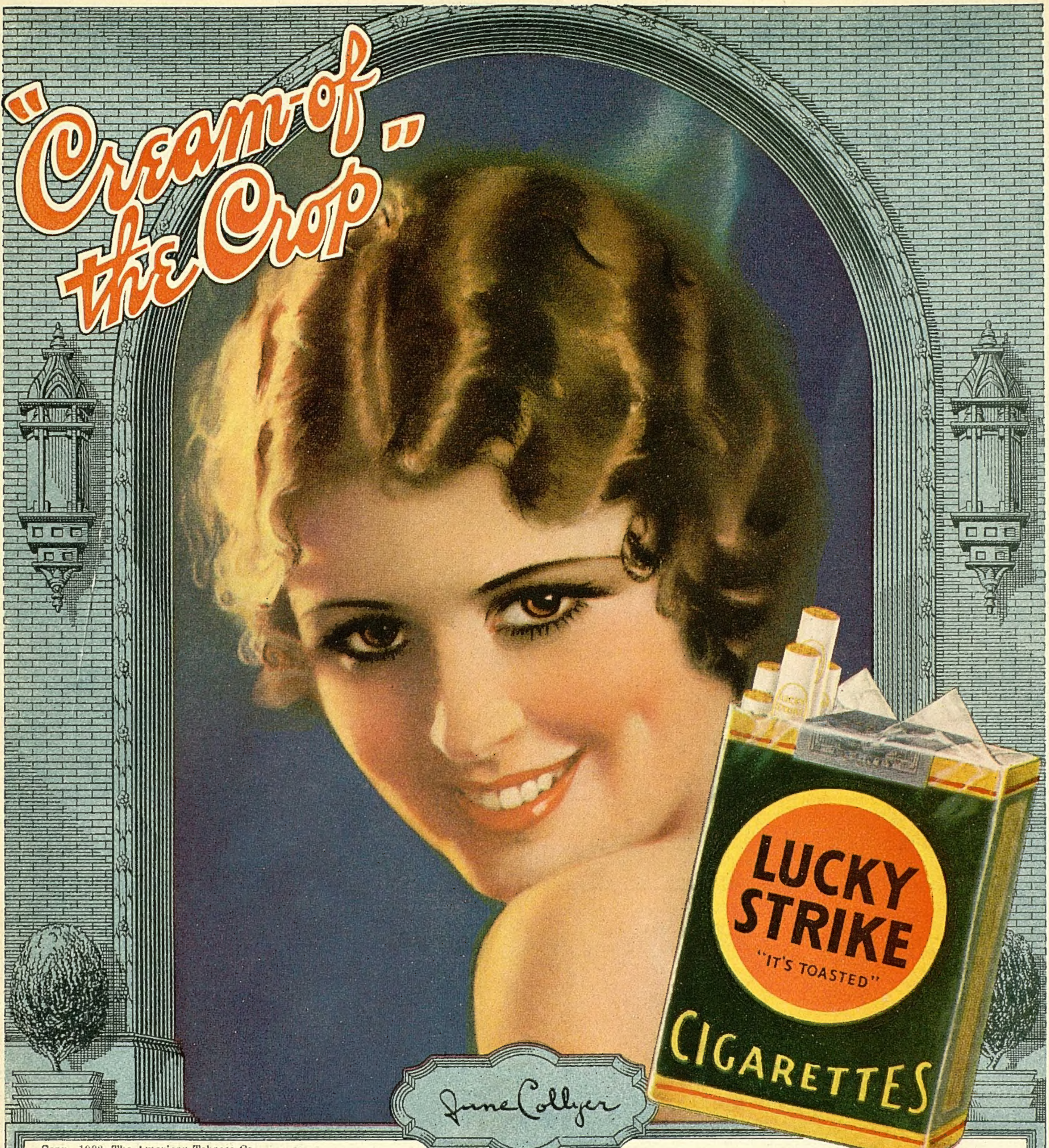

Copr., 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

"The extra protection to my throat"

MIND IF I COLLYER "JUNE"? June gave Park Avenue something to boast about . . . she's one of New York's "400." When June middle-aisled it, dozens of eligible bachelors went back into circulation. Did you see her in WARNER'S "ALEXANDER HAMILTON"? For 4 years she has smoked LUCKIES. That nice statement of hers was not given for money. "Thanks, June Collyer."

"It's the extra things I get from Luckies that make me so enthusiastic. The extra protection to my throat, the extra fine flavor of Lucky Strike's choice tobaccos. And the extra convenience of the little tab which opens the Lucky Cellophane wrapper so easily." June Collyer

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh